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BERT STERN

COVER: Your little dress—could be the midi peasant dirndl in bright red print (shown full length, page 53). By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of Arnel (S. Edward fabric). . . . And a pretty face to wear with it—skin glowy with Illumination Ivory Cream Soufflé Foundation; eyes flashed with dark-brown Sunburst Minute Eyelashes. Plus news on the lips: frosty Sinnamon Le Lipstick. All: Helena Rubinstein.

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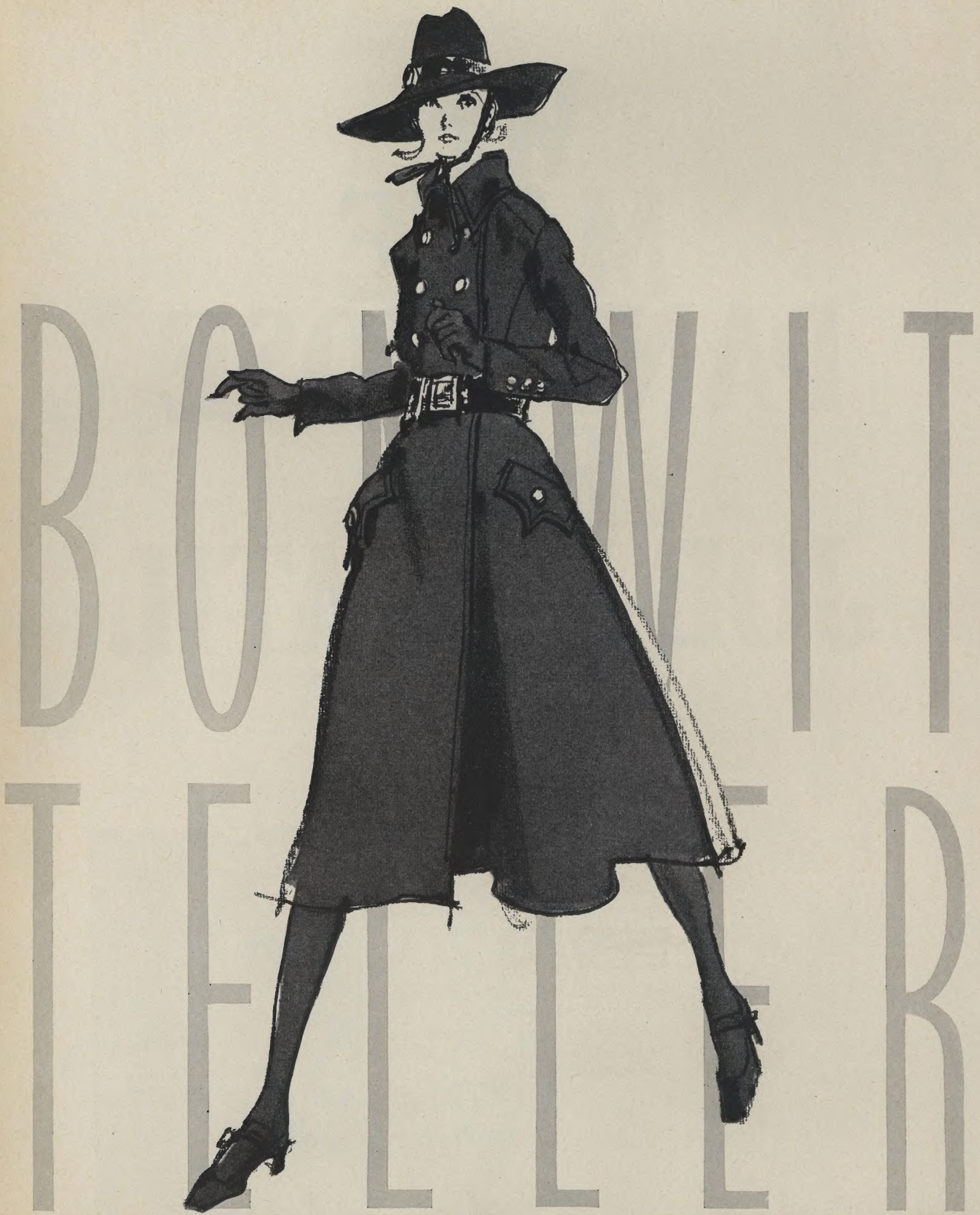

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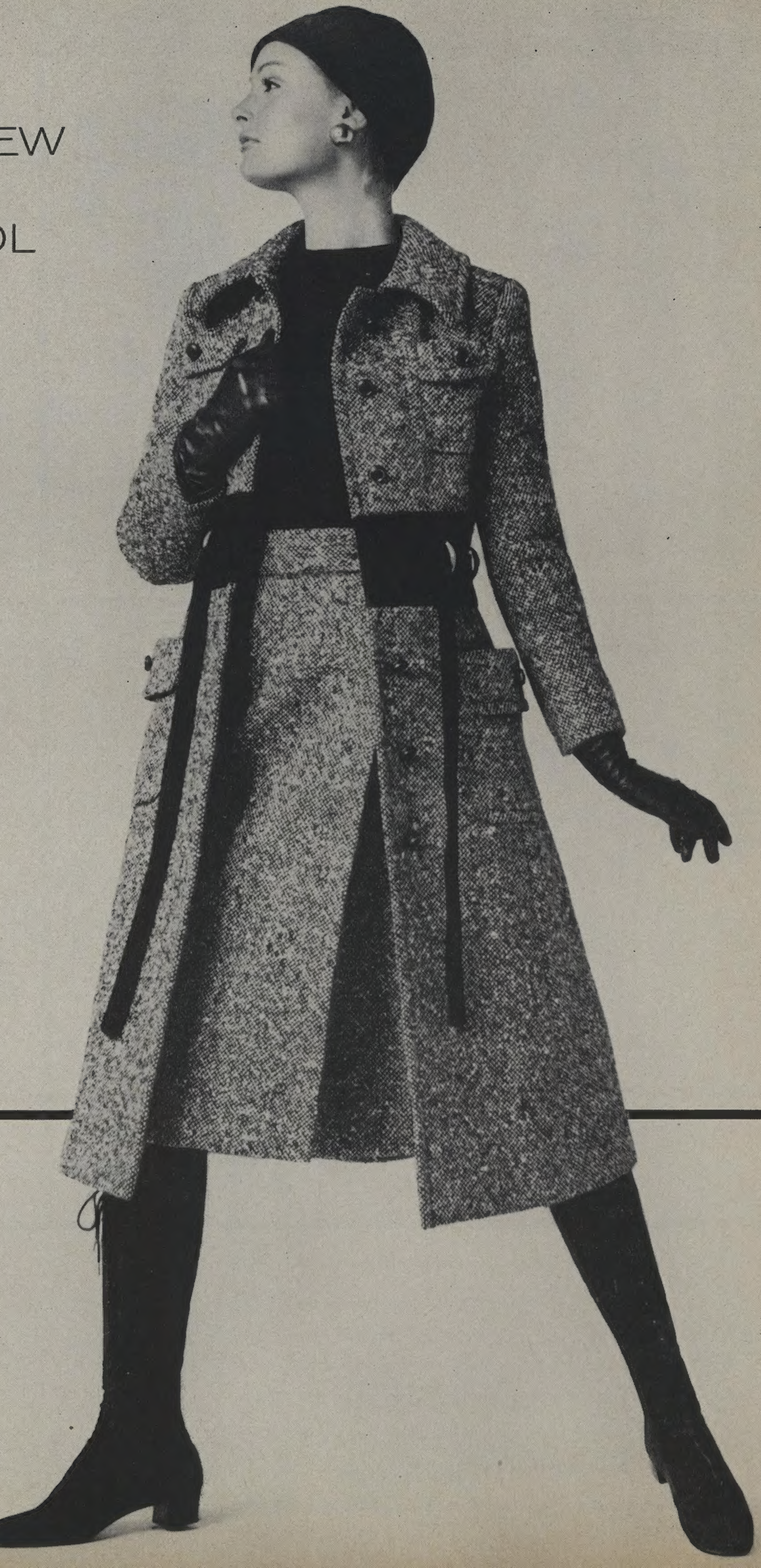

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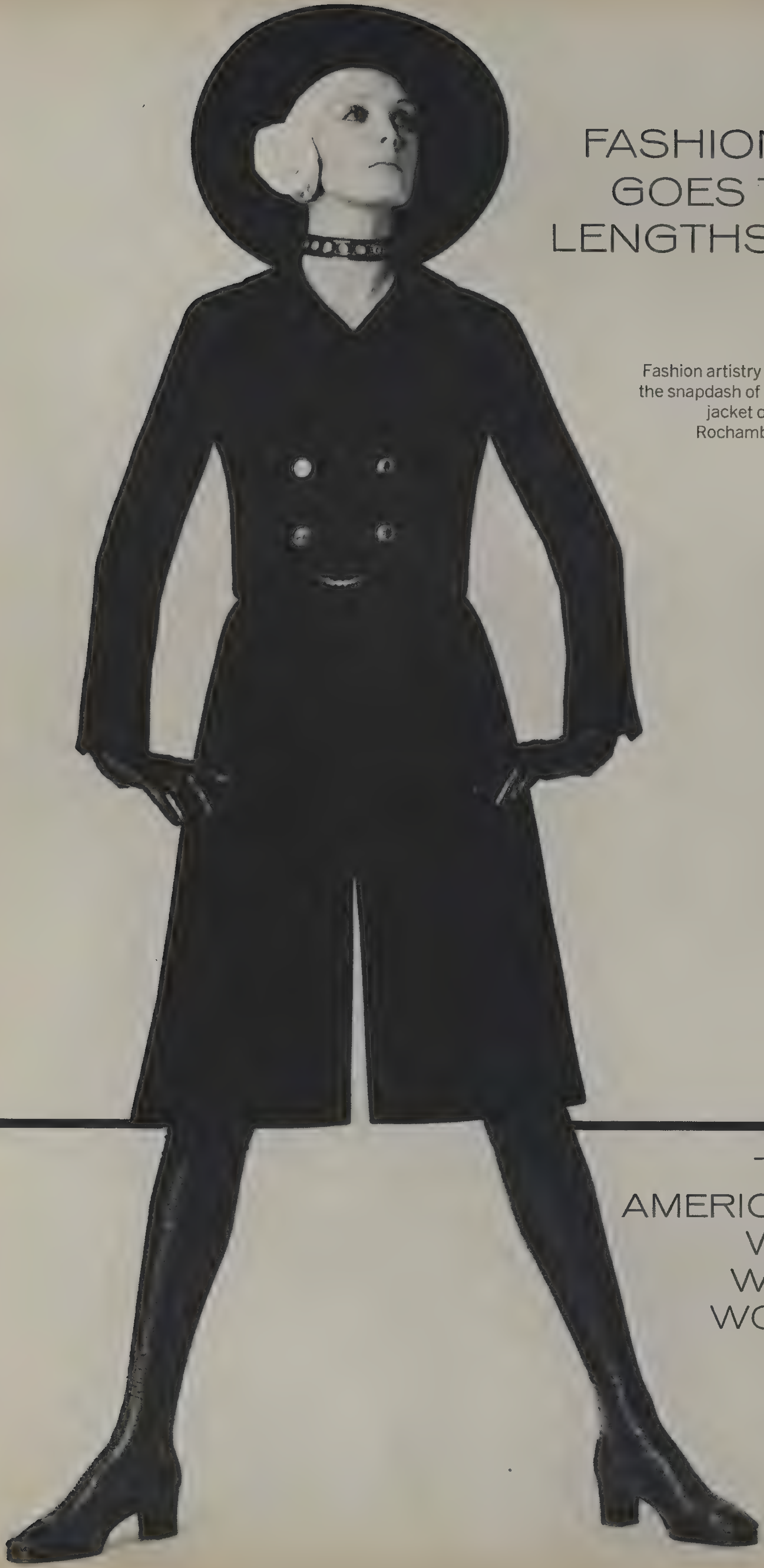

FASHION GOES TO NEW LENGTHS IN WOOL

Fashion artistry by Kasper for Joan Leslie—the snapdash of gaucho pants with cropped jacket designed for Miss Magnin in Rochambeau wool that gives unique fashion performance.

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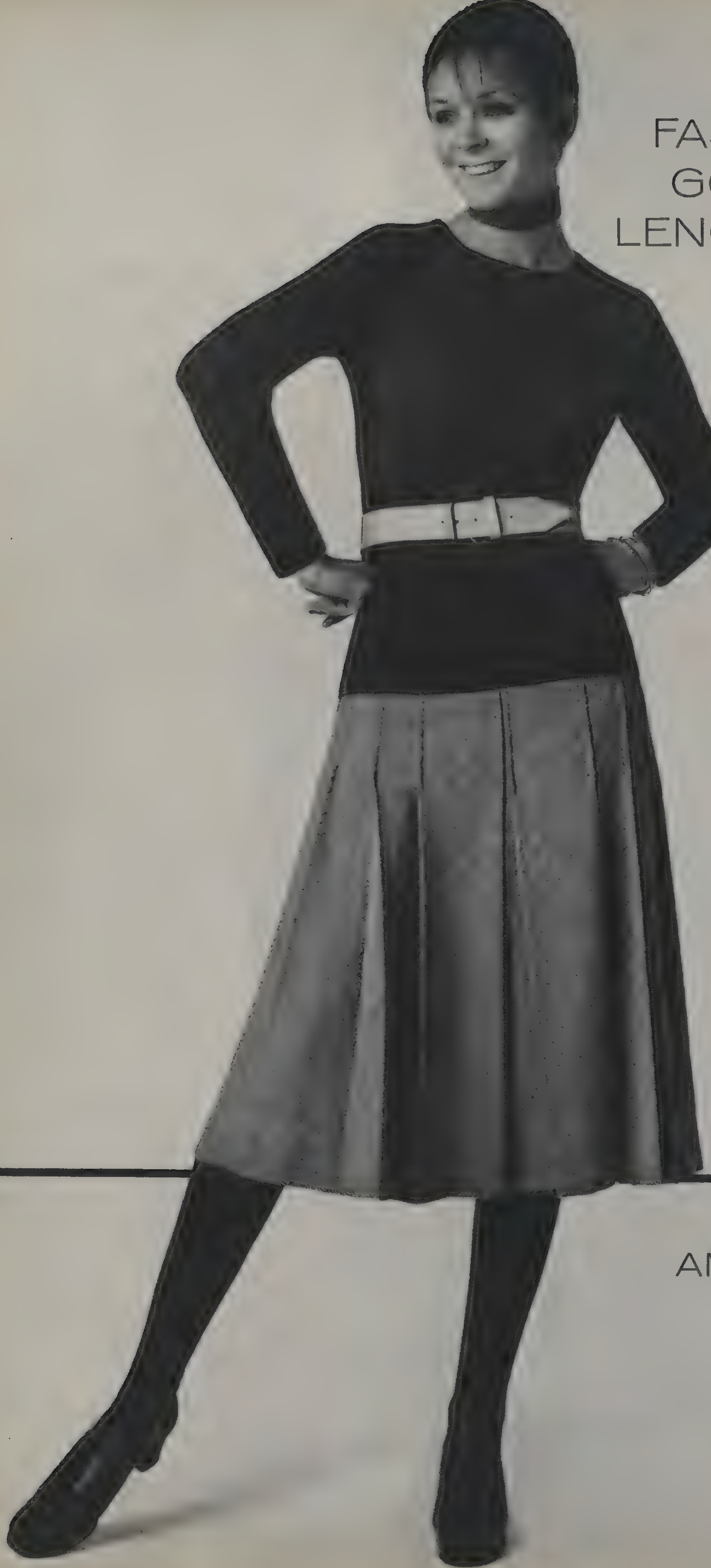
Fashion put-together by Marshall Klugman for STJ with the great going looks of pure wool. Designed for Miss Magnin, it's one part skinny ribbing, one part herringbone knit by Lebanon—a superlative look for fall.



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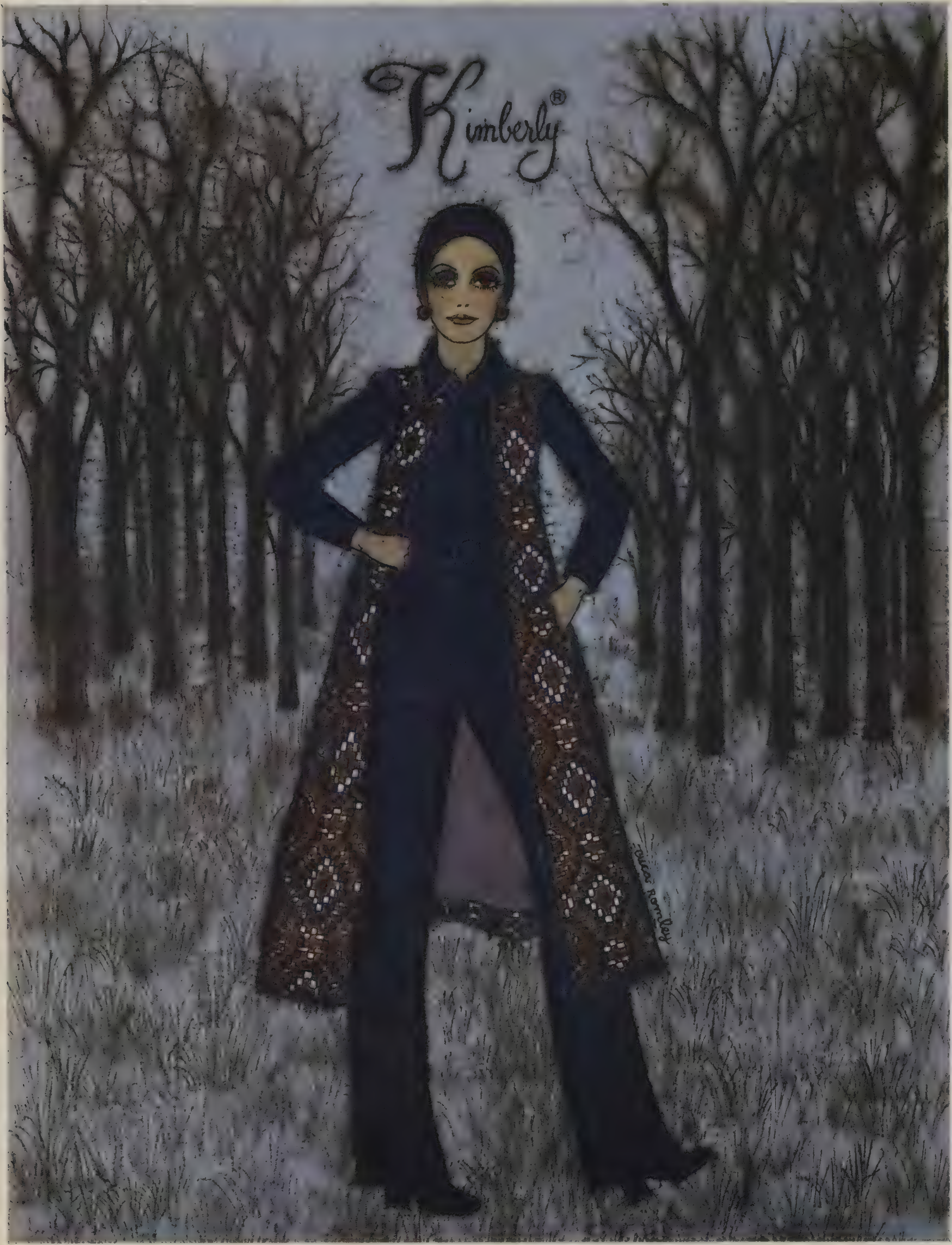

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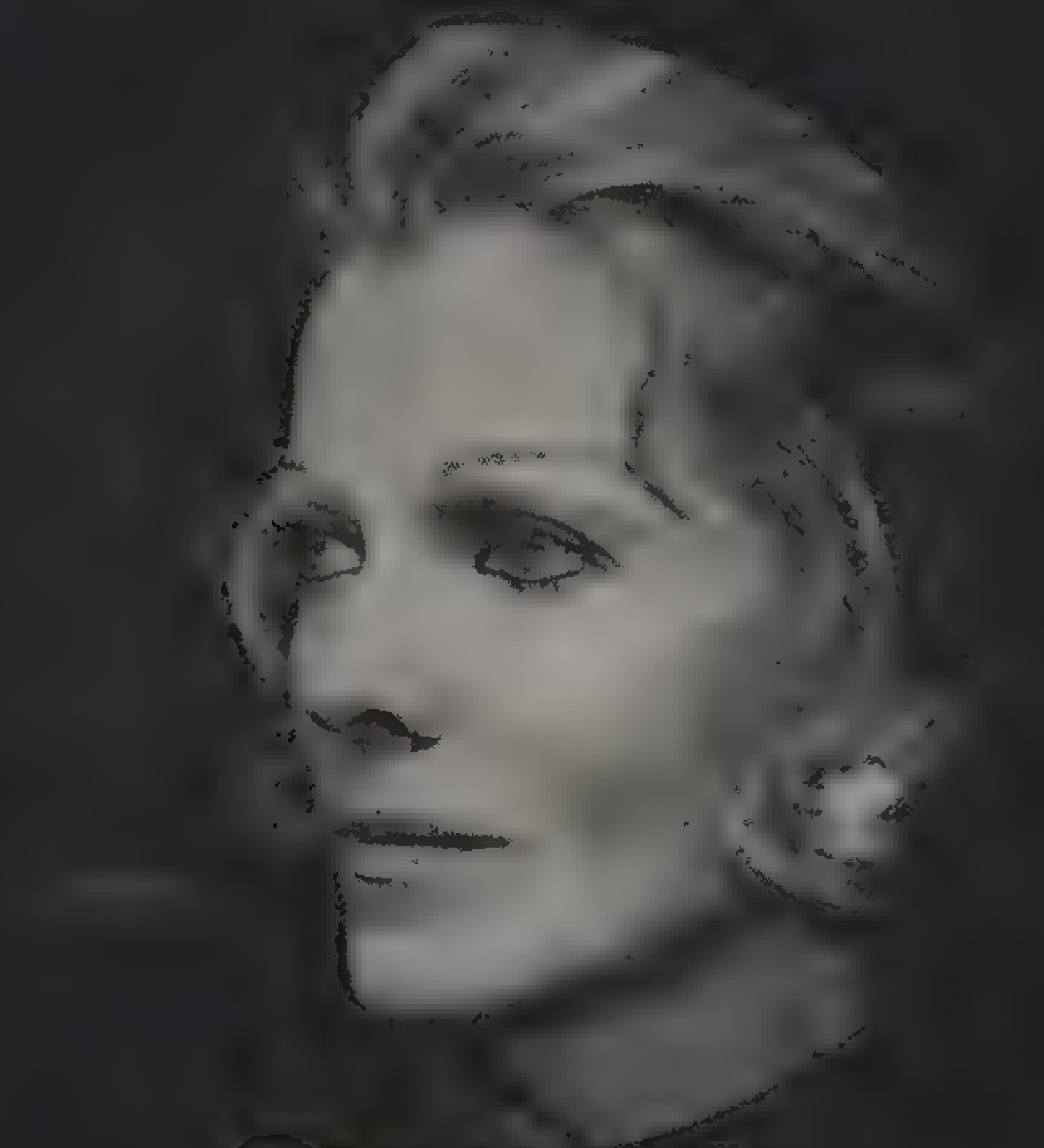

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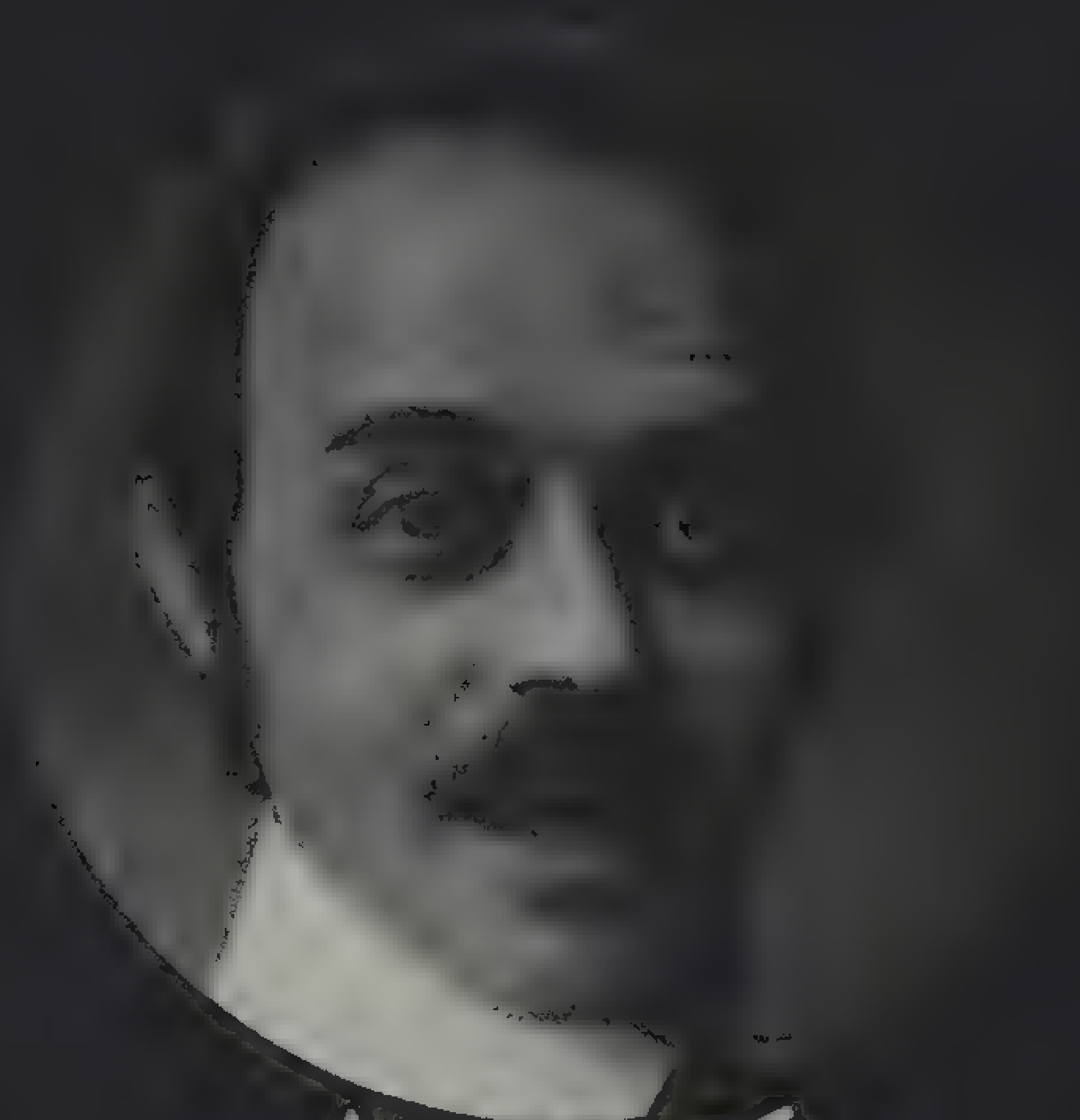

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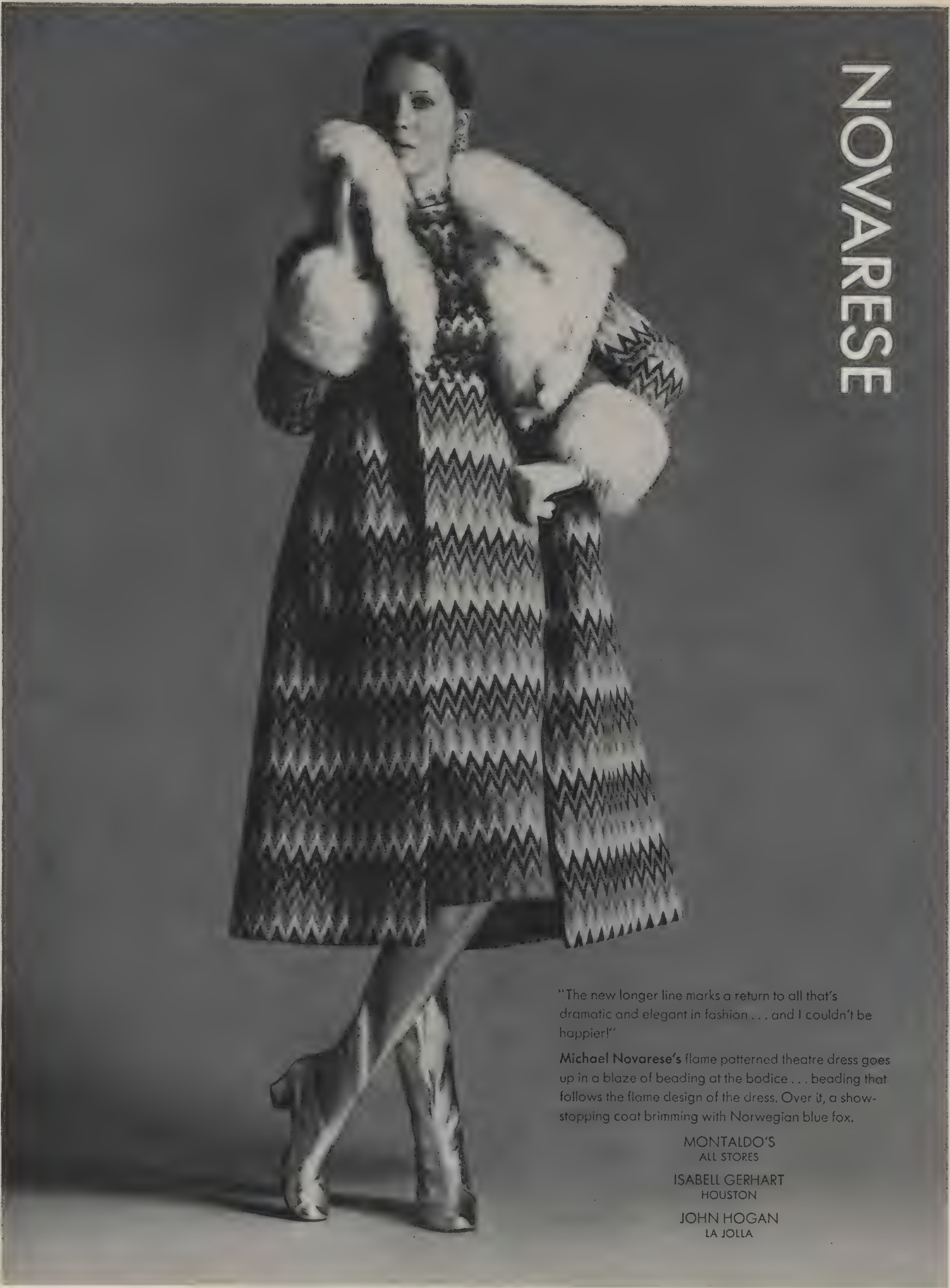

"The new longer line marks a return to all that's dramatic and elegant in fashion . . . and I couldn't be happier!"

Michael Novarese's flame patterned theatre dress goes up in a blaze of beading at the bodice . . . beading that follows the flame design of the dress. Over it, a show-stopping coat brimming with Norwegian blue fox.

MONTALDO'S
ALL STORES

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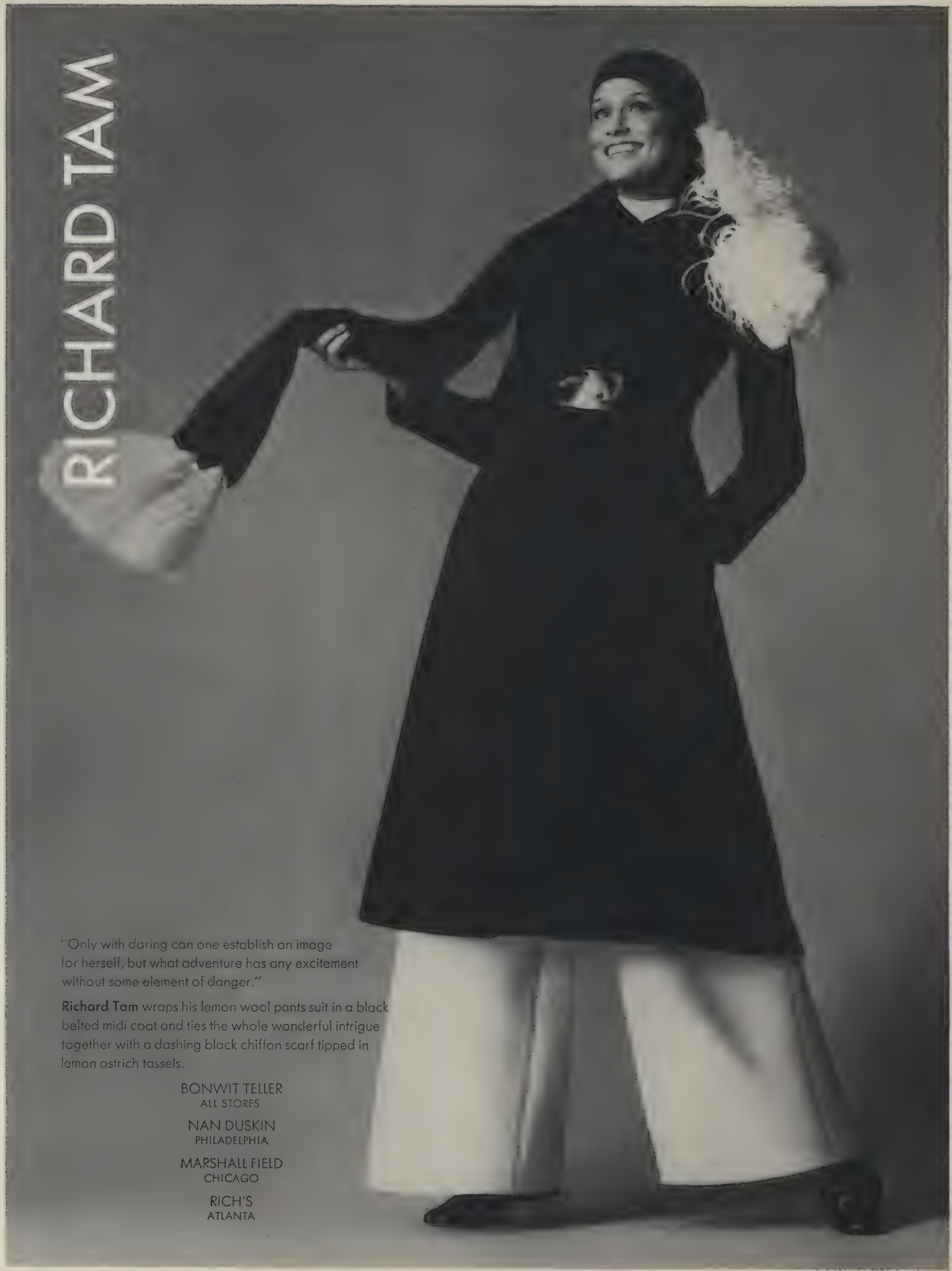

RICHARD TAM

"Only with daring can one establish an image for herself, but what adventure has any excitement without some element of danger."

Richard Tam wraps his lemon wool pants suit in a black belted midi coat and ties the whole wonderful intrigue together with a dashing black chiffon scarf tipped in lemon ostrich tassels.

BONWIT TELLER
ALL STORES

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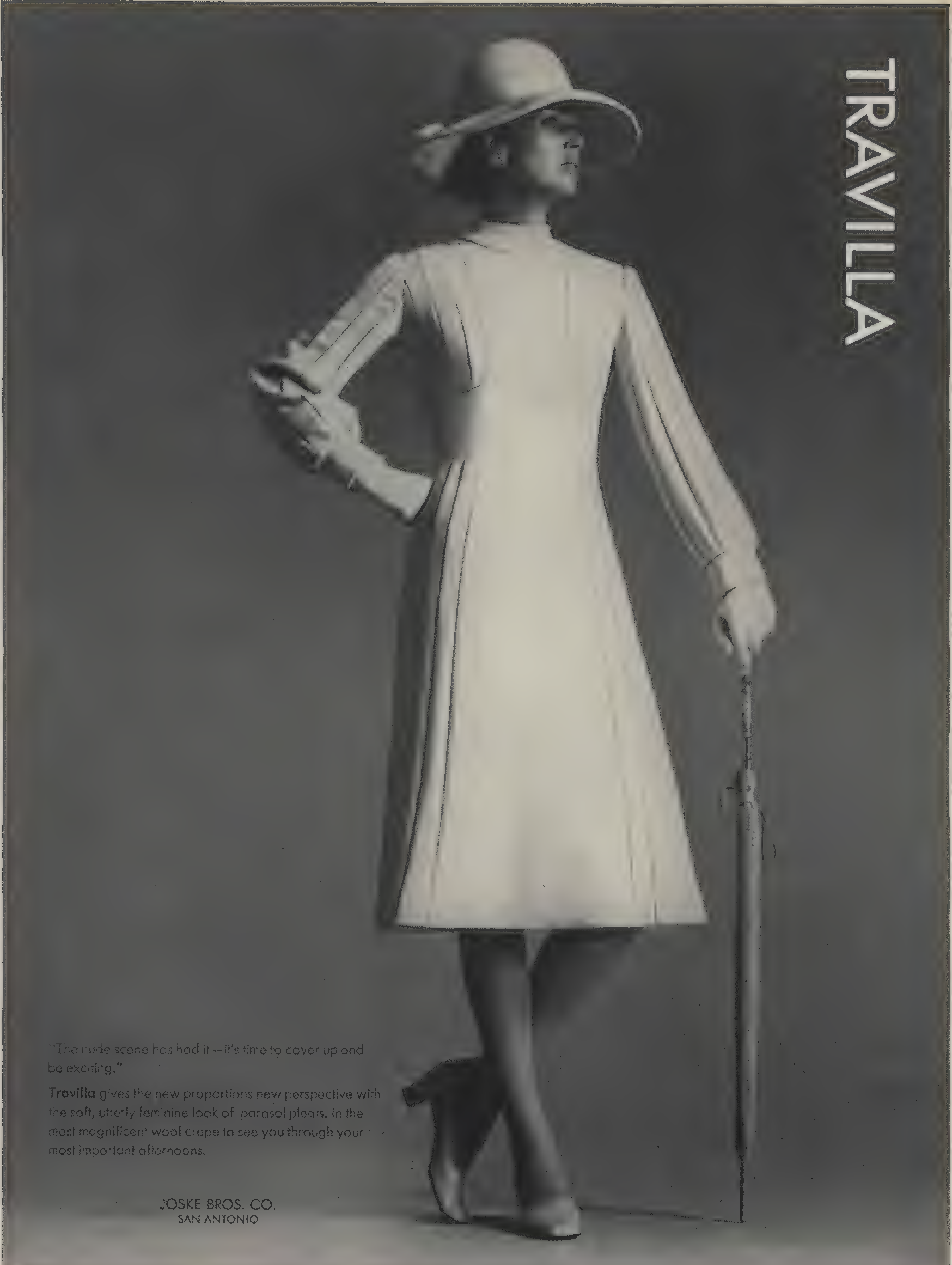

"The nude scene has had it—it's time to cover up and be exciting."

Travilla gives the new proportions new perspective with the soft, utterly feminine look of parasol pleats. In the most magnificent wool crepe to see you through your most important afternoons.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

8 NEW ARRIVALS

A spa as big as a spritz

Water, water everywhere indeed—but so much of it is suspect these days that more and more purists are, with European élan, splashing mineral water outside as well as inside. We now have hand-sized sprays to revive our sootified faces. And the latest arrival is Estée Lauder's Fresh Mineral Water Spray with refreshment swift and zappy. It's pure spring water, so virginal compared to one's average "chemically endowed" H_2O ration these days that this spray could become the saving face-rinse after any cleansing—cream, soap and water, or a salty sea-dip. Carrying the aerosol with you not only assures your fresh-faced appeal, but the endurance of your makeup, which a quick spray of it sets.

A squeeze for the new baby

Chanel No. 5 Bath Powder is reborn in a plump black-and-white cylinder that takes to squeezing. The great Chanel fragrance is—well it's No. 5, is there anything like it? And it's so much simpler now to whoosh this glorious drift over you—neatly, nicely—and to tuck it snugly in your valise.

Frankly faded

New on the scene is a welcome fade-out for the uglies. Uglies being any hair you wish you hadn't on your face, arms, or legs. Andrea's new Creme Bleach turns them pale in a matter of minutes, 15 or so. The process is a pleasant one—mixing scentless cream and a gentle accelerator, you pat it on and wait a bit—and there you are blonde as Brunhilde, just where you want to be.

Think mink

The lustrous pelt presently under consideration is none other than your own. Lucille Bouchard, who has just moved her grand-luxe massagerie to Park Avenue in the Sixties (and whose Saratoga spa is well past the planning stage), has at last made it possible for you to buy all the pampery mink-oil products that are used in the salon, so you can enjoy them at home. Madame Bouchard has thought of everything to cleanse, moisturize, stimulate, and protect your skin, from Mink Rosée Liquid Cleanser for combination dry-oily complexions to Mink Floating Bath and Shower Oil. Mink Eye Cream is especially notable.

After-dinner snifter

Sitting vis à vis is for lunching with other women. At night, it's side by side on a cosy banquette so he can murmur into your hair and inhale your lovely aura. Dior's new and cogent contribution to this praiseworthy cause is a small but potent Dioressence Spray Concentré that tucks into the minutest purse and can be aimed, surreptitiously, at ears and poitrine even as the crêpes are being flambée. Dioressence makes brilliant use of such items as forsythia, narcissus, incognito herbs, and hints of citrus, managing to be cool and intense at the same time.

Things are getting better all over

Every now and then there is a transcendent mating of scent and skin that looses a flutter of confidences from impressed readers. Of one such wedding, a young correspondent wrote: "I am sure that if I ever snare a man, it will be partially due to that heavenly fragrance." Another letter said: "I finally got on to a scent that did everything for me." To these aficionadas, this pinnacle among perfumes is Ambiance, and its sense-spinning mélange of spices and jasmine has been so loved and wanted in Parfum Oil, Body Balm, Milk Bath Foam, and personal hygiene spray that an Ambiance Moisturizer has just appeared, deeply scented and double thick, to be sloshed on every inch of the body from brow to metatarsal. And rich as it is, it leaves not a trace of oil slick.

Beautiful bender

Riding the crest of swingier falling skirt-lines, the nouvelle vague is hair that ripples and curls and crinkles in the most beguiling manner since the divine Sarah played L'Aiglon. If you plan to bend from the straight and narrow, better to have it done with professional panache, infinite care. The Swiss have a word for it—Pantene. Those conditioning zealots have at last brought out their very first permanent wave: Reinforcer de Pantene Salon Wave—in three versions colour-keyed for your hairdresser—pink for normal hair, yellow for baby stuff, and white for coloured or awfully dry hair. It has a top-secret formulation coded Tri-C20 that, they tell us, is precisely why the wave looks so disarmingly natural and simply shines with good behaviour. Your hairdresser is waiting for a whirl with it . . . ask him!

Wig wash

The cold bath, which has proved to be so life-prolonging for cashmere sweaters and people, is now doing its beneficent thing for a girl's best friend—her wig. Dep's Vital Wig would seem to be the first and only foaming beauty bath especially formulated to cleanse and cherish synthetic wigs in cold water. The whole operation is so gentle, so considerate that it promises protection against stretching, loosened wefting, and discolouration of even the touchiest colours. Beyond that, Vital Wig leaves a wig faintly fragrant, dainty as a daisy, and shiningly, obediently tressed.

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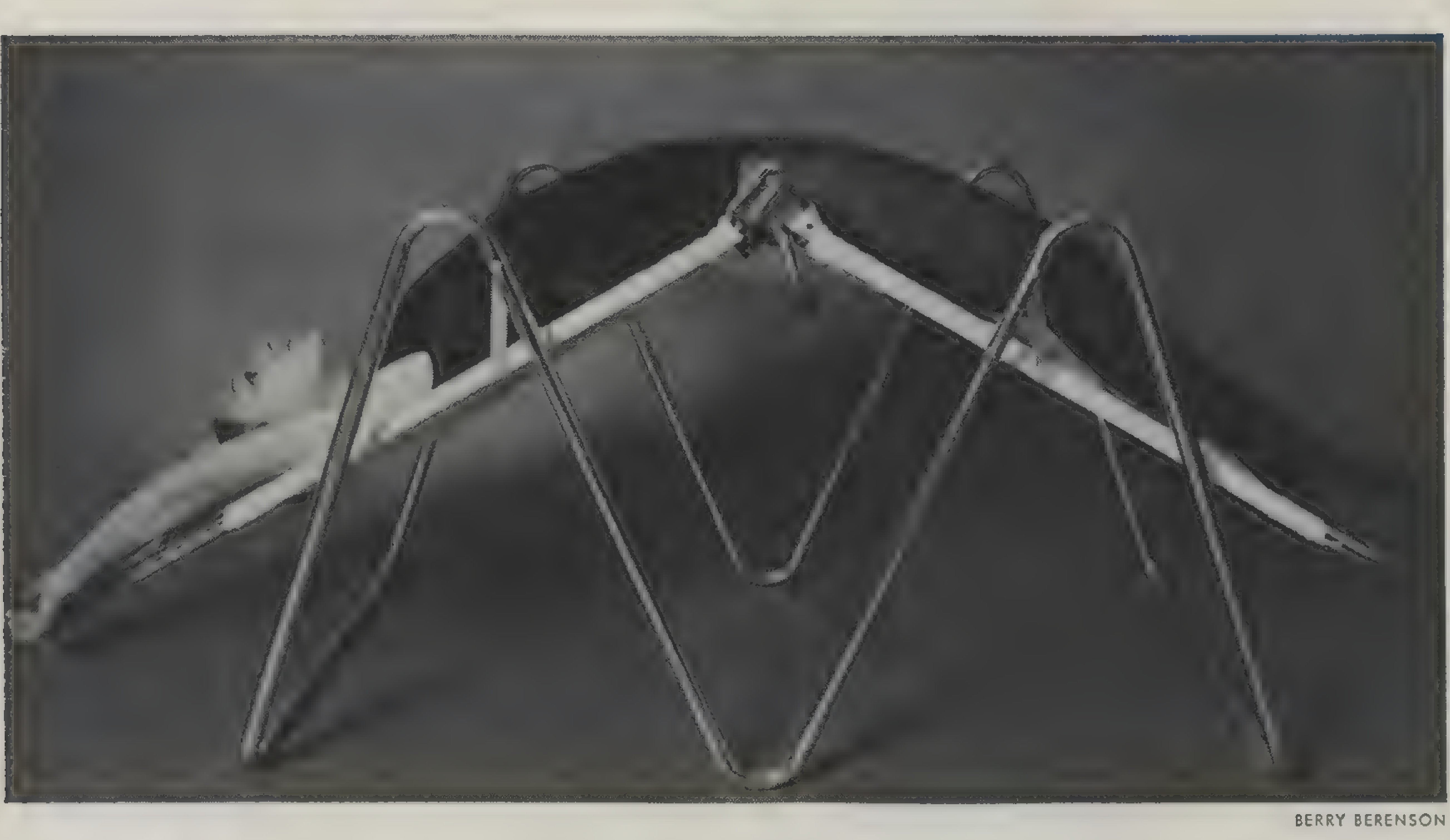

BERRY BERENSON

Inches dispatched: with dispatch ...flip them off

They're flipping over—and on—Slim-Gym: beside Beverly Hills pools, on Westchester patios, in Greenwich Village lofts and Wall Street offices. Frank Sinatra reportedly owns one. Some TV watchers use them as a lounge chair, flipping into action at the drop of a commercial. Push one bar with feet, other bar with arms—and *flip*, you're in the position *above*, tummy riding high, legs and arms down. . . . Relax pressure on bars—and *flip*, you're vice versa, bottom down, legs and arms up. Flip, flip, flip—fast—20 minutes a day, and they promise: *one dress size smaller in two weeks*. . . . Basic principle here is active huff-puff exercise that improves circulation and breathing, allows more oxygen to reach the brain, and dispatches inches where they should get lost. . . . A Slim-Gym expert brings one to your house, demonstrates and supervises initial flips, and leaves the breathtaking machine with you for a couple of weeks, at which time you'll be checked for progress, which is said to be unfailingly heartwarming. . . . (Look Slim-Gym up in the Yellow Pages. In the New York area, it's *Slim-Gym, 90 Bank Street, N.Y.C. 10014; phone (212) 675-1220*. Or write the main office: *Relaxaway Corp., 2340 South Sawtelle Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90064*. . . .)

...drink them off ...eat them off

Another inch-flipper, Vogue's 16-day Super Diet (June issue) burns off body fat by keeping the carbohydrates low-low-low. Dry table wine, the lowest in total alcohol-carbohydrate content of all spirited drinks, is allowed in the diet starting the 9th day. But which wine—red, white, or pink—one "dry" wine being less dry than another, and none of this discernible on the label? We are pleased to pass on definitive words from The Christian Brothers on their dry California wines. Less than .2% sugar and therefore Super Suitable: their crisp white Johannisberg Riesling and cheerful Vin Rosé. Most sugar-free of all (less than .1%): their golden Rhine wine and their superb white varietal, Pinot Chardonnay. . . . Along with this comforting info, the vintners sent a Super Recipe: *Cellarmaster's Sole*. Rub large baking dish with butter and place in it 4 large fish fillets (petrale or other firm, fresh fish). Sprinkle with salt, fresh-ground white pepper. Over fish scatter onion rings, thin carrot and cucumber slices. Top with a few seedless green grapes and 1 drained canful of minced clams. Dot with butter and pour ½ cup of Pinot Chardonnay over all. Bake at 400° until fish flakes with fork. Decorate with a bouquet of parsley—and serve with? What else, now that you know the facts: The Christian Brothers Rhine Wine or Pinot Chardonnay.

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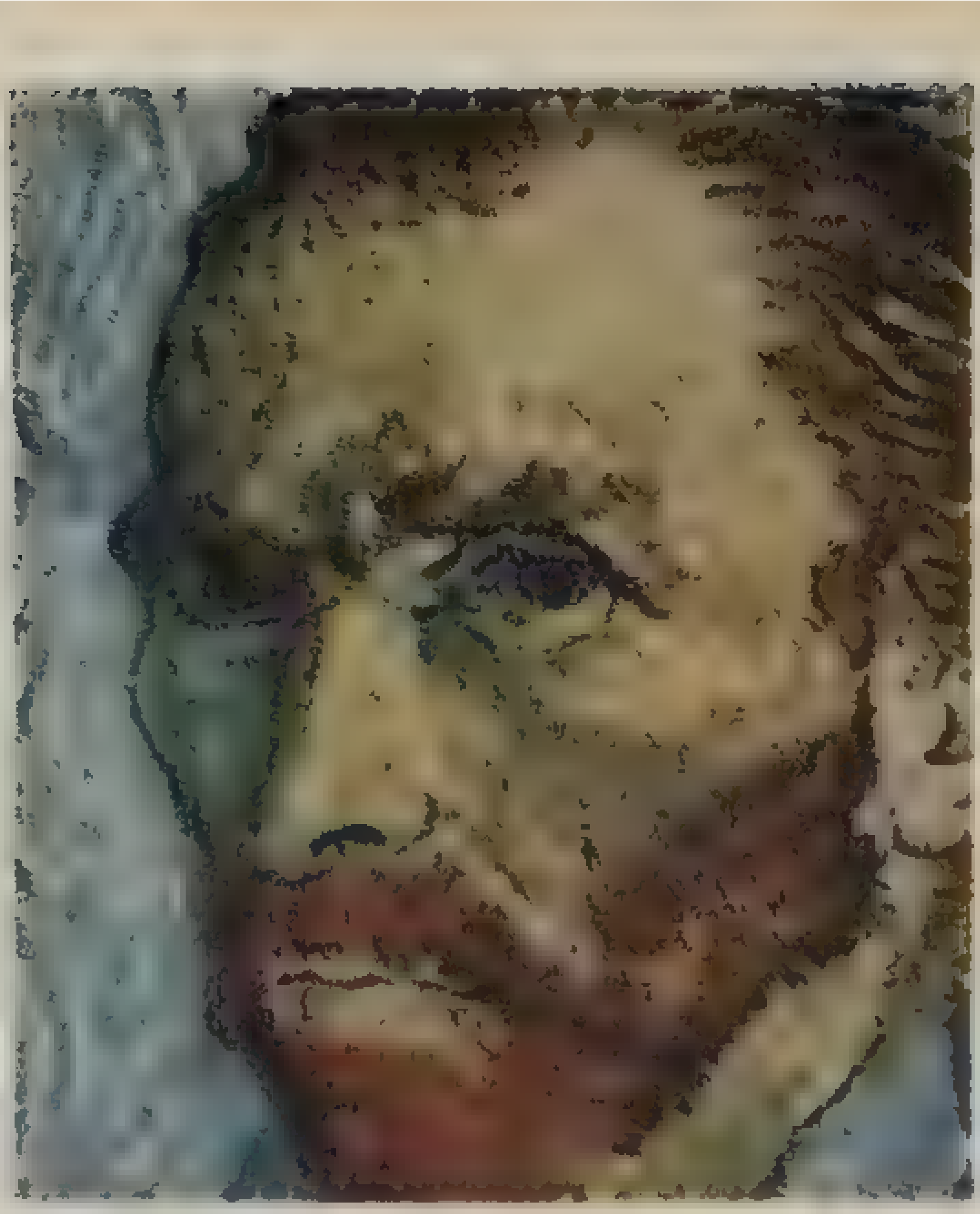

Death haunts Van Gogh's last self-portrait.

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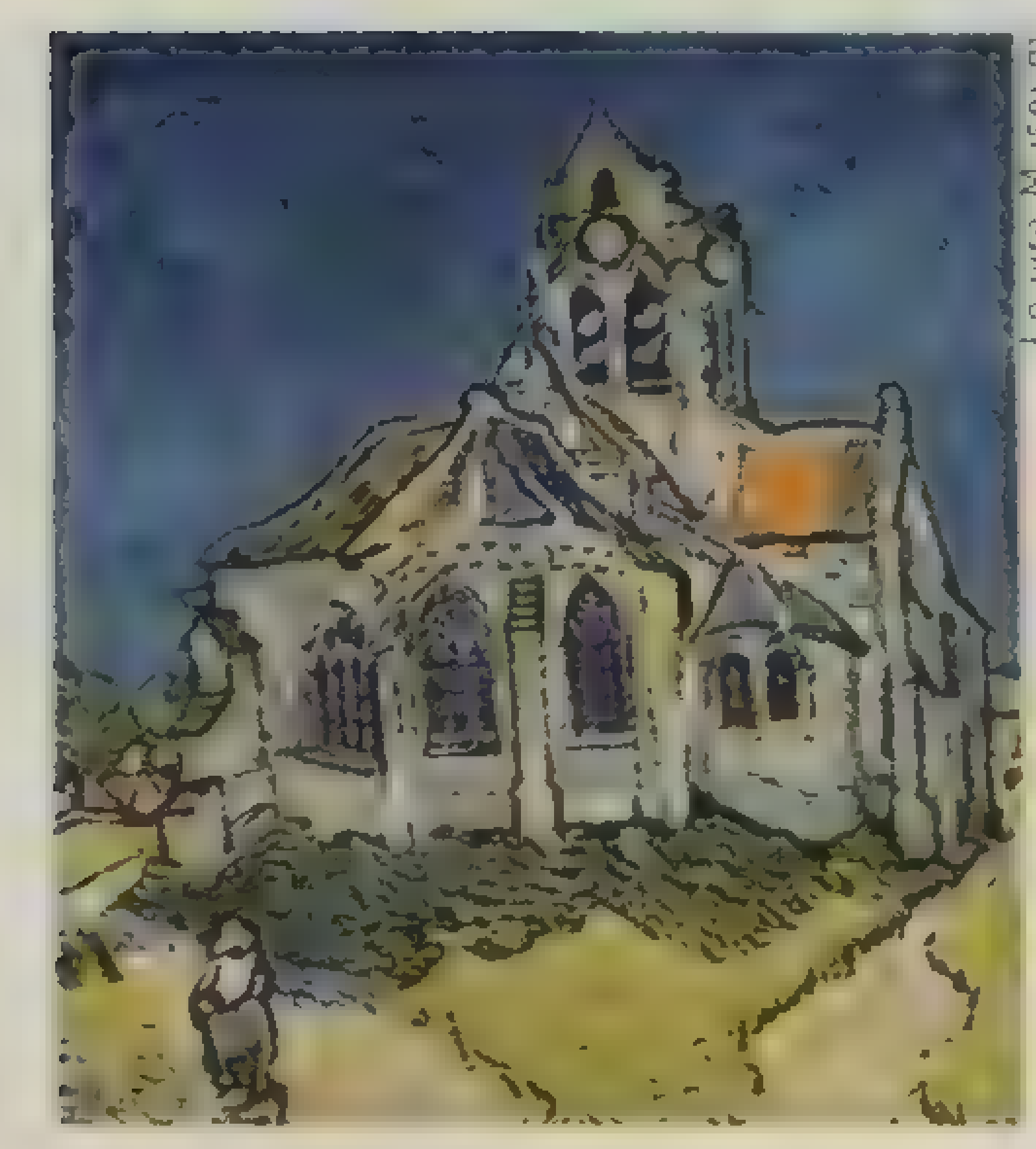
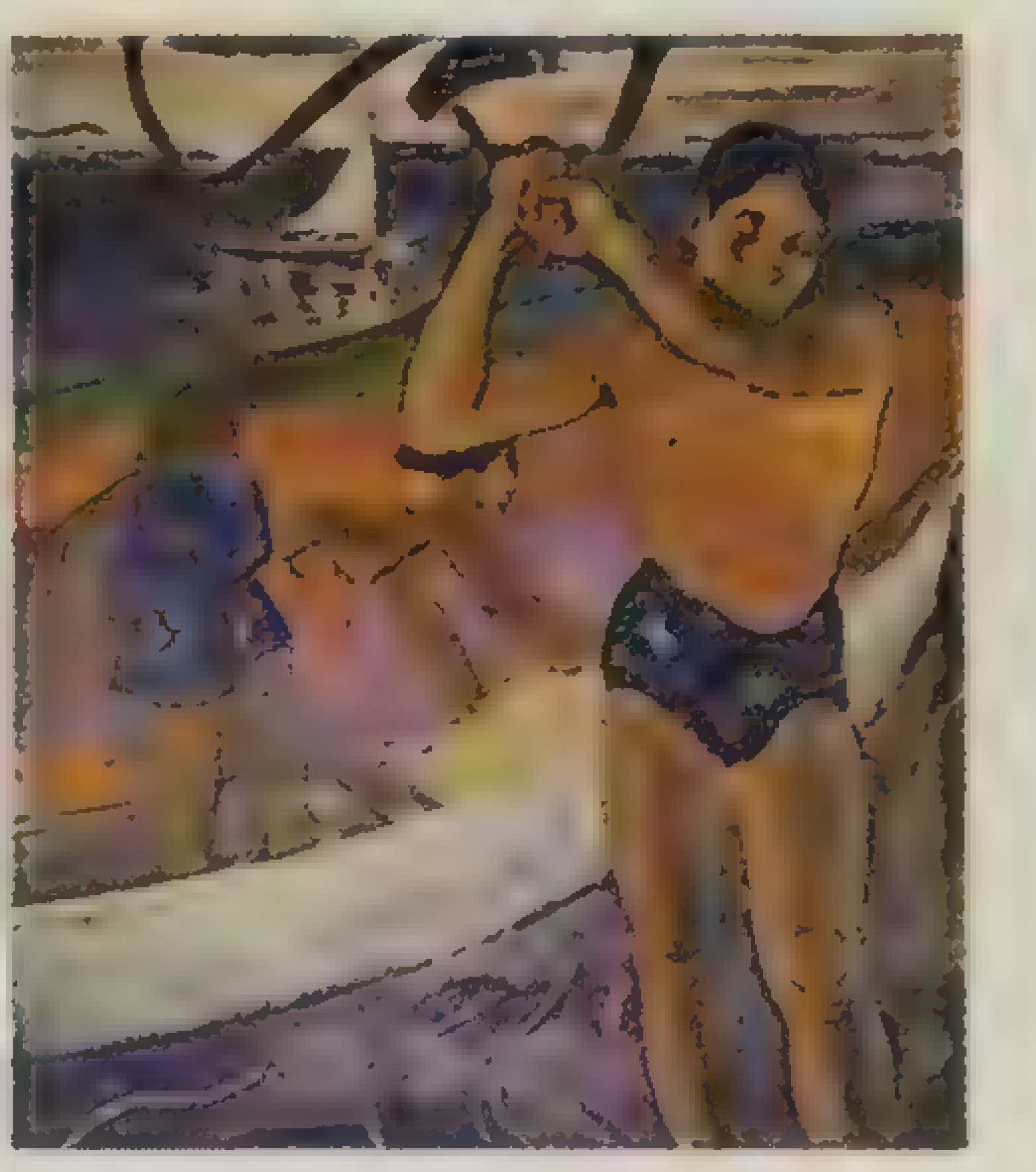
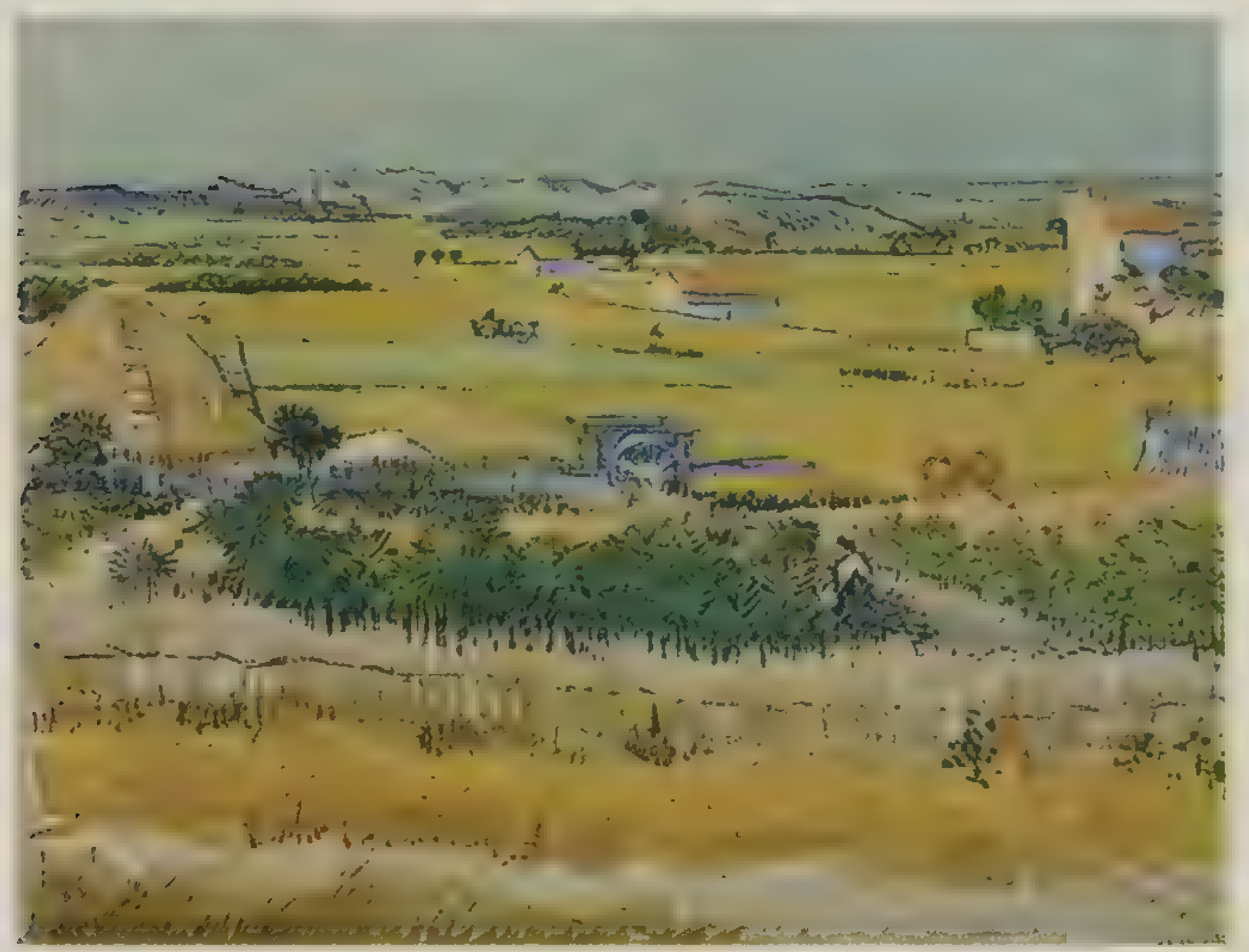


Van Gogh sought peace in painting this church at Auvers.



Many other artists, such as Gauguin, are represented.



In *The Harvest,* Van Gogh captures both the lushness and the deep tranquility of the southern French countryside.

He tried to express his feeling for man and nature by becoming a minister, but his fervor alarmed his superiors. He fell in love with two women of his own class and they fled from him as from a dangerous lunatic. The famous incident in which he cut off part of his ear and gave it to a prostitute was only one more attempt to give something of himself to anyone who would accept it.

This torrent of emotion—for which society had no use—turned Vincent Van Gogh into one of the greatest painters of all time. Never has a man poured so much pure responsiveness into his art. You can see in it everything from salvation to suicide. Sacrificing his sanity and his life to his work, he burned himself up in a blaze of perception...in a controlled riot of color that washed over modern art like a tidal wave of lyricism.

Love, for Van Gogh, was a means of seeing...of fusing himself with his subjects. Even the lavish way he squeezed a tube of paint directly onto his canvas symbolized a generosity that knew no limits. To the humblest subject—an old pair of boots, an empty chair—he brought the special light of his own fervor. As one critic put it, Van Gogh had the courage to look the sun squarely in the face and steal its radiance.

Beside almost 1,700 works of art, Van Gogh also bequeathed to the world—in 661 letters to his brother—one of the most moving autobiographies ever written. It shows this dauntless man trying to learn Greek in order to be allowed to preach to Dutch coal miners. You find him, his hatband stuck full of candles, painting the stars at midnight. You trace letter by letter, canvas by canvas, the collapse of his sanity and his subsequent suicide.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

THE FLYING FEATHER BALL, IN NEW YORK

A plume in the New York season, The J.O.B. Feather Ball has super give and take—giving one of the year's best parties to a few hundred attractive people, and taking its rewards. This year about $175,000 went to Just One Break for its exceptional work in finding jobs for the handicapped, with extra effort now for Viet Nam veterans—good cause for a buoyant evening.

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1. Guests entering the Hotel Pierre Ballroom. 2. Mme. Ahmed T. Benhima and Mr. Harilaos Theodoracopulos. 3. Mrs. Henry Ford, II, and Colonel Serge Obolensky. 4. Mrs. Richard C. Pistell and H.E. Ahmed T. Benhima, the Moroccan Ambassador to the United Nations. 5. Mrs. Pierre Schlumberger, Chairman of the Ball, and Prince Johannes von Thurn und Taxis. 6. Mrs. Iva S. V.-Patcévitch and Mr. Craig K. Mitchell. 7. Mr. William Curran, Miss Astrid H. Heeren. 8. Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, Miss Claudette Colbert. 9. Mr. Albert Whitley, Mrs. Konrad Henkel. 10. Mrs. Harilaos Theodoracopulos, Mrs. Frederick Melhado, Mr. Bill Blass.

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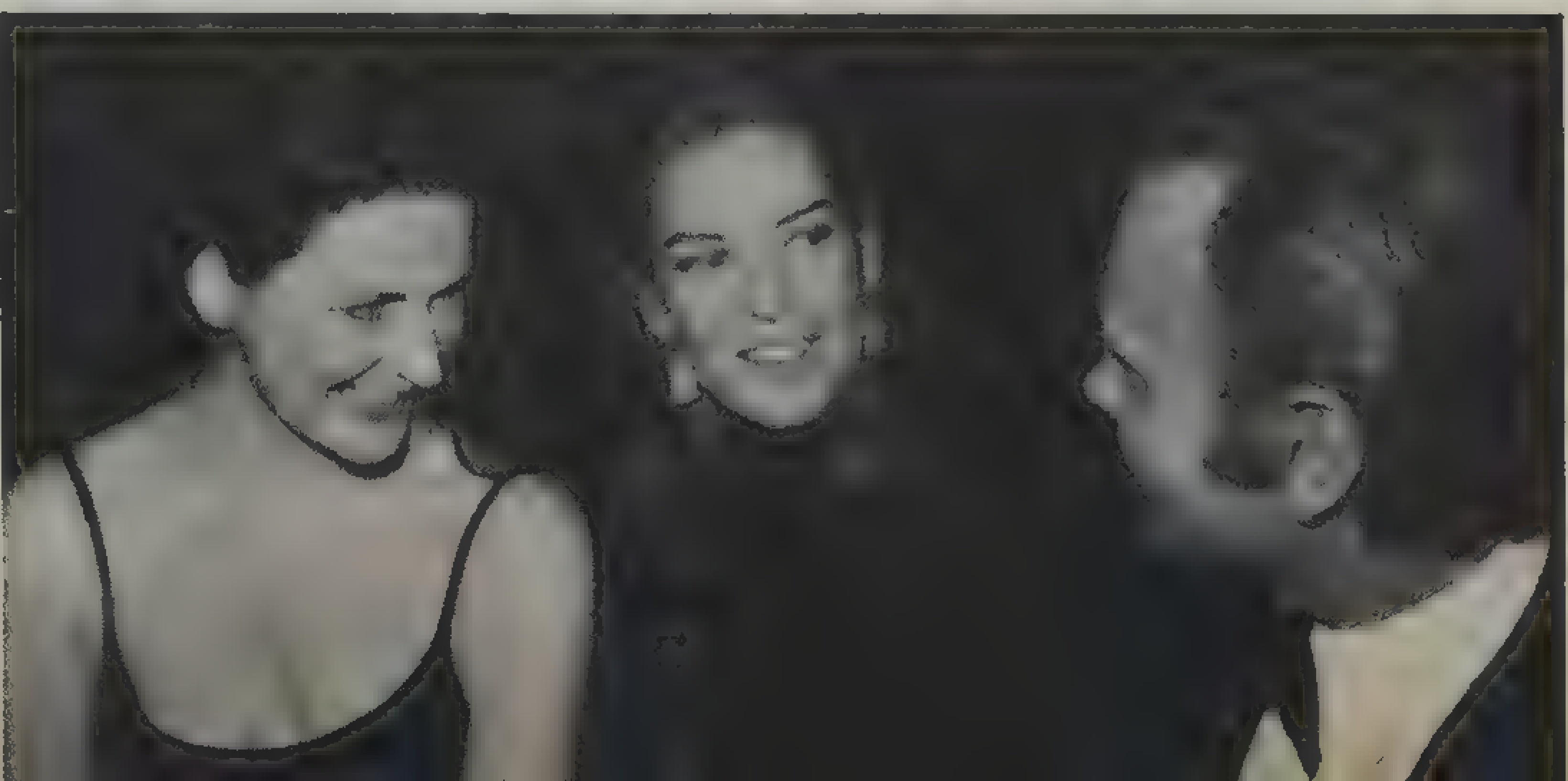

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

A Certain World: A Commonplace Book

In his preface to *A Certain World: A Commonplace Book* (The Viking Press), W. H. Auden describes this garland of poetry and prose as "a map of my planet," and he guides us through a great variety of surfaces, from the Alps as seen by Lord Byron and John Ruskin to the subterranean gulfs and caverns of a lead mine as observed by Thomas Sopwith. We are led through dark regions of the soul and reflect with the desert fathers on accidie; we enter the "complete, unmitigated loneliness" of the anaesthetist; we are treated to some memorable disquisitions on food by M.F.K. Fisher and Alexandre Dumas; to James Thurber's investigations of the diseases endemic to soap opera; and to disclosures of the life her daughter led with Errol Flynn by the newsy Florence Aadland. Strewn through the quotations are Auden's own contemplations of Good Friday, dreams, the lamentable decline of classical education, and a multitude of other matters on which he has cast his intelligent, imaginative, witty, and charitable eye through a rich lifetime.

A writer, he says in the beginning, should keep his private life to himself: "To be sure, some, in a sense all, of his works are transmutations of his personal experiences, but no knowledge of the raw ingredients will explain the peculiar flavour of the verbal dishes he invites the public to taste. . . ." Nevertheless, this compendium of subjects that have pleased, edified, disturbed, or amused him reveals the reactions of his life if not the facts of it. It is a full-length portrait of his taste.

It is safe to guess that Auden is a bird watcher from the numerous accounts of the habits of the swallow, the owl, the swan, sparrows, and jackdaws. Rather surprisingly, he has for years been interested in mining: "Between the ages of six and twelve I spent a great many of my waking hours in the fabrication of a private secondary sacred world, the basic elements of which were (a) a limestone landscape mainly derived from the Pennine Moors in the North of England, and (b) an industry—lead mining." Foreign phrase books entertain him; by comparison with their compilers, he says, "the so-called surrealist poets are amateurs," and he gives an example, printed as verse, of a visit to a doctor by a poor boob up against a language barrier, who has broken his arm, sprained his ankle, has acquired an ulcer and an ear infection and may well go blind. He is fond of anagrams (the letters of his own name, rearranged, spell "Why shun a nude tag?") and he offers the fascinating intelligence that in 1610 Galileo published his conclusions on Saturn in the form of an anagram.

Sometimes Auden's view of a work is expressed, without further comment, in the heading of the entry as in "Prose, Woozy," followed by lines woozy indeed from Ruskin. Dr. Spooner, he says, evidently did not make many spoonerisms himself but his address could be unusual and he quotes the following from Sir Maurice Bowra's *Memories:*

> "Dr. Spooner: I want you to come to tea next Thursday to meet Mr. Casson.
>
> "Mr. Casson: But I am Mr. Casson.
>
> "Dr. Spooner: Come all the same."

This "personal anthology" is not to be consumed all at once; it is to be quietly grazed for a diversity of taste sensations—sweet, pungent, salt, bittersweet. There is very little vinegar.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

Diary of a Mad Housewife, "*comic*"

Diary of a Mad Housewife is a movie for people who read *New York* magazine. A cautionary tale about a Fifth Avenue Griselda married to a socially ambitious young lawyer whose crowning desire is to own a share in a French vineyard, this latest case history by Frank and Eleanor Perry anatomizes the vice of snobbishness—the wicked craving to know, own, or, at least, hobbyluck with all the best brands, best bets, and best people in Manhattan's Upper Bohemia.

Tina Balser (played with poignantly rounded eyes and engagingly cracked voice by Carrie Snodgress) is completely strung out when the movie opens. Tina's hang-up? An overdose of husbandly ambition producing an overload of husbandly demands—for chic hairdos, gourmet meals, and psychedelic slumming—leading to wifely cop-outs, withdrawal symptoms, tantrums—the whole pre-crack-up bag.

Tina is doughty, however; she rallies to her high-strung hubby's challenge and shapes up as the ideal wife (mother, maid, cook, mistress, hostess) until the guy gets downright insulting. Then she takes a lover—just the sort of sneering *artiste* that her husband is always courting—shacks up in Beekman Place and finally discovers that this bastard is just the flip side of her husband—another man making passionate love to himself through a woman. Getting home in time for the Great Reversal, Tina finds Jonathan verging on tears, confessing foolish investments (the vineyard is raddled with insects), bad marks at the office and—yes, him, too—an affair. Melted by this irresistible spectacle of boyish-mannish contrition, Tina agrees to try again. The film ends with her taking her usual beating in a wolf-pack group-therapy session.

The only reward for watching this simplistically plotted, archaically directed film is the stellar performance of the impossible husband by Richard Benjamin. This young actor has brilliantly epitomized a whole generation of prissy young professionals brought up to believe that success consists less in solid achievements than in pluming oneself with the fancy feathers of social sophistication. Inhibited by the old male code from seizing direct control of the kitchen, the nursery, and the cocktail party, these male Mestas must attain their absurd goals obliquely by laying their wives across their knees like ventriloquists' dummies. To see Benjamin soliloquize rapturously about his "creativity" while cracking an egg for a Caesar salad, to spy on him while he pastes into his scrapbook the label from a fancy French wine or lies in bed with the flu calling stridently "Teen! Teen!" to beg for old-fashioned lemonade with plenty of cracked—not cubed—ice is to enjoy the irresistible comic effect of cannily observed and perfectly rendered truth.

In justice to the film, it should be said that its impact would have been far greater ten years ago. Back in the days of upward mobility, psychoanalysis, and the ideal of the husband-wife "team" (with its dread spectre of "disloyalty"), such a diary of nuptial neurosis would have been right on the button. Today, we have the same problems, but our concerns lie elsewhere. After the sniper fire in the ghetto, the roar of dynamited buildings, the agonizing sounds of the country, the crash of Jonathan Balser's ambition to own a French vineyard is just a diverting tinkle.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Travel

California, "even more so"

Nothing is newer in California than the fantastic Ontario Motor Speedway for auto racing, some forty miles east of Los Angeles, on lands that formerly were vineyards. Green and beautiful, with a red tower, blue garages, orange-and-blue seats, this enormous complex has three tracks including a measured quarter-mile dragstrip, a stadium, two lakes, and a private membership club—Victory Circle. The massed force behind the Speedway is David B. Lockton, an attractive, thirty-two-year-old lawyer from Indianapolis, Indiana, who has spent most of his legal life representing race drivers and auto racing. Although a race was run at the $25,500,000 Speedway earlier this month for the benefit of the Motion Picture Country Home, with Gregory Peck as the chairman of its building-and-endowment fund, the big, big dash on September 6 will be the Inaugural California 500, a championship car race patterned after the Indianapolis 500, on the two-and-a-half-mile oval. (More than two million dollars worth of tickets are being sold for that meet.) Toward the end of November a meet on the dragstrip will have a purse of at least $50,000 and probably a bunch more. To get grass in a hurry, the Speedway uses guns that blast germinated seed plus fertilizer and mulch into the ground.

About sixty-five miles beyond the Speedway lies Palm Springs with its clubs, hotels, and spread. Among the best and least known—a pretty sleeper—is the linguistically confused La Siesta Villas with its nineteen separate cottages, each with its own carport and private patio, entrance, kitchen, small dining room, and bedroom. Naturally maid service, but not naturally blanket covers. (Nearby, Jack Benny, Raymond Loewy, Dean Martin, and Kirk Douglas have houses.) *Note:* The Eldorado Country Club, where President Eisenhower had his house almost on the golf course, has the new Sunburst Room for dinners and parties. La Quinta, another enclave, has more new houses, plus seventy-six condominia called Lago La Quinta.

San Diego has a new hotel, Westgate Plaza, twenty stories high, with a ballroom patterned on Versailles. The rooms have kitchens, pantries, and, if wanted, butlers. Bathrooms: white Algerian marble.

In Los Angeles, the newest late-night place is Bumbles, run by Brian Morris. The young movie and television people go for dinner and late supper to the Black Rabbit Inn where the food is pretty much on the health-food side. At the Bistro, some of the best dishes are not always on the menu but most of the diners have their private specialties—Frank Sinatra wants White Fish Goujonettes but Dinah Shore wants Boeuf en Gêlée. The Candy Store, the Factory, and the Daisy go on and on.

Up at Squaw Valley, Alex Cushing is getting ready ten new ski runs, ranging from beginner to five-star expert. The new ski complex has eighteen double chair lifts, a gondola lift with seventy-six cars holding four skiers each, six platter lifts for beginners, and one *téléphérique* with two cars, each for one-hundred-and-twenty people. Easy life.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Music

BY CARMAN MOORE

New concert procedures, "the walk-around"

The state of contemporary art music is perhaps the most important issue in the world of music today. You can only replay the Old Masters so often before it becomes clear that veneration of the past will not keep the art of music alive. Half-empty concert halls and a growing crisis within the classical-recording industry, which is running out of surefire masterpieces to record, seem to underscore that. Quite simply, the country—and much of the world for that matter—has turned to rock. And while much of today's popular music is both exciting and powerful, by definition popular music is the expression of the fleeting, contemporaneous moment and does not purport as does art music—which more and more tends to include serious jazz composition—to assemble carefully great sonic moments that will last. Troubled, perhaps equally, by lack of funds, intolerant audiences, outmoded aristocratic trappings, and a number of pouting composers unwilling to offer as much experimental zeal to the question of audience as they do to their notes, art music is in danger of suffocation. Many solutions have been and are being tried.

A few modern music people have begun allying themselves with sister art forms. Many others, especially those just graduated from conservatories and music schools around the country, have pushed on into fusion forms that ignore the traditional boundaries between classical, jazz, and popular music. A sample fusion medium—*Agape,* composed by Larry Austin—was recently staged in New York as a "rock mystery play" with Julius Eastman, classical baritone; Gwendolyn Sims, a soprano; a rock band, Electric Stereopticon; the All-City High School Choir; electronic taped music; films; and dance by three members of The New York City Ballet. *Agape,* while no *Ninth Symphony,* did recover the spectacle and respect for the audience lacking in many modern works. At the end, the audience, which had been sprawled on the floor, danced to rock with the performers.

In New York, attempts to do away with the traditional, padded-seat concert hall arrangement have been undertaken by the Whitney Museum of American Art. For a recent series, the Whitney audiences were seated on foam pillows on the floor. In another attempt, the Electric Circus gave walk-around concerts of electronic music and jazz (notably one by the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc.) last year.

The walk-around audience idea caught the imagination of Max Pollikoff, the director of *Music in Our Time,* and this season he has run his new-music series as a gallery of performances. In five different rooms and halls of New York's YMHA building, music scores on concert night are repeated five times. Listeners' printed programs double as maps to two floors of performances. Someone bored with a work in the main theatre can leave that composition but not forfeit the evening. If he finds a mixed-media work in the lounge more to his liking, he may experience it five times. During the two evenings that I went, there were noise-pollution crises between two of the adjacent rooms. No masterpieces were unearthed. Tempted to dodge the issue by saying that the clue to the health of contemporary music is simply better compositions, I add that better compositions deserve the kind of experimentation with audience in which such people as Max Pollikoff are now engaged.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

"A Sound Enclosed Land Area, Milano, Italy"

It comes in an eight-and-a-half-inch-square flat box, its lid showing a section of a street map of the city of Milan. One area on the map is outlined in a heavy blue marker. The outline begins at the Piazza del Duomo, runs south, forms an angle, then returns abruptly, making a near-perfect triangle, taking in perhaps a mile in perimeter. When the lid is removed, the eyes meet an actual folded street map of Milan. Its colour is a particularly beautiful shade of violet, and the structure of the city resembles a brilliantly conceived maze in which streets, parks, piazzas, highways, and railroad tracks offer the image of a dizzying city-constellation. On the lower right-hand corner of the map appears the signature of artist Dennis Oppenheim.

There is yet another object in the box. Underneath the folded street map is a spool of recording tape. The tape sits inside a specially constructed square within the larger square of the box. When the tape is played, the sounds heard are those of clear, evenly paced footsteps. Those footsteps belong to Dennis Oppenheim walking the mile-long trek he designated on the map. Also heard on the tape are various street sounds.

This handsomely designed little box constitutes a "Sound Piece" conceived by Oppenheim, who calls it a work of art and has given it the name "A Sound Enclosed Land Area, Milano, Italy." The work, packaged and produced in Italy, comes in a limited edition of one hundred copies, each one $100. John Gibson, 27 East 67th Street, New York, has them for sale.

"A Sound Enclosed Area" is related to Earthworks and Skyworks in that the artist uses himself, his environment, and nature as his media. In this instance, the mile-long series of city blocks and the actual act of walking are the "materials" for the piece. The taped footsteps and the map are the by-products—or the "proof" of where and how it had occurred.

Dennis Oppenheim, one of the most gifted promulgators of environmental works, is fascinated by a kind of senseless documentation. He often invents projects that are undefinable—transitory projects that assume a heightened reality *because* they are so fugitive and insubstantial. By particularizing and underscoring a self-imposed yet taken-for-granted action such as walking, he gives the act a dimension of super-reality.

The tape recording of interminable footsteps transforms the action into sound, and this insistent sound then becomes another adjunct of the project. In short, Oppenheim, encapsuling the event, delights in the notion that something as ordinary as a long walk can be documented and, through the imagination, transformed into a work of art.

What this implies is that our most banal gestures have some magic about them—that there is something aesthetically valid and potent in even our most taken-for-granted activities. Oppenheim wishes to place us in contact with these often unconscious activities, thereby widening our sensibilities and responses.

There is also no question but that after listening to a half hour of endless walking, the mind begins to cloud—boredom takes over. But even here, Oppenheim will smile and consider it merely another form of response.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Cassandra Revisited, "a testament"

The two Macmillan volumes of Arthur Koestler's autobiography now reissued—*Arrow in the Blue*, first published in 1952; *The Invisible Writing*, in 1953—evoke a forgotten time. The forgotten time is the first half of the twentieth century, and we have forgotten it precisely for the reason that made Arthur Koestler in the last two decades of the half-century so emblematic a figure in the intellectual life of the West.

Koestler's mission then was to warn the West—to warn of the anarchy and violence that lay coiled within the rationalities of technological civilization, to warn that chaos was to be not the exception but the rule. That mission was mostly a failure. Too few could believe the unbelievable. Koestler tells us of a recurring dream in those years: "It is dark, and I am being murdered in some kind of thicket or jungle; there is a busy road at no more than ten yards distance; I scream for help but nobody hears me, the crowd walks past laughing and chattering."

Raymond Mortimer summed up what was at least an English reaction in 1946: "If I find Mr. Koestler's writing unlikeable, it is because he accepts as normal what I believe and hope is abnormal." But what was normal and what abnormal? By the age of thirty-six Arthur Koestler had lived in eight countries. He had survived the Bolshevik Revolution in Hungary; gone to Palestine in the 'twenties as one of Jabotinsky's Zionist Activists; edited a weekly in Cairo, Egypt; served as science editor of a leading German newspaper combine; been a communist in Germany and Russia, a communist agent in France and Spain. He had spent ninety-five days in a Franco prison under daily expectation of execution and had passed on to a French concentration camp and an English jail. He had lived in poverty and hunger; he was a fugitive and an exile.

This was normality enough for him. So in his autobiography Koestler presented what he called "a typical case-history of a member of the educated middle classes of Central Europe in the first half of our century." Looking back now from the ragged perspective of 1970, we can begin to see how searching Koestler's nightmare was, how correct his premonition of chaos, how prophetic his literature of warning—and how quickly we have forgotten the certitudes of the age he was writing against. At last we have come to accept his definition of normality.

These volumes throw light, too, on certain causes of the intellectual disintegration of the West. Koestler was trained as an engineer. He believed that science had solved the riddles of the universe. Then scientific materialism dissolved before his eyes, creating the inner void that led to his lifelong chase after "the arrow in the blue," the perfect cause, the final answer. After the failure of science, he sought the answer in politics. This failing, he has returned in recent years to science, though to a science now qualified by the "invisible writing" that suggests possibilities in the universe rejected by the scientism of his youth.

Of course, these fascinating volumes cover much else—from Koestler's classic account of communist conversion and deconversion to his trip on a Zeppelin to the North Pole. For all the occasional self-dramatization, posturing, conceit, and cheapness of metaphor and argument, here is the testament of a brave, bright, prickly, reckless, impatient, witty, hostile man.

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HOROSCOPE

August 16
through
August 31

ARIES, March 21—April 20. As this period begins, the full moon on the 16th and 17th places your ruler, Mars, in Leo in a state of test. It would be wise to postpone decisions and activities until after the 21st and 22nd, when delays would prevent your satisfaction. Information you receive on those days explains the wisdom of switching your powerful urges into another channel. The planet of time, Saturn, disputes passage on your original route. Better to go underground to accumulate material for a more suitable time. One phase of your present concerns is at an end, and you have been chasing an illusion. The facts uncovered on the 29th and the new moon on the 31st begin a new chapter for you.

TAURUS, April 21—May 20. *Since you resist change, you may be slow to grasp the alteration the full moon on the 16th and 17th brings. It is a social change—not a new way of life—and should be enjoyed at its face value. Saturn still occupies your birth sign, assuring you of a reliable, fixed program for your regular activities though you have had to assume graver risks. The week of the 24th, two factors seem to be pressuring you into commitments—signing contracts or financing others. If you do not reach a decision on the 29th, give the idea up. The new moon, on the 31st, will lead in another direction. This plan is more to your taste: It is less speculative and easier to manage.*

GEMINI, May 21—June 21. The full moon on the 16th and 17th presents a new responsibility to be accepted on the 18th. You may resent this new burden, when others seem to be on holiday. At least begin a plan for the project, though initiating anything is always a problem to you. The 21st offers the incentive you need, when someone points out a plan that needs your versatile direction; and you will be stimulated by good news on the 24th. From the 26th to the 30th, the action flows to suit your talents, as you expand swiftly into successful accomplishment. There is a second new moon this month, on the 31st, the right day to present your work to those who commissioned you—it should be well received by them.

CANCER, June 22—July 22. The full moon on the 16th and 17th starts you down a new path. At first you sense adventure, but the starting signal does not come until the 22nd, when a peculiar remark alerts you to the need for a new program. On the 24th, a new friend recommends you, because of your adaptability in serving the public. The 26th is best for an agreement, with the Moon in your own sign, Cancer. If you assume your duties exactly on the 31st, the new moon (which is also an eclipse and most significant to you), you will begin a chapter of importance to your future. Since yours is a Water sign, the presence of Jupiter in the Water sign of Scorpio consolidates your forces.

LEO, July 23—August 23. *The power of your ruler, the Sun, brings new friends at the full moon—the 16th and 17th; but you sense that the world around you is at the crossroads. The 21st and 22nd bear out this idea, when an old dream ends. This is a relief, for it was difficult to maintain at best. Since this month has the unusual occurrence of two new moons, you should prepare from the 24th to the 31st (the second new moon) for the start of a new era. It begins with a surprising choice, a chance to work in a new profession or to invest as a partner in one that is known to you. The risk in showing your talents in this new way prefaces your rise to higher professional levels.*

VIRGO, August 24—September 22. The full moon on the 16th and 17th has a settling effect on you, giving you assurance to decide on continuing with the old establishment on a permanent basis on the 18th. If a signature is required, this is the day. If you feel secure enough and wish to expand your potential, step into the boss's office on the 24th and make your requests known. If it is love you seek, the weekend of the 29th suits that idea and you will win. The new moon on the 31st—which is also an eclipse—is in your birth sign, bringing this period to a triumphant end on all fronts. If you ever have thought of going into business on your own, this date is just right for the purpose.

LIBRA, September 23—October 23. The full moon on the 16th and 17th brings a drastic change in your program. Jupiter moves out of your sign, and you will have to rely on your ruler, Venus, to sustain you, which means speculating more extravagantly with your talents. Try to do this with all new associates from the 19th to the 22nd. There should be a response late in the evening of the 24th. If by the 28th, this venture is not complete, drop it and enjoy a pleasant weekend. The 31st, the new moon, brings an unusual turn in the situation. It is up to you to expand the potential to your advantage. One thing is clear, Jupiter in Scorpio, your income department, means that you are safe financially.

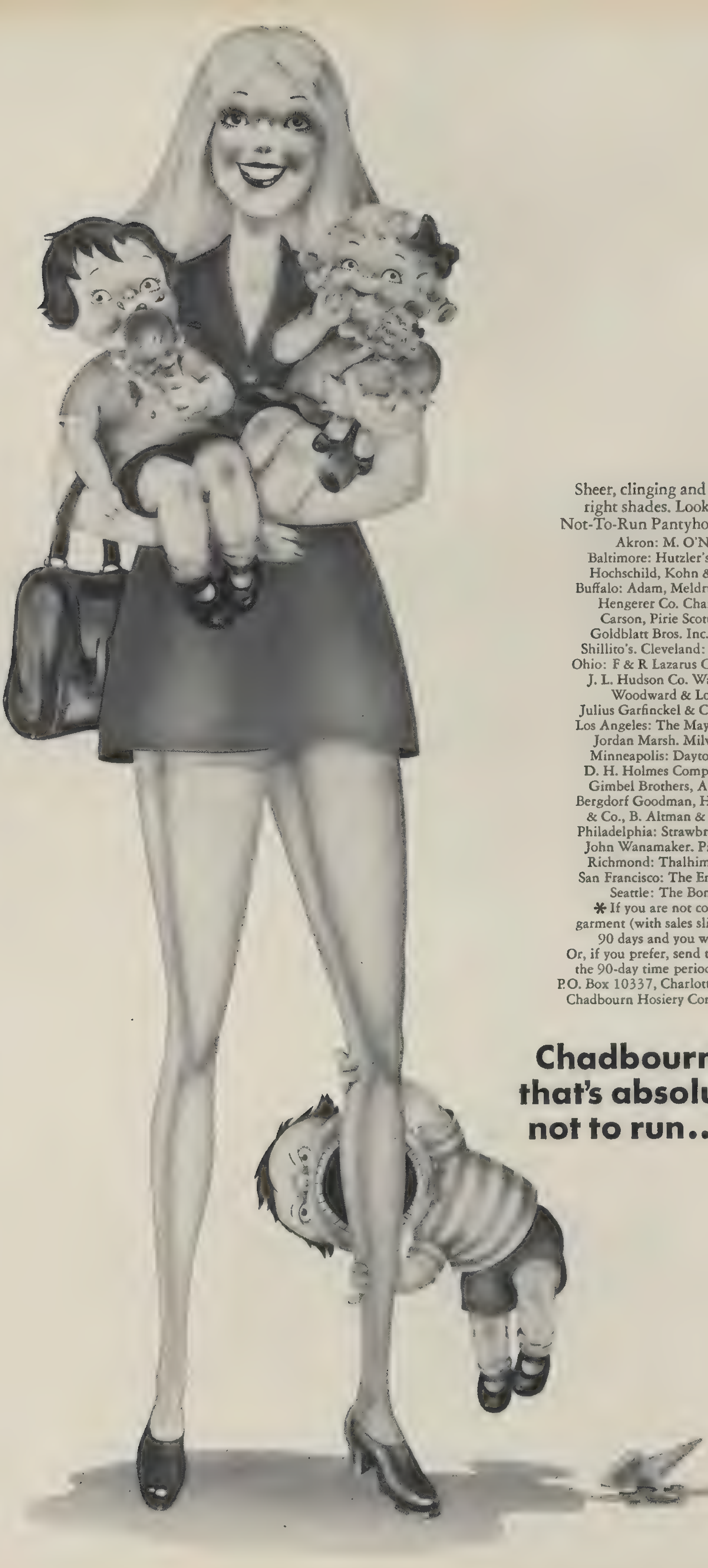
SCORPIO, October 24—November 22. *You have had a history maker, Neptune, in your sign for more than thirteen years. Now, at the full moon on the 16th and 17th, Jupiter enters Scorpio. Jupiter, the planet of speculation, will be influenced by your powerful sign: In Libra, Jupiter meant extravagance; in Scorpio, it encourages scrutiny and research on every idea. The opening bell sounds on the 17th; then silence until the 25th, when Jupiter and the Sun meet. Be ready then to make your bid in the realm of expanding world finance; this is the best day. But not until the new moon on the 31st will the guidelines for your future activities be clear, nor can you formulate plans until then.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23—December 21. This full moon, on the 16th and 17th, brings a milestone in your history, as your ruler—Jupiter—enters Scorpio. This change will not be felt at once, but as Jupiter gains momentum, you will feel as if your affairs are suspended —a waiting period. On the 25th, a feeling of expansion takes hold, as Jupiter and the Sun were in a sextile (sixty degrees apart). This would be a momentous day in expanding your horizons, anything done this day would prosper. At the new moon, which is on the 31st in Virgo (the sign of labour or services), it would be useful to point up your business standing by a gesture toward those who serve you in your enterprises.

CAPRICORN, December 22—January 19. The full moon—the 16th and 17th—accents the financial houses of your chart. On the 18th, when Mercury (agreements) and your ruler, Saturn, are in trine (120 degrees apart—good luck), endorsements, signatures, or appraisals should be effective. On the 22nd, when Mars (war) balks your ruler, Saturn, there may be open hostility from those who control company finances. Since this is not a business day, the effects might show in government—a restrictive announcement. On the 26th, a business associate agrees to an idea you have been working on for some time. The new moon on the 31st is good for a pleasant journey, a long, well-earned holiday.

AQUARIUS, January 20—February 18. *You have lovely Venus in conjunction with your ruler, Uranus, and seem to be gathering an all new flock of friends. It might be because you initiate a new program that has to do with your ideas about civic freedom. On the 24th and 25th, you may be given a substantial grant to expand your program. If that is so, begin the enterprise at the new moon, the second one this month, on the 31st. You will attract workers and enthusiasts completely in accord with your aims. As Mars (strife) is against Neptune the same day (31st), dissenters could be troublesome and undermine or discourage you. Still, the time is right to work for advancement of social ideas.*

PISCES, February 19—March 20. Your ruler, Neptune, has occupied the sign of Scorpio, beneficial for you, for over thirteen years. On the 16th, Jupiter enters Scorpio to remain for a year—bringing new opportunities. During the remainder of Neptune's stay there (until November 6), Jupiter will share rulership. Not until the 26th or 27th will Jupiter's optimistic and expansive influences be felt. You might put into working order as many ideas as possible before the new moon on the 31st. These ideas will not mature until Jupiter reoccupies Scorpio at a later period. This new moon is important to all Pisceans who wish to start new enterprises or to choose new business partners.



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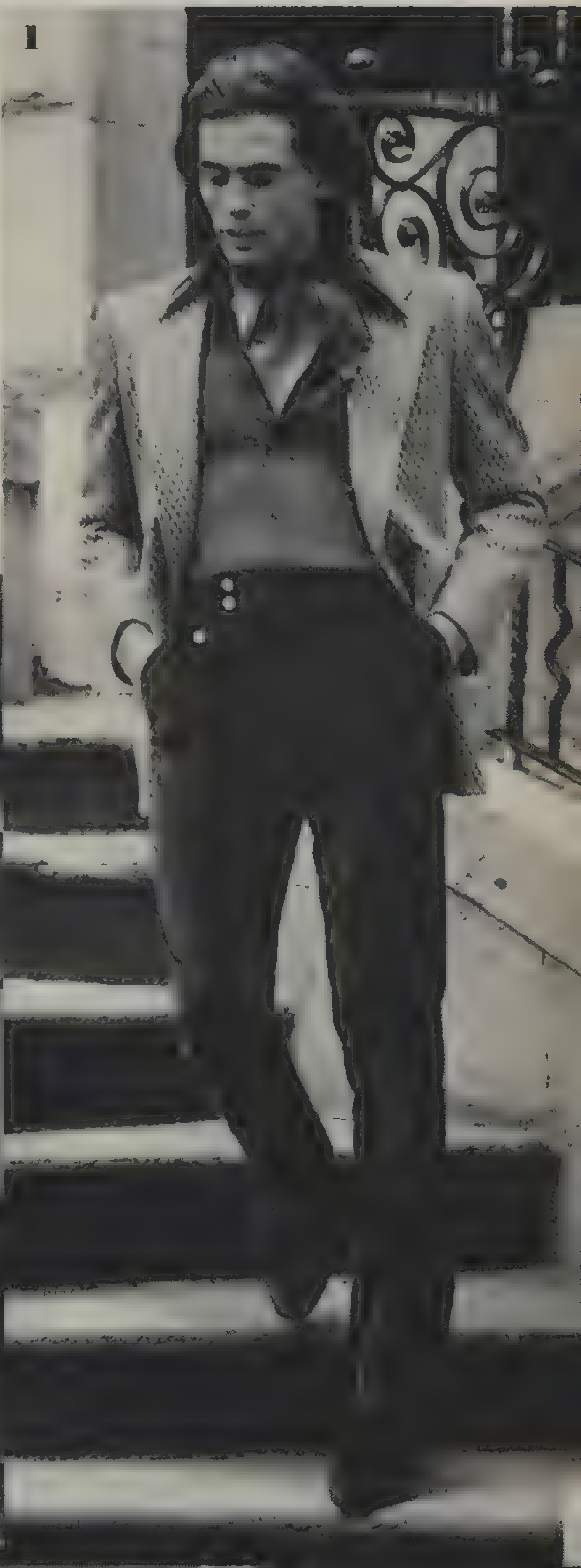
MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

News: fabrics, proportion, ease

Richard Dow, star of the new film *Stop!* demonstrates **1.** News in never-before combinations of handsome fabrics: warm, vibrant tweed jacket with sleek velvet trousers, soft silk shirt and scarf, all in rich deep browns and ivory. Step bone jacket, $90; cotton velveteen trousers (note the new high waistband), $45. Larry Kane for Raffles Wear. Altman's, next month. Brown silk jacquard shirt, Sergio Salfa for Samo, at Barra of Italy, 445 Park Ave., N.Y.C. **2.** Richard, the Jaguar XK-E, and the news in suits: the campaign jacket—easy, free of padding. British tan cavalry twill by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear, $160. Altman's, next month. **3.** Rome news: Datti's creamy cotton sport suit, chevron embroidery, leather-laced, worn here by writer-actor ***Antonello Campodifiori.*** At Datti, via Po, 16, Rome. **4.** News in knits: at last for men, the good looks, comfort of wool doubleknit in a navy shirtsuit by Brett Knits, $80. At Joseph Magnin. **5.** News in Roman know-how—wrapped suède boots, brown crêpe trousers tucked in—a new proportion worn with blue crêpe de Chine shirt, blue-and-brown Glen plaid tweed jacket by designer ***Walter Albini.***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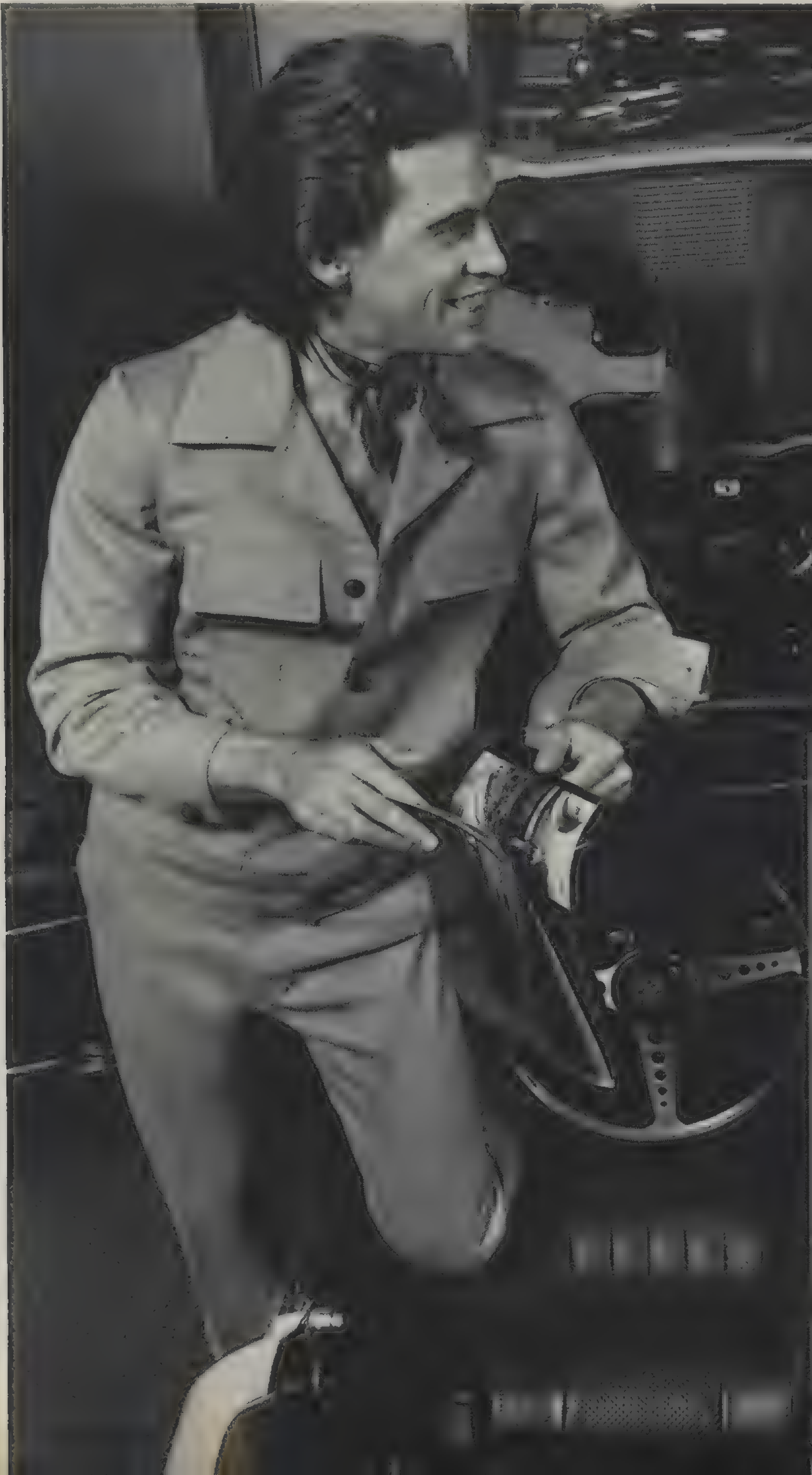
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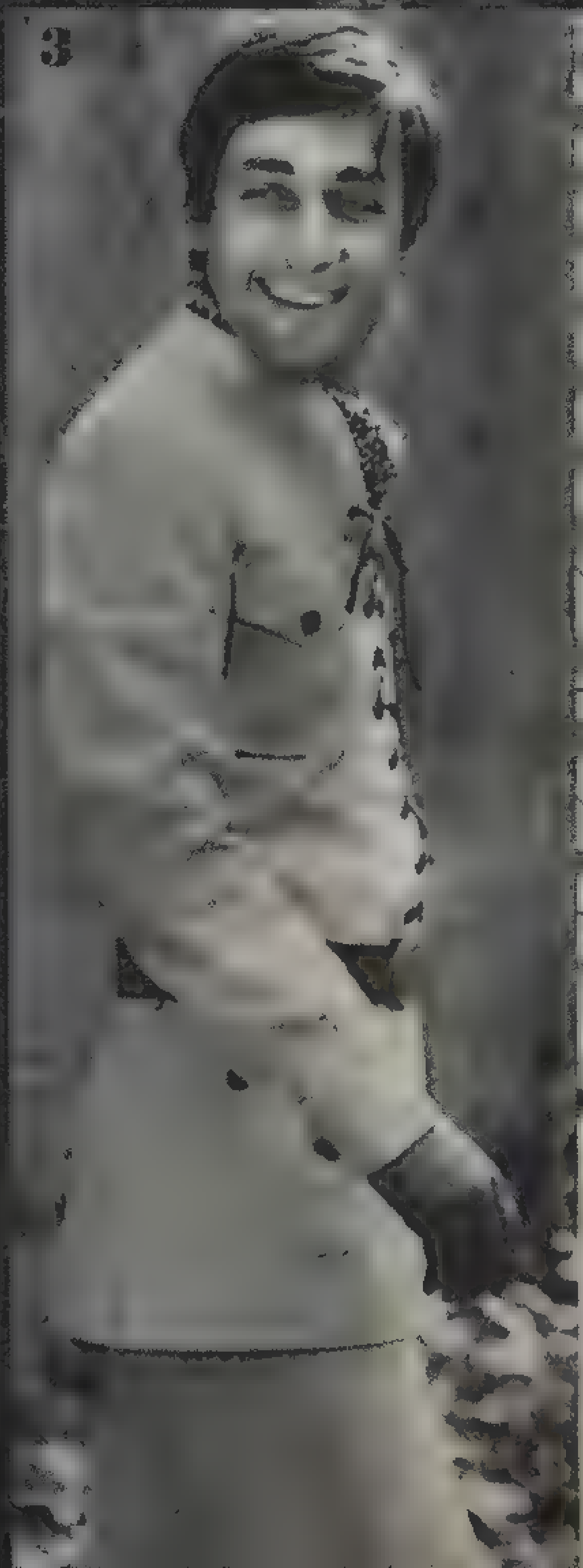
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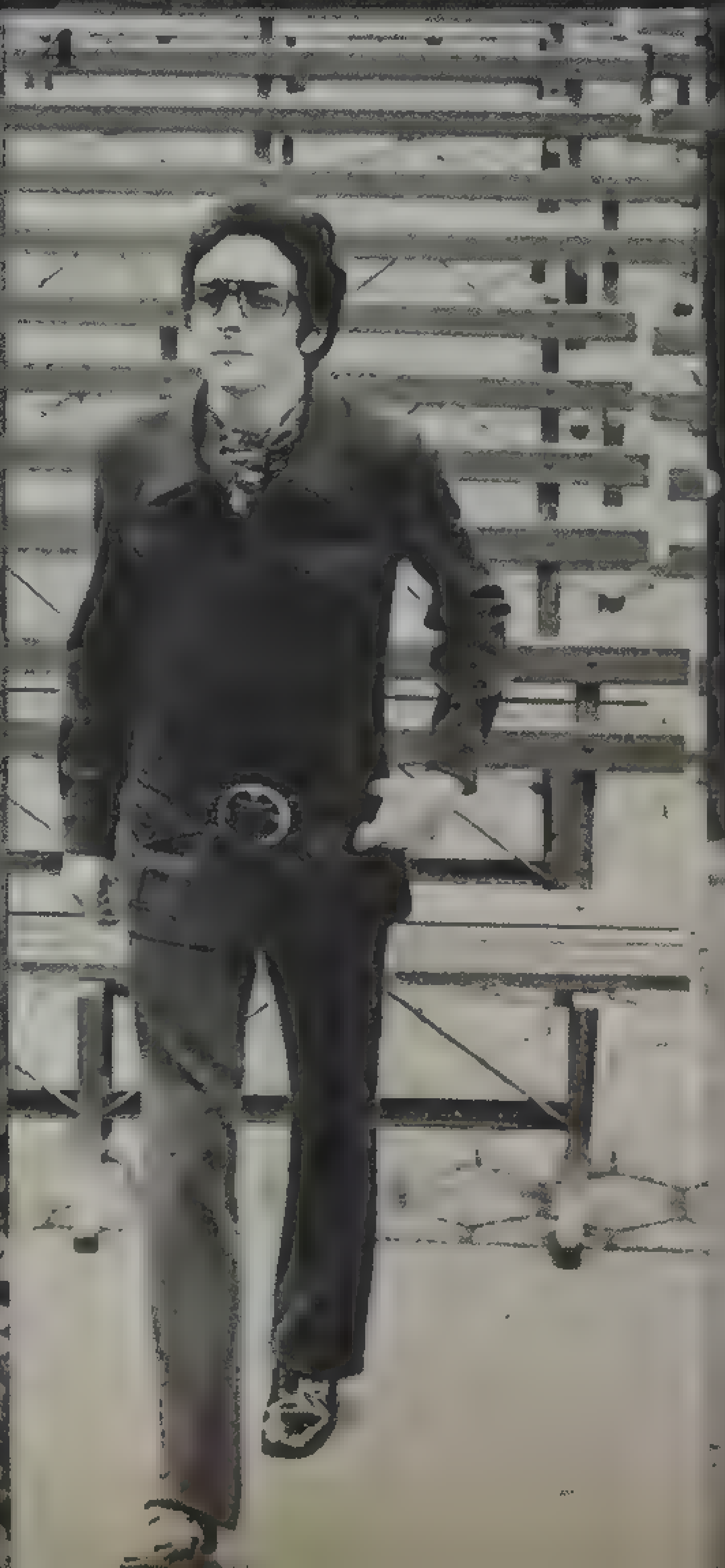
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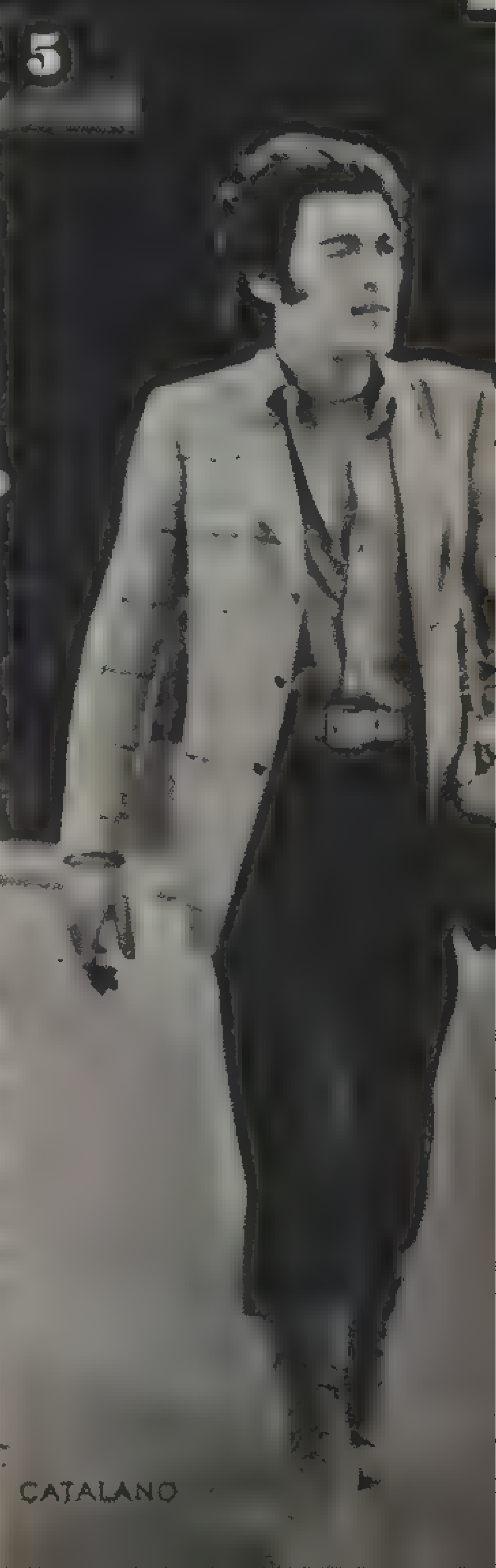
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CATALANO

COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

GEORGIA BULLOCK stops short of Victorianism with a flash of leg showing through a long split skirt. Never was the gleam of cotton velveteen nor a frilly jabot so enchantingly used. Purple/lavender (shown), brown/beige, navy/powder blue; sizes 6 to 16. At stores listed and other fine stores across the country.

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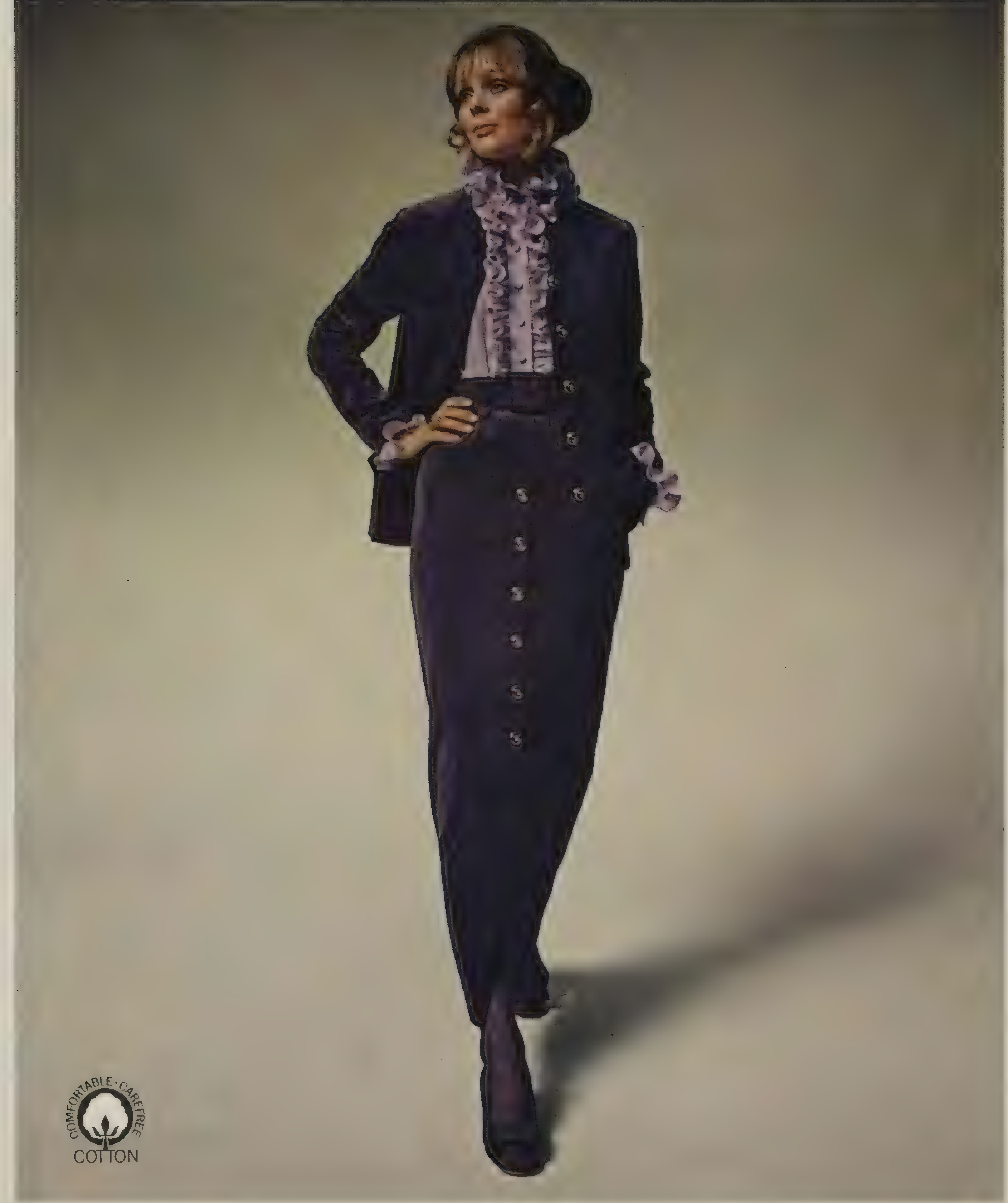


Titche's, Dallas; Sakowitz, Houston; Woolf Bros., Kansas City, Mo.; Phil A. Halle, Memphis; Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

AUGUST 15, 1970

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

OH, TO BE IN AUTUMN NOW THAT FURS ARE HERE...

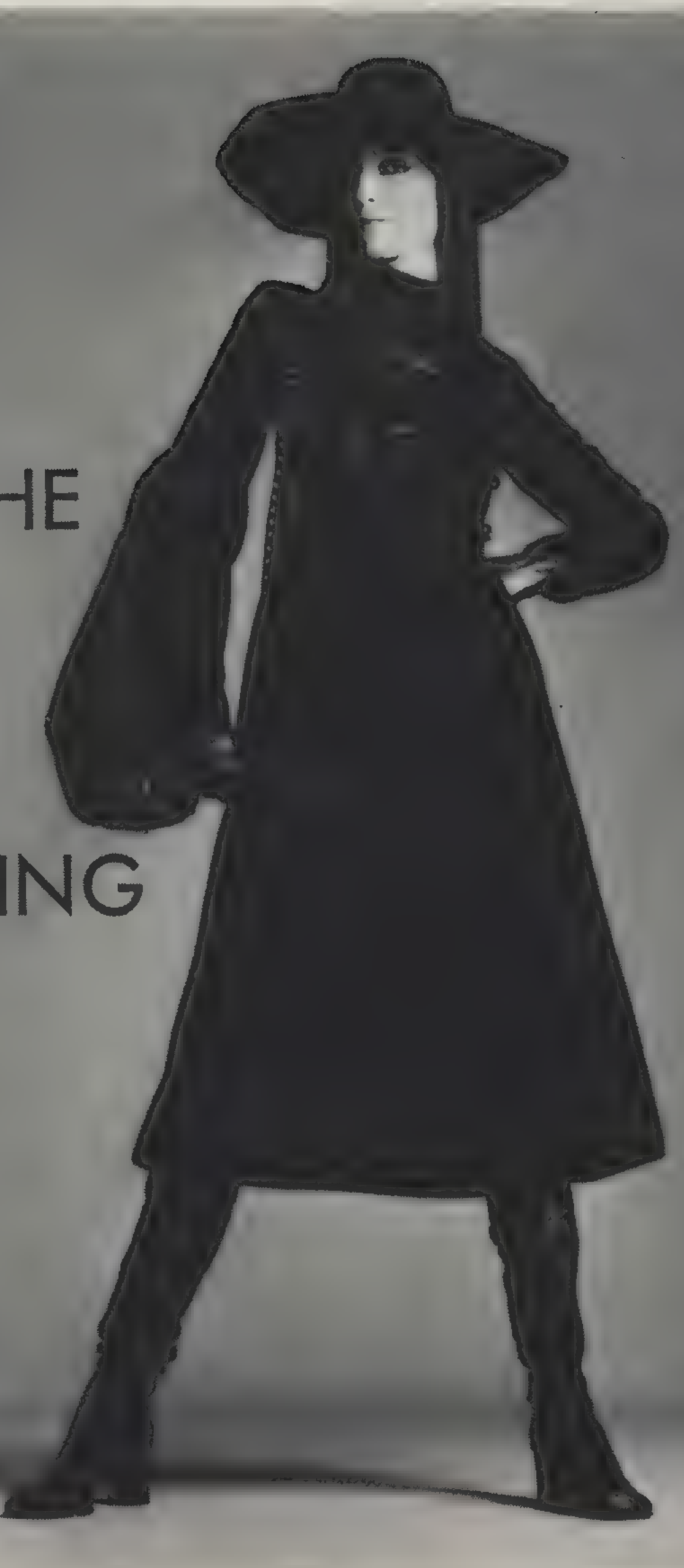
And, oh, to look like this—the Queen of the Tartars, stacked in fur—wouldn't that be divine! So warm and luxey and entertaining—so everything everyone wants in furs now (and will find in abundance further on in these pages). ...As for this superduperoo: it's Cerruti's fur-frizzed toque and long, sleeveless cardigan in Russian marmot—one of those funny, mousey, who-would-have-dreamed-it beasties that couldn't be dreamier fluffed and puffed this way, and put together as though it were bunches of bushy wolf tails. ...The jumpsuit underneath, of pale-beige stretch wool gabardine. All: Cerruti 1881. François Villon boots. Coiffure by Carita.

AVEDON

DON'T

1

THIS IS THE COAT: IT SWINGS OVER EVERYTHING



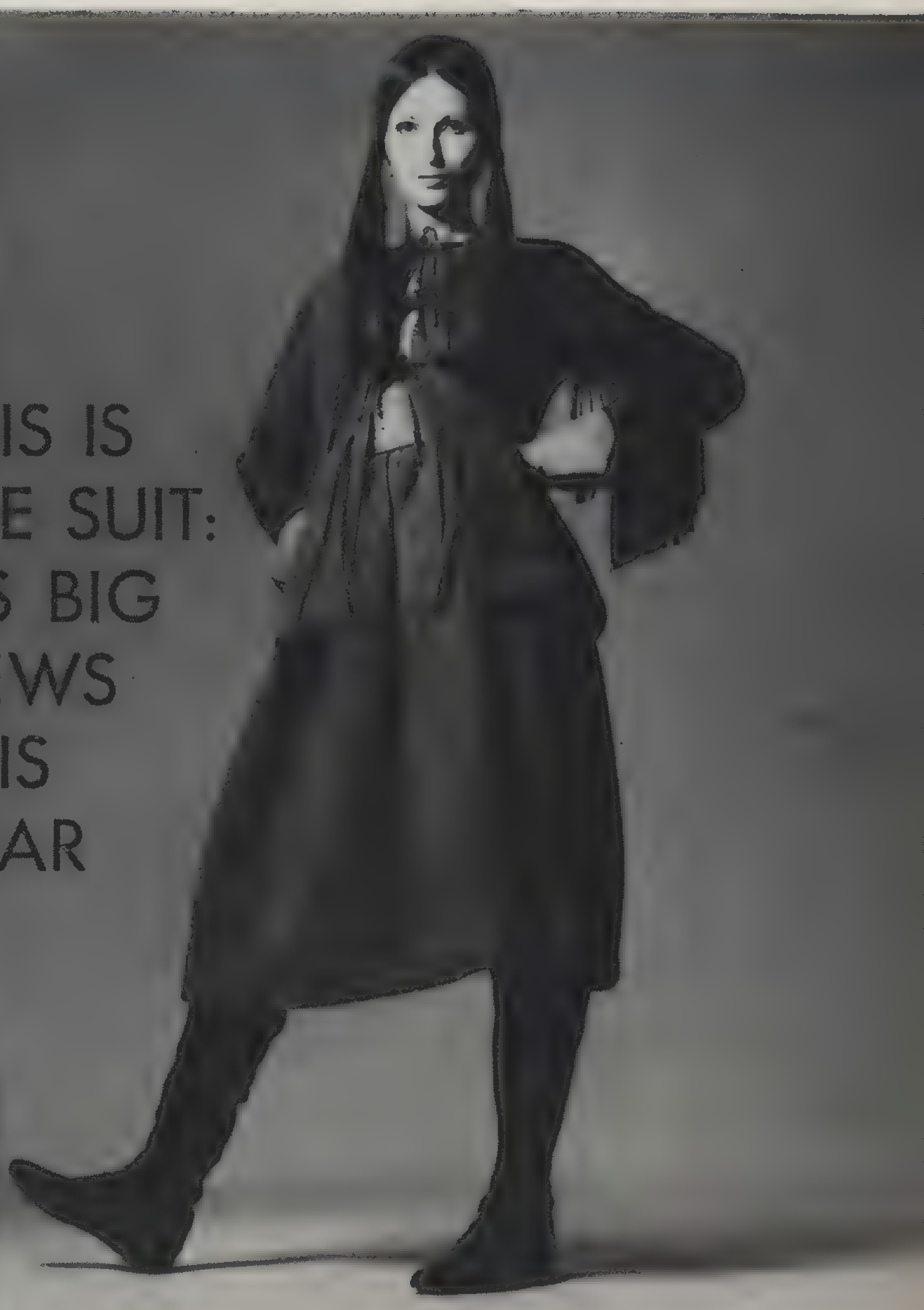
2

1. The coat that swings for thee and me and everybodee—small on top, tied over matching brown wool pants. By Seymour Fox. At Bonwit Teller; Dayton's. Hat: Bergdorf Goodman. Bag by Odyssey. Grandoe gloves. **2. The swing of the coat over boots**—black, with a send-off of pleats in front, high-buttoning at the side. By Donald Brooks; of Anglo Fabrics worsted, loomed in America. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Swanson's. Adolfo hat. Hernando Reinoso bag. Aris gloves. This page: Charles Jourdan boots. **3. The perfect grey flannel suit**—slit midi, concise little belted jacket. Originala woolmark suit. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Dynasty watch. Ben Berger gloves. Chadbourn tights. Boots: Piero Nuti for I. Miller.

BE CONFUSED this is the LOOK

3

AVEDON



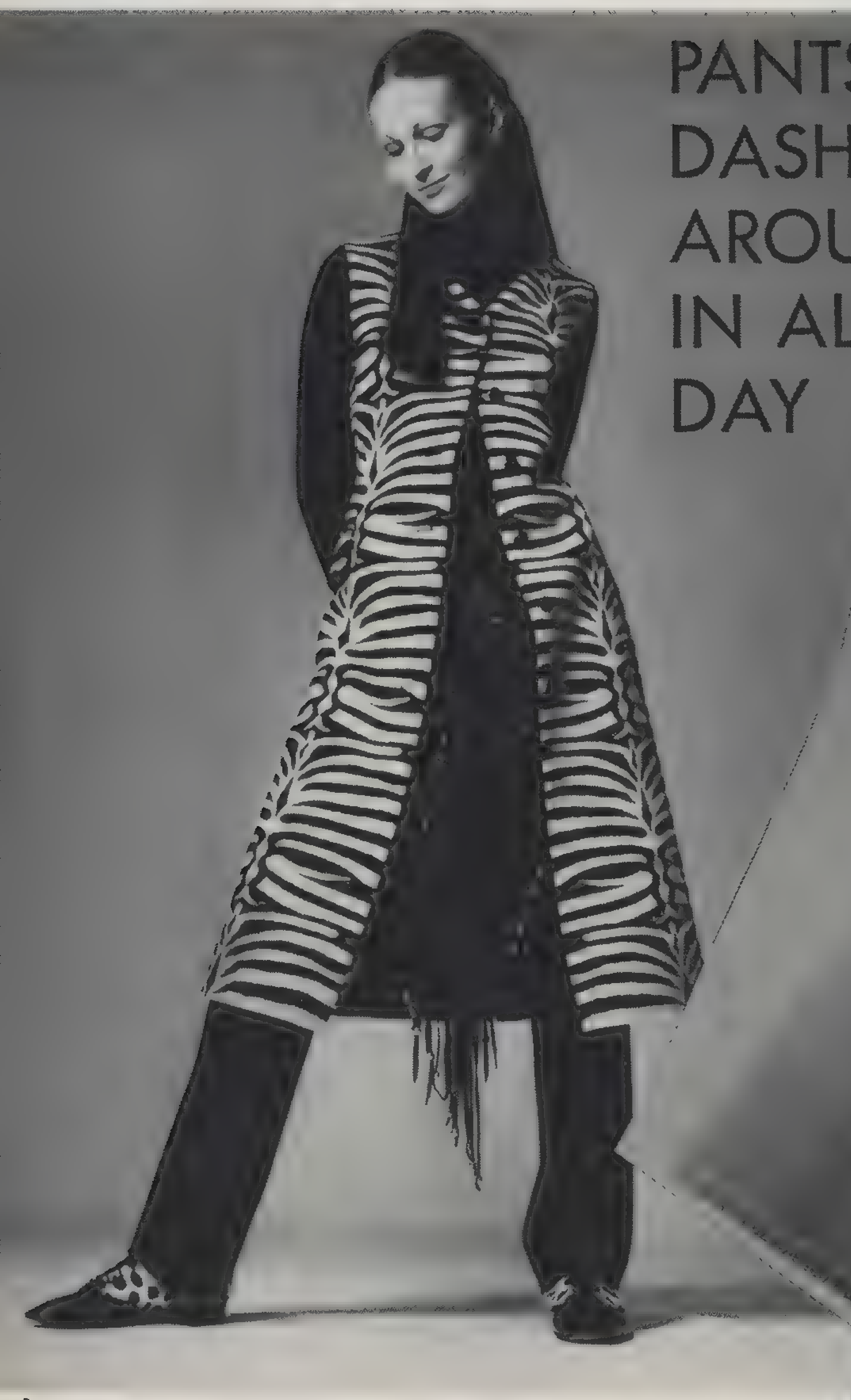
4

THIS IS
THE SUIT:
IT'S BIG
NEWS
THIS
YEAR

4. . . . **and the suit is great in tawny suède**—ties, fringe, a soft soft dirndl. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Next month at Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus. Odyssey belt. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Herbert Levine boots. These eight pages: François of Kenneth coifs.

DON'T BE

PANTS TO DASH AROUND IN ALL DAY



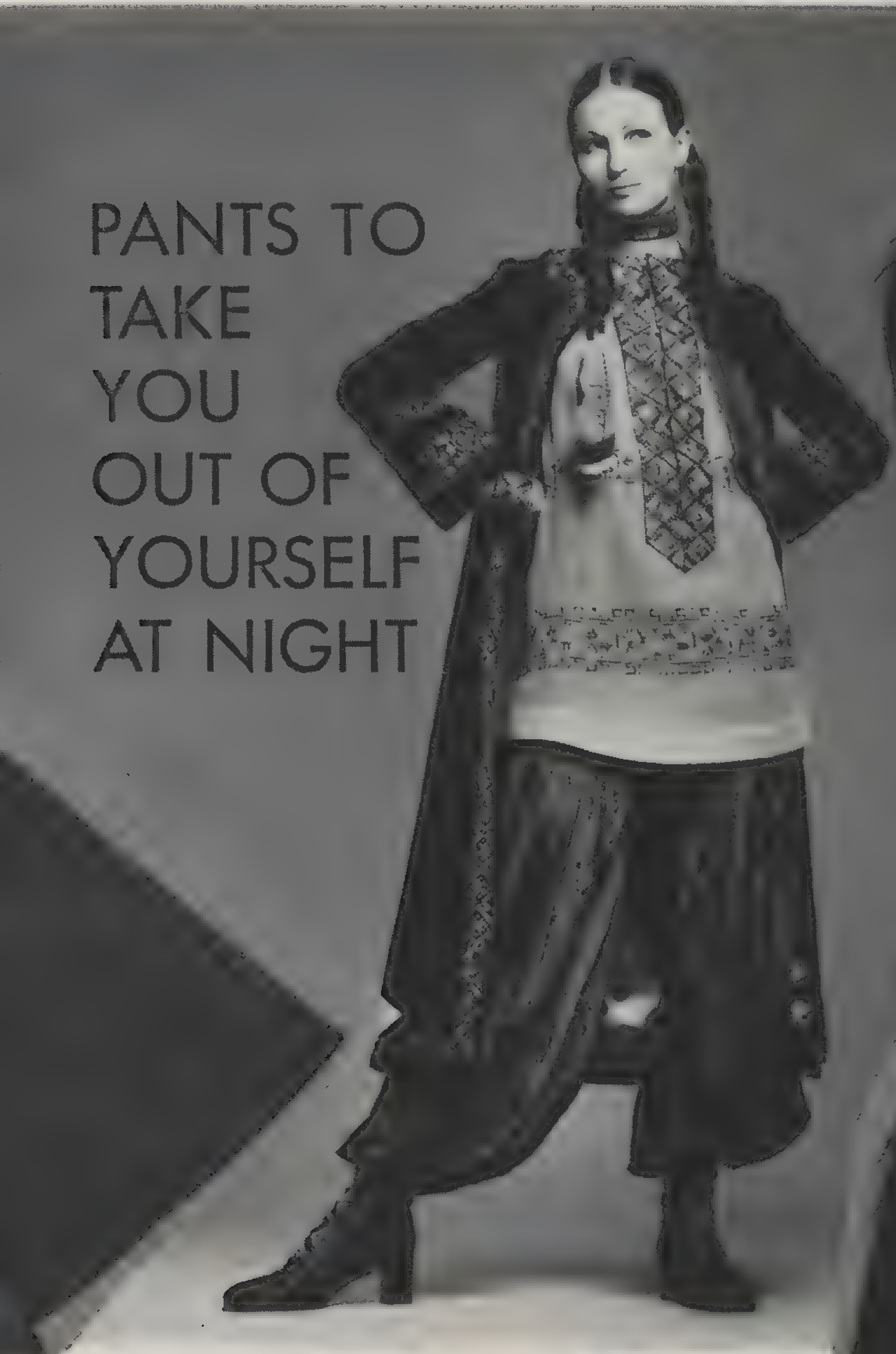
1

2

1. Black-and-white zebra stripes—knitted midivest to untame a black knit tunic and pants. Kimberly; wool knitted in America. About $175. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; J. W. Robinson. Belt: Hernando Reinoso. David Evins boots. **2. A roll of cape, pants to match**—and thou, so warm and dashing in beige wool with a belted sweater-vest and peach crêpe shirt underneath. Beene Bazaar; Rochambeau wool loomed in America. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Gucci scarf. Andrew Geller boots. **3. Ribbon-embroidered fantasy** from the pleasure dome of Giorgio di Sant' Angelo—Burgundy velvet coat and pink cotton voile shirt over blouson pants of pleated Burgundy panne. Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Sakowitz. Coat, Crompton rayon. Sant' Angelo neckband and boots.

AVEDON

CONFUSED this is the LOOK



PANTS TO TAKE YOU OUT OF YOURSELF AT NIGHT

3

4

4. Shiny monkey midicoat—black and Tartar-y over studded black midipants. Everything, cap-à-pie: Oscar de la Renta. Ghana monkey coat: Oscar de la Renta Furs. To order at Henri Bendel; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; I. Magnin.

DON'T BE

A SKIRT
AND TOP
CAN BE
YOUR
DAYTIME
UNIFORM

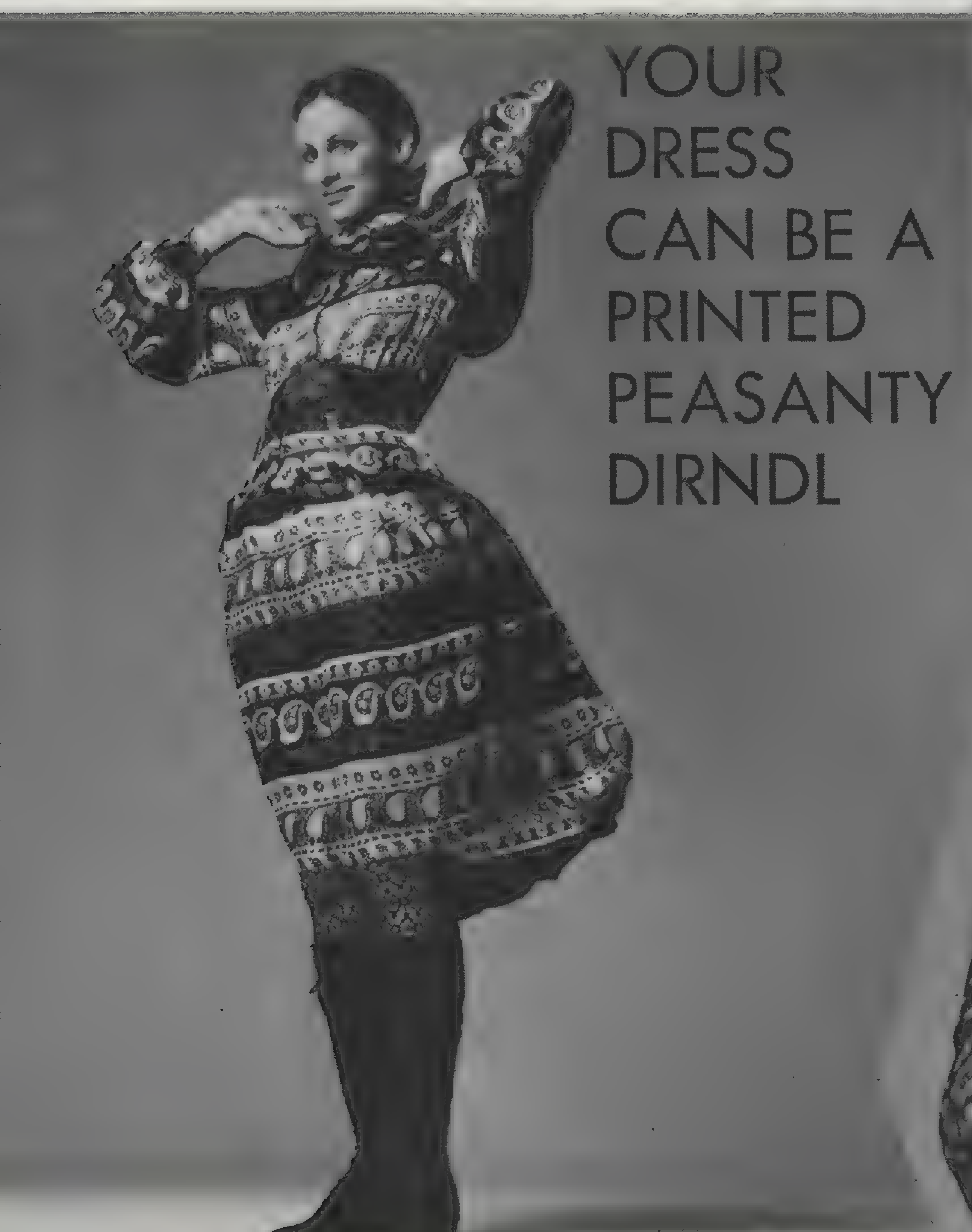
1

2

AVEDON

CONFUSED *this is the* LOOK

YOUR DRESS CAN BE A PRINTED PEASANTY DIRNDL



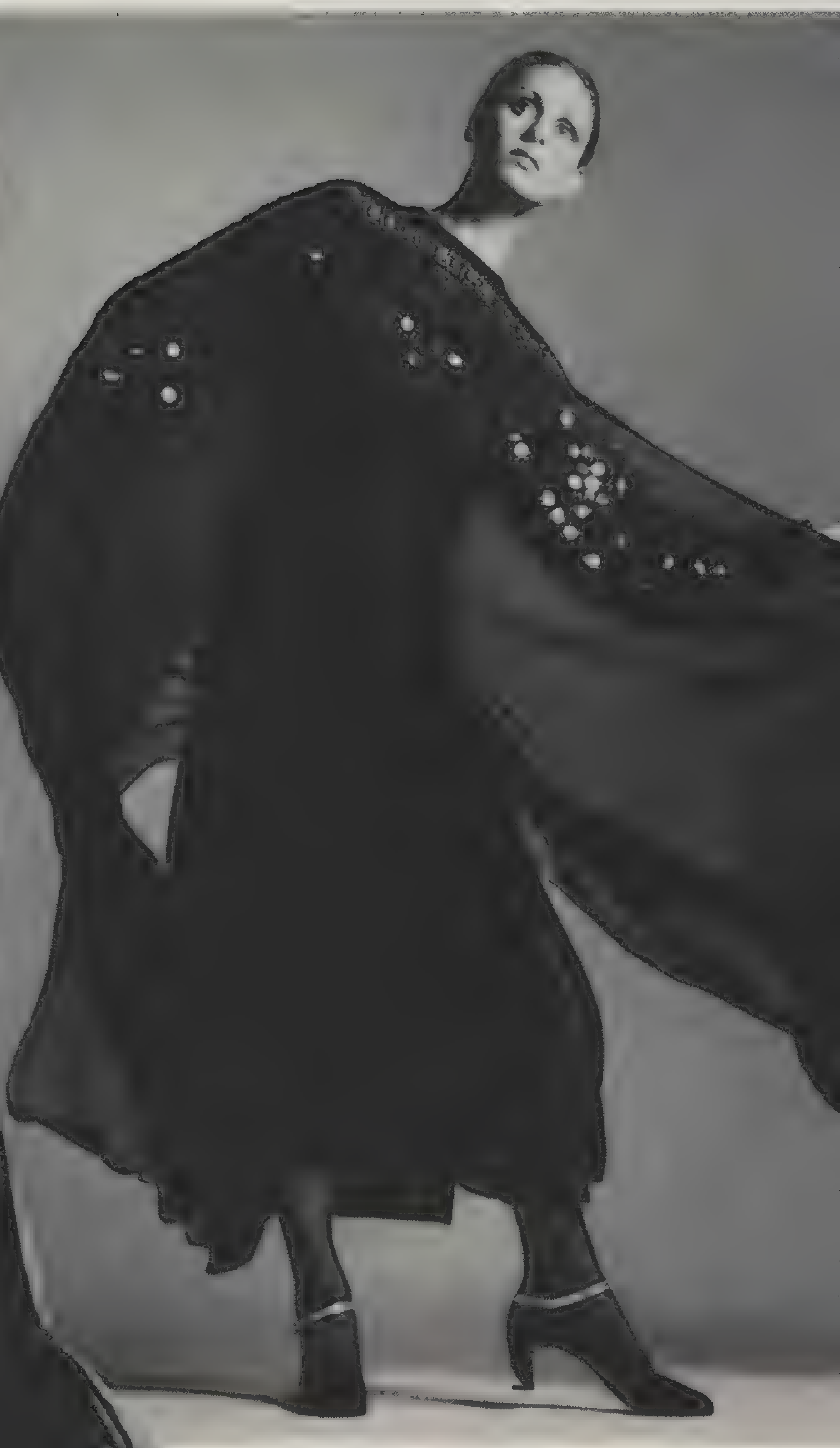
3

4

1. The cutaway swoops, the midi bounces through—tawny suède rolling around brown-and-white Chantal wool tweed. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan. Herbert Levine boots. **2. The shirt and skirt shines on**—black leather laced over ivory satin. Anne Klein shirt, about $50; skirt, about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Cap: Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Gucci bracelets. Charles Jourdan boots. **3. Persian print peasantry**—scarfed midi dirndl in navy-and-plum satin-striped chiffon. Bill Blass; Yves Gonnet silk. Next month: Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus. Marlene Bloomer belt. **4. Bubble of red print**—peasant midi dirndl in Arnel. By Kasper for Joan Leslie; S. Edward fabric. About $110. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. This page: Bonnie Doon tights, Battani boots.

DON'T BE CONFUSED

1



2

1. White charmeuse shirt and fringed black wool midi—just simple and delicious, with black silk cord knotted at the throat, black lace boots. Beene Bazaar rayon shirt, skirt (Kent Avery gabardine); about $140. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Yves Saint Laurent cord. **2. Black silk chiffon**—the ever-and-ever allure—wrapped, slit, spangled with tiny gold mirrors. Mollie Parnis shawled dress. Best & Co.; Nan Duskin; Halle's-Cleveland. Hanes tights.

this is the LOOK

THESE
ARE THE
WAYS
TO DRESS
AFTER
DARK

3. Covering black—the star of the evening in heavy silk crêpe, bias-skirted, satin-belted. Oscar de la Renta dress (Verron silk), earrings. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. David Evins shoes, boots.

AVEDON

OVER-THE-KNEE BOOTS—WINY SUÈDE WITH SHINY BLACK...

The legs, the boots, and what's tied into them, or tucked into them—they add up to big big-news this year. Figure on a collection of boots; everything else you wear will fall into place around them—boots of every length, ankle to mid-calf to thigh; laced, furred, embroidered; marvellous boots that are really shoes and stockings. These are the leg-looks that get things going—and make the going great.

...Legs in long suède spat-boots of winy red with black patent feet and strips of buttoned scallops—shown two ways on these pages. Near right, with a black ribbed turtleneck body stocking. Opposite, same boots with a black midi-coat banded in Persian lamb. Boots, to order: Charles Jourdan (Bernard Abrams pompons added). Hanes body stocking, of Du Pont nylon; $10 at Best & Co.; Halle's-Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Coat, with matching dress, of wool knitted in America, by Herbert Levy. Available in half sizes, at Altman's. Scarf: Jan Moseman. Bag: Hernando Reinoso. Coifs, these eight pages: François of Kenneth.

The legs THAT GET EVERYTHING GOING NOW

...UNDER A FLARED, FURRED MIDI HEM

AVEDON

The legs THAT GET EVERYTHING GOING

AVEDON

WRINKLY SUÈDE BOOTS—FRINGED, FLAT TO THE GROUND

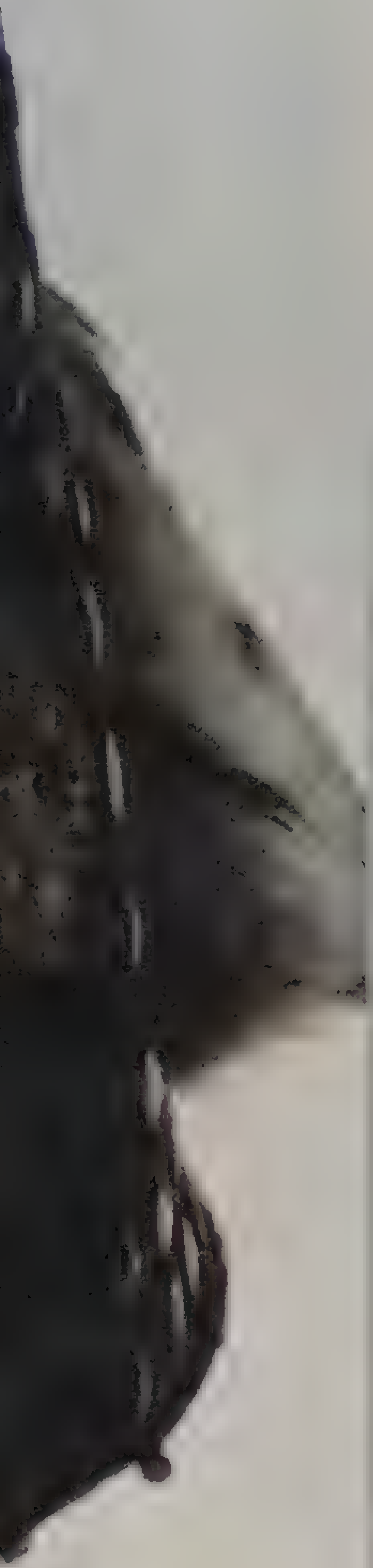
Suède slipper boots, left, wrinkling down from the knee with rings of fringe up around the knees, the flattest nothing-heels, zippers ground-to-top...more fringe dripping from the sleeves of a grey wool midicoat with high belted waist, ginger suède belt. Boots: $100, to order at Capezio. Actionwear tights by Trimfit, of Monsanto Blue C nylon; $3 at Best & Co. Coat by Don Simonelli, of wool loomed in America (French River Mills fabric). About $120 at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Hat by Adolfo. Bag by Animal Crackers. **Burgundy satin strapped shoes,** right, with rhinestone buttons, little Goya heels. More from the wine list —rosé tights with a braid design, knickers of deep-red panne velvet, a sheer top tie-dyed in purples. Shoes from the Italian Workshops of Jerry Edouard by Pancaldi; $40 at Henri Bendel. Tights by Beauty Mist; $2.50 at Bonwit Teller; Halle's-Cleveland; Burdine's. Knickers, top, by Emmanuelle Khanh Sportswear. Knickers of rayon, about $40; top of Indian cotton and Bemberg rayon, about $45. Both, at Bloomingdale's.

WINE
COLOURS—
SHOES TO
KNICKERS

SHINY RED
BROGUE,
SLICK WITH
LEATHER
AND FUR

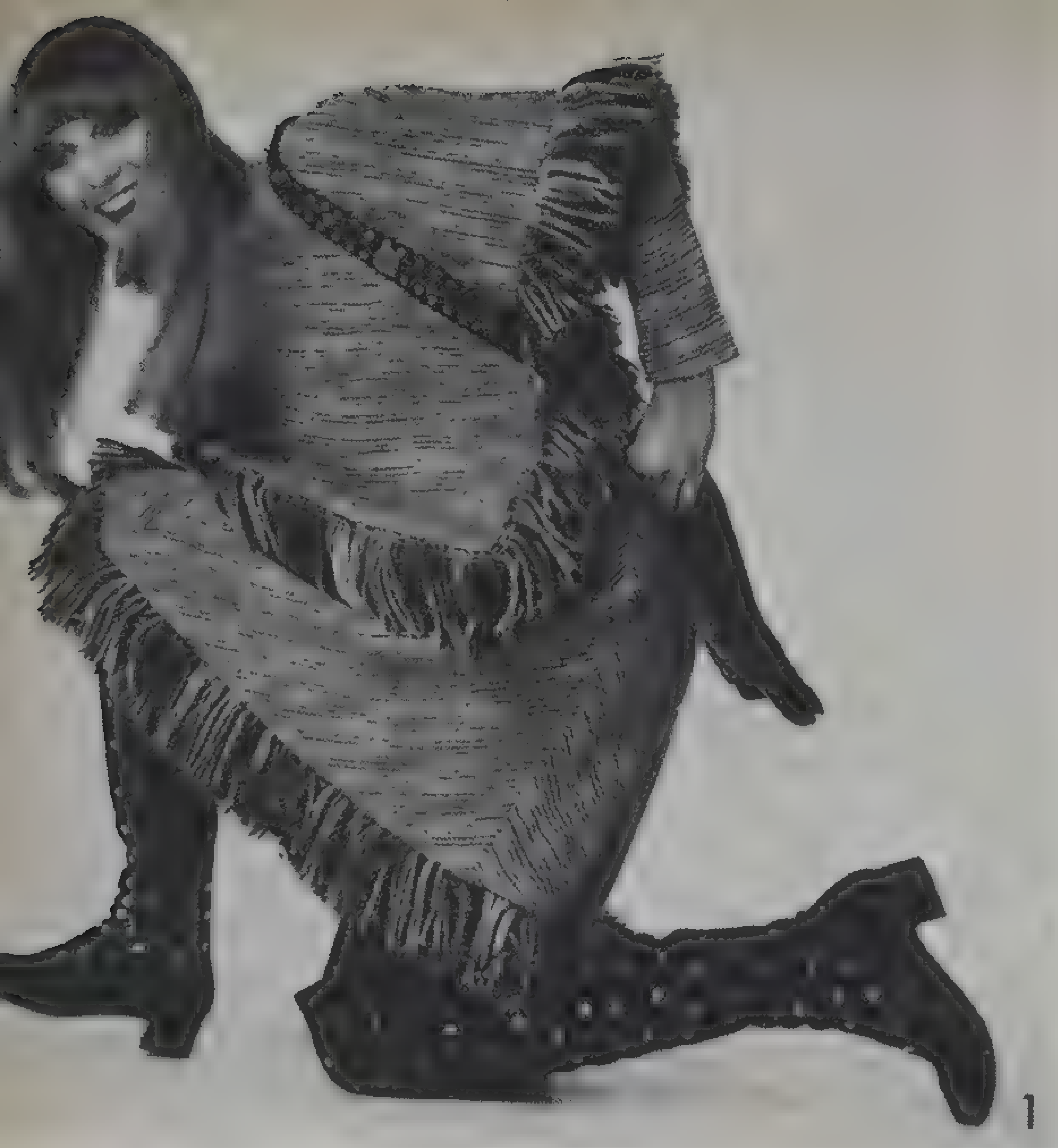
The legs THAT GET EVERYTHING GOING

THE LACED BOOT— RED, RACY, SUÈDE TO THE KNEE



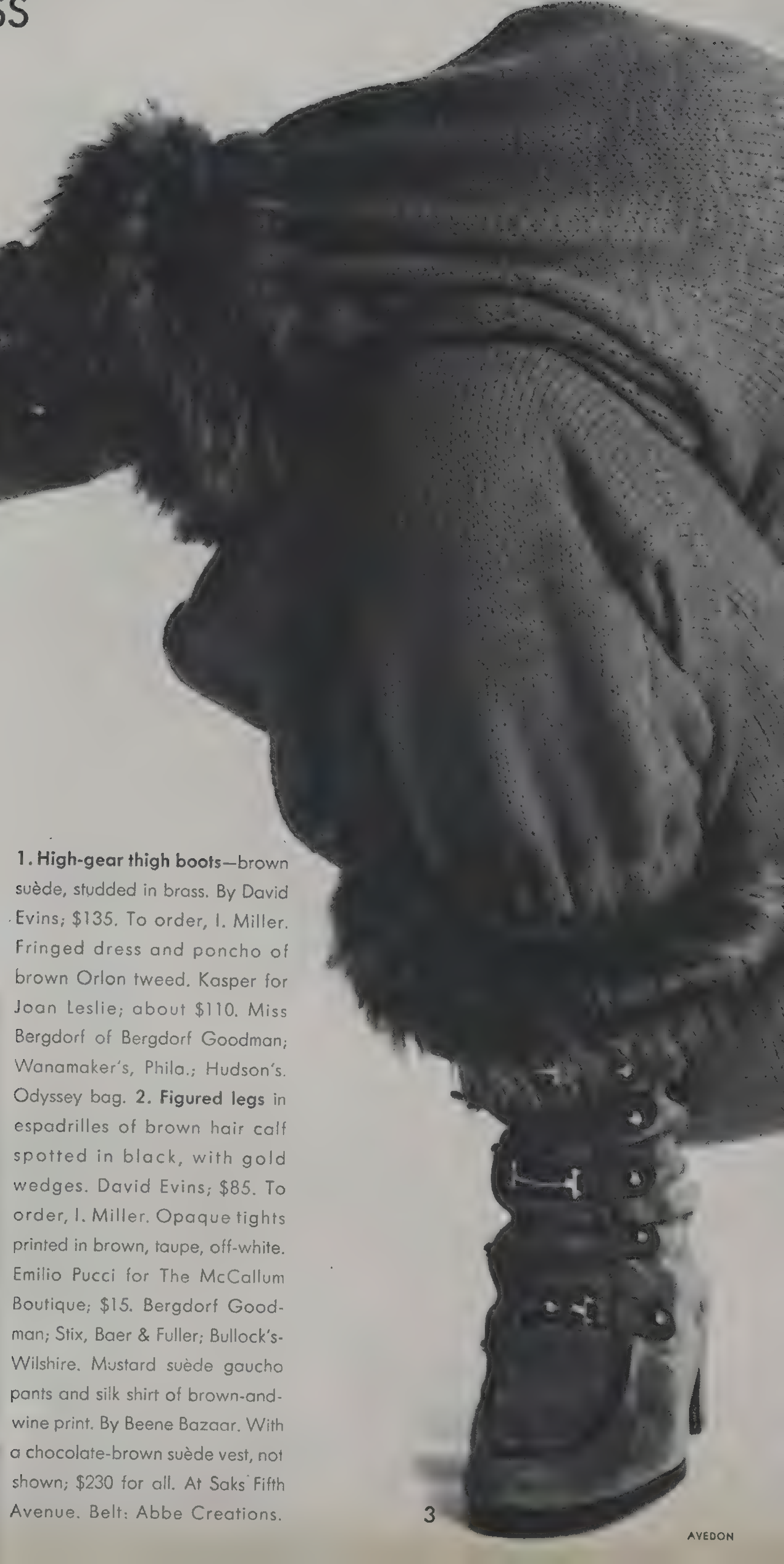
A red patent walking shoe gets going, opposite, with a bright shiny shape—smooth oval toe, curved-around heel, a flat chrome strip over the tongue. A lot more red walks along—tweedy red-and-white tights, red leather pants and turtleneck tunic with a long sash. Slung over, a long vest of fake lynx. Shoes: Walter Steiger for Pancaldi; $35. At Henri Bendel. Tights by Chadbourn; $4 at Franklin Simon; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Leather pants, tunic, fake fur vest of verel and Dynel (Borg fabric): Jacques Tiffeau. Turnout: to order, Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Odyssey bag. **Our money on this for the big boot-look of the season,** above—laced-up boots, here in red suède with four eyelets, hooks from there on up, a medium-high heel. Laced over red jersey pants, with a Persian-rug tunic printed in red, blue, brown, cream. Boots, $100 at Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pants, tunic, by Adele Simpson; about $185. Altman's; Joseph Magnin. About the shiny hair—it could happen with Tried & True California Blonde; the shade, Sun Wheat. By Max Factor. Coiffures, both pages; François of Kenneth.

AVEDON



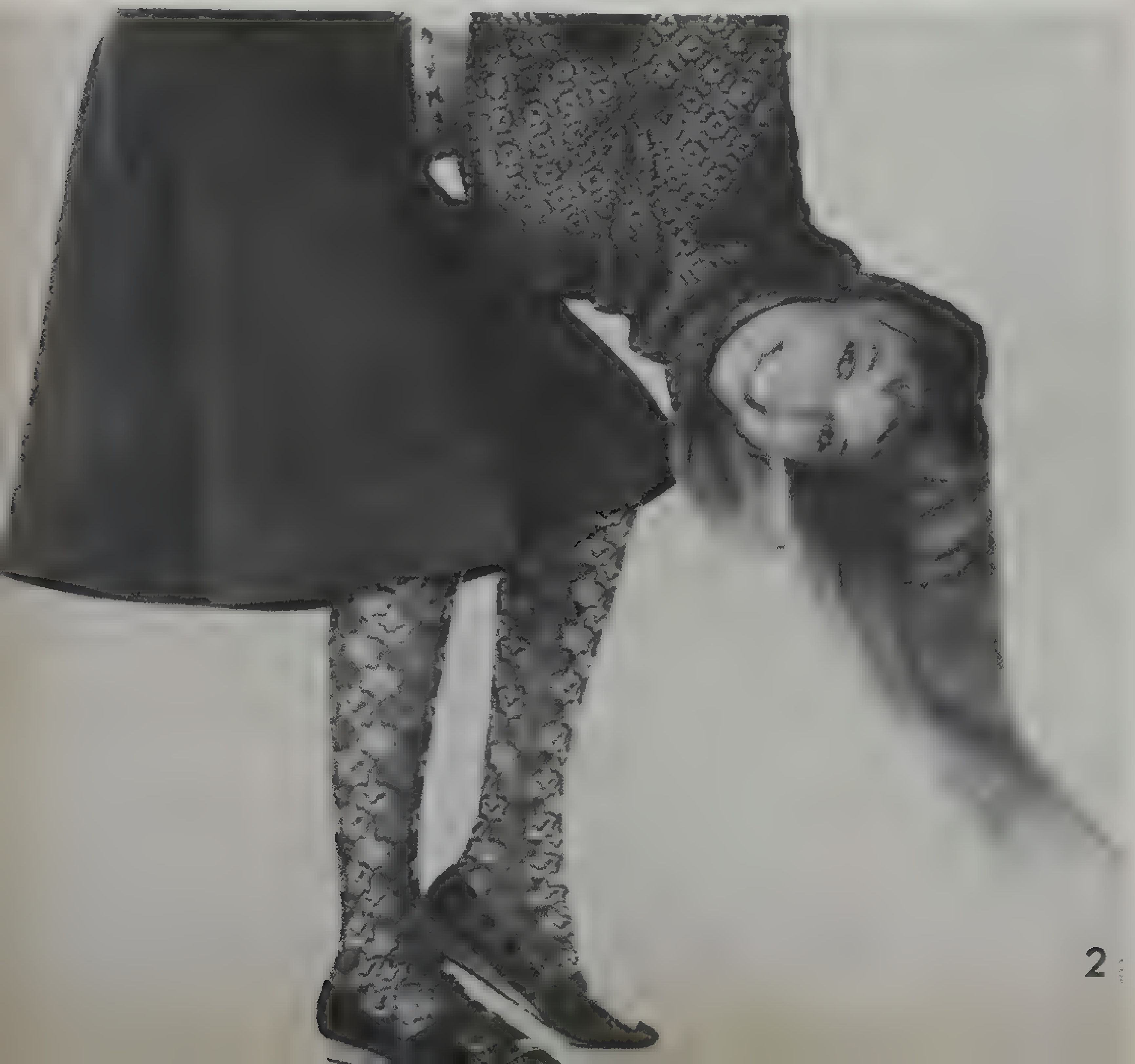
1

THIGH-HIGH BOOTS, SUÈDE STUDDED IN BRASS



3

SPOTTED ESPADRILLES OF HAIR CALF, PRINTED TIGHTS



2

1. High-gear thigh boots—brown suède, studded in brass. By David Evins; $135. To order, I. Miller. Fringed dress and poncho of brown Orlon tweed. Kasper for Joan Leslie; about $110. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's. Odyssey bag. **2. Figured legs** in espadrilles of brown hair calf spotted in black, with gold wedges. David Evins; $85. To order, I. Miller. Opaque tights printed in brown, taupe, off-white. Emilio Pucci for The McCallum Boutique; $15. Bergdorf Goodman; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Bullock's-Wilshire. Mustard suède gaucho pants and silk shirt of brown-and-wine print. By Beene Bazaar. With a chocolate-brown suède vest, not shown; $230 for all. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Belt: Abbe Creations.

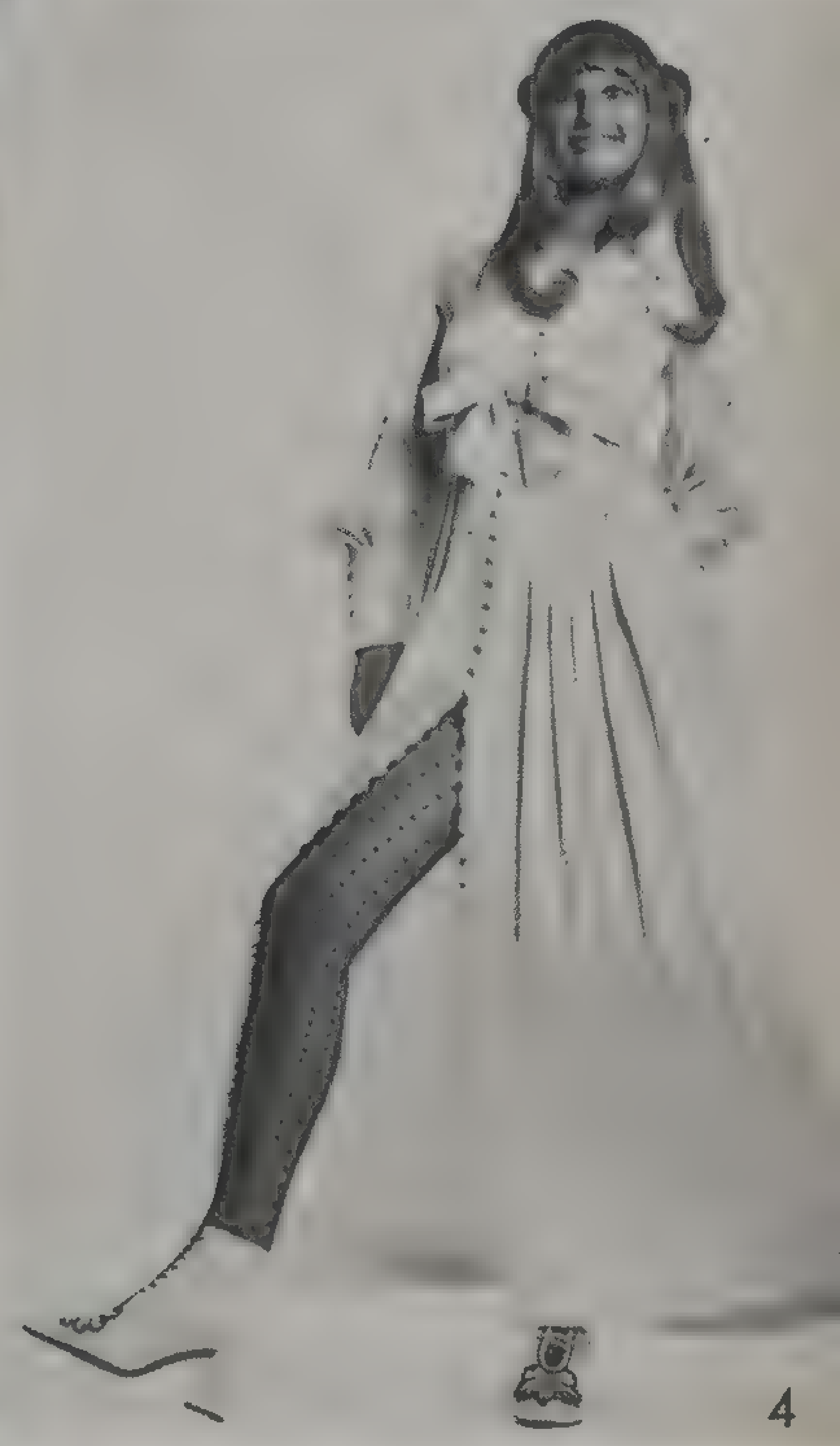
AVEDON

The legs *THAT GET EVERYTHING GOING*

3. The low boot to pull over bloomery pants—raccoon-collared taupe suède with leather and brass. Gucci; $125. Taupe jumpsuit of knitted Shetland wool, by Juliano Knits; about $75. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Halston cap. Scarf: Odyssey. K.J.L. beads.

4. Ankle boots of embroidered white satin—Burgundy, blue, gold. Sheer black-dotted black tights, pleated dress of silvery charmeuse unbuttoned down the front. Boots by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard; $50. At Henri Bendel. Beautiful Bryans tights; $4. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire. Dress by Bill Haire; acetate and rayon. $185. At Lord & Taylor.

SATIN ANKLE BOOTS, SCROLLED WITH EMBROIDERY



4

MID-CALF BOOTS, SUÈDE AND FUR WITH PANTS TUCKED IN

LOOKS FOR THE TIMES OF YOUR LIFE—DAY, EVENING, WEATHER, AND ALL

All wrapped up for evening, left, and isn't it pretty—a high-waisted dress of gold-and-brown flowered chiffon, so thin, so fine, it drifts like tissue under a long attached cape edged in dark-brown ostrich feathers. By Michael Novarese. Of silk and metallic McConnell fabric. At Sara Fredericks; I. Magnin. **Pure gold,** this little dirndl mididress, right, and something to wake the night—shimmery brocade, meltingly thin, engagingly smocked all over the bodice. By Jean Louis. Of Bianchini silk and Lurex. At Evelyn Byrnes; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Ruza Creations dog collar. **Come rain, comes the shine** of the patterned ciré turnout in beige-and-black geometrics—long single-breasted raincoat and pants, with a long, belted, black wool jersey pullover. By Helga. Raincoat and pants of Abraham fabric. At Best & Co.; Stanley Korshak; Bullock's-Wilshire. Wide-brimmed brown hat by Adolfo. Odyssey belt. Aris gloves. Boots by Battani. The coiffures on these and the next four pages, by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

BERT STERN

BERT STERN

CRÊPE FOR YOUR EVENING LIFE

Slit, wrapped, and tasselled with feathers, left—peach crêpe evening dress, slit up one side and swathed in a huge peach crêpe shawl with a splurge of ostrich feathers like little closed fans. Richard Tam, of Abraham rayon. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Dorcas Hardin; I. Magnin. Pappagallo shoes. **Gaucho-poucho,** right—belted black crêpe jumpsuit with wide sleeves, wide gaucho legs pouched into boots. Travilla; Avisco rayon-and-acetate crêpe (Onondaga fabric). Sara Fredericks; Titche's, Dallas; I. Magnin.

LOOKS FOR THE LIFE YOU LEAD BY DAY

The length, the fit, the swing, right—everybody's black coat, the one that goes over anything—narrowed waist, stand-up collar, and buttons all the way up. Woolmark coat by Irene, of Blin & Blin-TSM wool Melton. At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Sable chapka, Halston. Hernando Reinoso bag. Kislav gloves. Boots by Herbert Levine. **Cape for a whirl,** centre—a cartwheel of double-faced grey plaid wool wraps over matching pants-in-boots and a tunic of charcoal-and-taupe plaid wool. The turnout, by Cardinali. At Best & Co.; Bullock's-Wilshire. **Return of the grey flannel suit,** far right—sharp little jacket and a midi skirt with a front pleat for the kick of it. Woolmark suit by Charles Cooper, of wool, with a Burgundy shirt of rayon matte jersey. At Elizabeth Arden; Nan Duskin; Woolf Brothers. Adolfo hat. Grandoe gloves. Battani boots, here and centre.

BERT STERN

THE LITTLE CHALLIS PRIN

VOGUE PATTERN 2372

BERT STERN

MIDIDRESS IN YOUR LIFE

The little peasant midi dirndl, left, in a pretty wool challis print – tiny red flowers on black with a wide laced corselet belt over the gathered waist and laced boots to tie everything up. Vogue Pattern 2372 by Givenchy. Yves Saint Laurent choker. Belt: Elegant. Boots: Silvia of Fiorentina. **Zigs and zags and flowers,** right, on a wool challis midi you'll wear day in, day out – gold-black-and-red with full sleeves held by elastic and a little stand-up collar that neck-ties itself. Vogue Pattern 7853. Boots: Battani. Both pages, wool challis prints by Bernard Nevill of Liberty of London. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Coiffures by Alan Purver. For pattern information, see page 138.

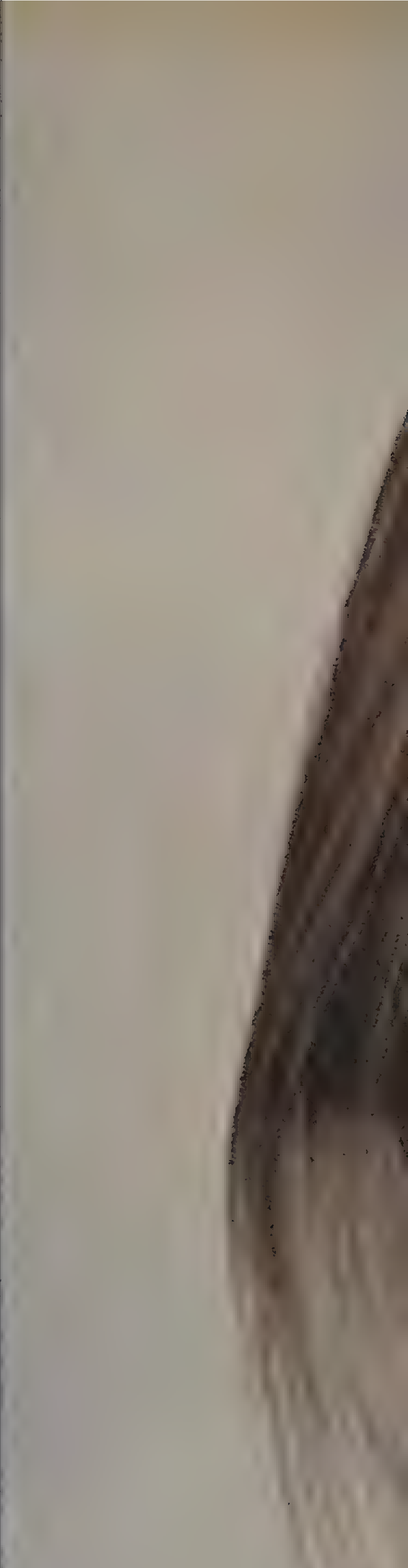
VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 7853

CANDICE IN THE EVENING—

the panne velvet mididress

Candice Bergen's a honey—warm honey skin, pale-honey hair; a girl whose looks prompted another pretty young actress to say, "nobody has the right to look that good in the daytime." She's looking good right now in *Soldier Blue*, and as for Candice in the evening—see for yourself. . . . **A caftan for Candice,** left—soft, shimmering crushed panne velvet the colour of crushed purple grapes, scrolled with brilliant blue soutache embroidery at the slit neckline and hem . . . lapis-blue beads, blue boots. Caftan mididress by Oscar de la Renta, of rayon (Onondaga fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Necklaces by Marvella, Odyssey. **. . .The mark of the reptile, the gloss of mink,** far right—a beautiful little panne velvet dirndl dress in a cobra print of brown, black, and silvery white, shining with a hem of dark ranch mink . . . and red satin boots. Dress by Mollie Parnis. Of Orceyre rayon. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Tinsel Trading necklace. Battani boots, both pages. Coifs, these four pages, Jean Louis of Cinandre.



BERT STERN

BERT STERN

Fake it is, left, and great it is for the coat-and-pants look that Candice loves in the evening. Here, glossiest, flat-curled-furriest black fake broadtail—the coat really long, and all so romantic, with the glittering buttons, stock-tied shirt, and a big black hat. Turnout by Originala. Of rayon broadtail; shirt of rayon crêpe. Martha; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. Tasselled beads by Bill Smith for Richelieu. Boots by Charles Jourdan.... **A yoke of speckled ostrich feathers,** right, drifting about on a charming dirndl mididress of ice-grey satin. Chester Now. About $165. Of Qiana. Lord & Taylor; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Marvella pearls. Shoes by Margaret Jerrold.

CANDICE IN THE EVENING–

fake fur, feathers and shining grey satin

CHÉR-OKEE IN INDIAN COUNTRY

Beautiful Chér—of Sonny and—is a small part Cherokee, and looks very Indian here, with her shining dark eyes and straight, shining black hair. She's exploring all the marvellous Indian flourishes in fashion now, the patterns and paints and ornaments of an ancient and enduring people, exploring the glories of Arizona in the warm red country near Page, on mammoth Lake Powell.... **By the shining Big-Sea-Water,** left, Chér wraps a thickly fringed crimson shawl over shirt and skirt of red-blazed Aztec print borrowed from an early 14th-century tapestry. Her brave, Maurice Hogenboom, looks like a conquistador in the sort of hat which, like Spanish coin silver, crosses, lace, and shawls, was embraced by the Indians. His silver concho belt is Indian, and very old. Chér's turnout by Sarff-Zumpano; Dacron and cotton. About $80. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Odyssey shawl. Thomas Robbins choker, bracelet, pendant. His Navajo silver belt: American Indian Arts Center....**Chér-okee,** right, in a bleached-bone shirt with ochre-and-bronze bands painted on zippered front and sleeves. Gayle Kirkpatrick for Pilot; Dacron and cotton (Joyce fabric). $22. Bloomingdale's. Coiffures, all six pages, by Ara Gallant, who also dreamed up Chér's fantasy makeups—only Indian braves painted their faces.

AVEDON

CHÉR-OKEE IN PANNE VELVET AND SUÈDE

Squaw dress, niched in red sandstone, opposite: turquoise panne velvet flounced between bands of embroidered ribbon, worn with a lacy petticoat, black fringed shawl, Chér's own splendid Zuñi necklace and a silver-cross necklace. Dress and shawl by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, Cohama rayon velvet. Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Dress: Jordan Marsh, Florida; Neiman-Marcus. **Brown suède kilt,** this page, with a silver concho belt cinching it in over a sand-coloured shirt, the abalone necklace is 19th-century Navajo. Adolfo skirt; about $230. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Shirt, Melba Hobson for Tannerway, Klopman texturized polyester. $22. Abercrombie & Fitch. Capezio boots, to order. Moccasins and coral beads, left; belt, above: American Indian Arts Center.

AVEDON

CHÉR-OKEE IN FRONTIER DRESSES

Chér, hair streaming, this page, cools off in Cottonwood Canyon's clear stream, in a printed frontier dress of tan-yellow-blue-and-black velveteen—laced bodice, peplum waist, flounced hem. Kasper for Joan Leslie; cotton print, Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. About $225. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Fringed caramel suède belt by Elegant. **The new frontier dress,** right, like the ones Navajo women adapted from those worn by U.S. Army officers' wives—this version, in a delicious black-brown-and-white flowery cotton print; leg-o'-mutton sleeves, peplum, deep flounce. Two-piece dress by Pat Ashley for Craig; junior sizes. $42. Bonwit Teller. Leather-laced armbands and belt, by Thomas Robbins.

AVEDON

PEOPLE ARE Talking ABOUT . . .

The swollen strain of the Middle East crisis with no more talk of posture and stance.... *The Crazy Ape* by Albert Szent-Györgyi, M.D., Nobel Laureate, who discovered Vitamin C as well as a documented but gently horrifying philosophy about the effects of man on man and the fact that high-energy radiation damages DNA, the genetic material of life.... The brilliant advertisement for General Telephone & Electronics: "Who's downstairs ringing your bell? A friend? Or the Boston Strangler?" and goes on to advise: "Rule No. 1: Don't open your door to anyone unless you know who it is. Rule No. 2: Never, never break Rule No. 1."

People are talking about . . . The Dirtiest Show in Town, *a revue that isn't. . . . The abortion method of uterine suction, the doctor using what looks like a small vacuum cleaner. . . . The new third of The Supremes, Jean Terrell, like an exuberant colt. . . . "Information," an exhaustive-exhausting round-up of "idea art," craftily cerebral but some pieces requiring spectators to touch, at New York's Museum of Modern Art. . . . The fascinations of* Their Good Names, *a collection of English libel and slander cases by H. Montgomery Hyde. He explains why Lord Alfred Douglas, the friend of Oscar Wilde and in 1923 an aggressive sneak, was sued by the Crown on behalf of Winston Churchill whom Douglas had libelled in a pamphlet saying that Churchill had circulated a deliberately false story of the Battle of Jutland in order to depress British securities for the benefit of Sir Ernest Cassel: Douglas lost and went to Wormwood Scrubs prison for six months.*

People are talking about . . . The odd Sensitivity Cards and Posters for people who can't say what they mean: "You let me down and I don't think you know it." . . . Leon Russell with his Rudolph Valentino eyes and precocious grey hair singing his bluesy songs and playing loose-jointed sporting-house piano on his album *Leon Russell.* . . . The London hit play *Sleuth*, a thriller by Anthony Shaffer, that will be in New York in the fall. . . . *Speech Can Change Your Life*, a new book by Dorothy Sarnoff who cleverly shows how to lower your voice, enunciate, and get rid of all those vocal blemishes. . . . Bob Dylan on his new album, *Self Portrait*, still remote, still touching, rarely giving up his privacy. . . . *Heloise's Hints for Working Women*, a household encyclopaedia of short cuts and tricks that for its purpose is as valuable as Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, by Heloise whose style is part Bugs Bunny and part Tom Wolfe, full of italics, exclamation marks, special points of view, and intimacy.

People are talking about . . . *The simple, relaxing pleasures, like drinking lemonade on a hot day, of watching middling awful movies. . . . The remarkably detailed and strenuous portraits of Hitler and his gang in* Inside the Third Reich *by Albert Speer, personal architect and confidant of the Führer, whom Speer obeyed, loved, admired, and only questioned—but not out loud—in the last hours in the Berlin bunker where Hitler, Goebbels, and Eva Braun killed themselves. . . . Gordon Lightfoot, a considerable folk-song writer and singer who told someone that his special motto is: Watch out for Falling Rocks.*

People are talking about . . . The exultant Moiseyev dancers, the most sophisticated folk dancers in the world, for they are gay, laughing, inventive, precise, strong, tender, flirty, tireless, lunatic, and, in their most extraordinary dance of all, "Partisans," threatening, gliding horsemen in great black capes. . . . *All Manner of Food* by Michael Field who has an engaging light way of writing about food and recipes that is factual, experienced, and reads like a conversation with a man whose mind is agreeably knowledgeable. . . . *Something for Everyone,* the new Hal Prince movie awash with Bavarian cream, beer, and an unhealthy goose fat, much of it in the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria castle with Angela Lansbury naturally comic; Michael York, with his broken nose, naturally a rotter and comic; and Jane Carr as a fat, too bright sixteen year old who looks as though her suet legs had been put on backwards and who steals this trash.

MAGGIE SMITH AND ROBERT STEPHENS, the British acting couple, brilliant separately, both superb, dazzling in the delicious complicity of the Restoration comedy rôles they play together. Saucer-eyed with a bony, freckled face, pout of lips, red-blond hair, and a gloomy drawl—blithe and grumpy, given to terrible life-fright offstage—Maggie Smith at thirty-five is quite an actress, not much impressed with her Oscar for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie.* Eighteen years of hard work and of terrific, upstaging third leads in bad movies have made her cynical about the cinema. Thirty-nine with Oxbridge good looks, a trifle arrogant, and very talkative, Robert Stephens has a way of zinging in on target, bottom lip drooped with careful abandon. He recently finished filming a Hamletic *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* for Billy Wilder. Both Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens learned in repertory, jousted for parts with some pretty gifted contemporaries, and finally made it big in Great Britain in Sir Laurence Olivier's National Theatre. Neither has had a meteoric rise. They met at the National Theatre, married three years ago, and have two children. Together, they have just played in Ingmar Bergman's theatre production of *Hedda Gabler*, a fantastic pair of grouse in a thump of a mating dance.

SNOWDON

PEOPLE ARE

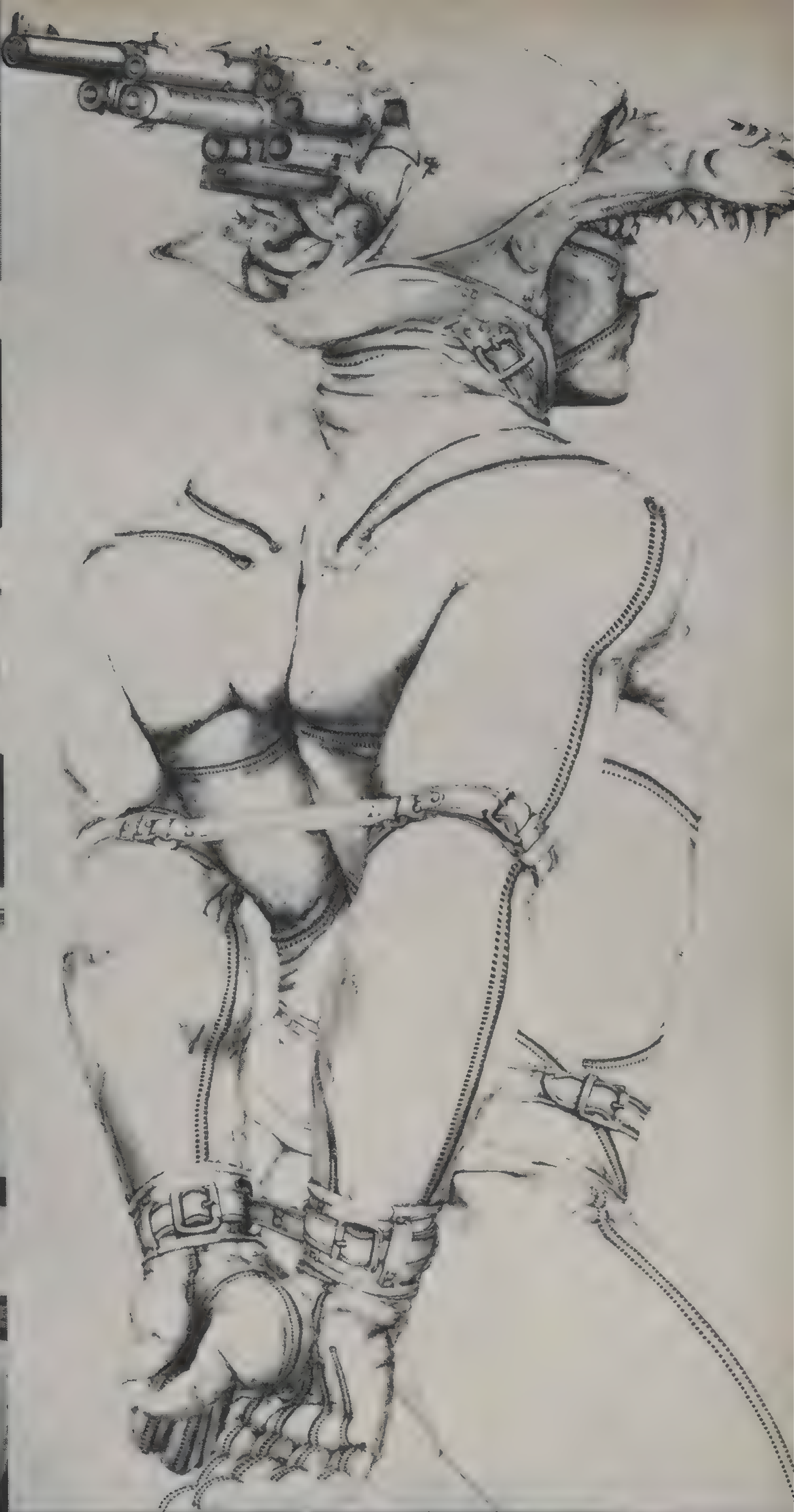
JACK ROBINSON

JOYCE CAROL OATES, *above*, tentative, hush-voiced with the fixed brown eyes of a sleepwalker, at thirty-two the winner of the 1970 National Book Award for her novel *Them*, about a family caught up in riot-stricken Detroit. "Most of my work," she said, "is done in my head. When I sit down to write, it's like recording something that's already there." Brought up in a dying upstate New York farm town, Lockport, Joyce Carol Oates is almost pathetically serious. She and her husband, Ray Smith, are professors of English at the University of Windsor in Canada. "Writing, for me, is daydreaming." Daydreaming has given to her four novels, short stories, and poetry a peculiarly floating quality: "What an artist has to resist and turn to his advantage is violence." **RICHARD AVEDON,** *above, centre*, who has instant probing intelligence, here arranging an exhibition of more than 240 of his portraits (one of the largest showings of a single photographer's work ever) now at The Minneapolis Institute of Arts. A New Yorker who made identity pictures for the wartime merchant marine at nineteen and became a photographer almost without noticing it, Avedon at forty-seven has a flashing career in fashion, equal fame for his pictures in the permanent collections of nine museums and in exhibitions at eighteen museums and world fairs. "People come to me to be photographed as they would go to a doctor or a fortune teller—to find out how they are," Avedon said. "My photographs don't go below the surface. . . . A good surface is full of clues." He reads a face like a cardiogram. And the portraits expose Avedon as well: his grasp of beauty, his eye on society, his passion for politics. **NANCY GROSSMAN,** a remarkable draughtsman whose leather-strapped figures carry a surreal fantasy, an anatomy precise and balletic. At thirty she is far more famous for her extraordinary sculptured heads, armoured and

Talking ABOUT...

GIDEON LEWIN

laced in leather, than for the 1970 drawings shown recently at the Cordier & Ekstrom gallery in New York. *Right, above,* the head of the curiously bound man in her drawing here has, in front, an animal's muzzle, but in back, guns. **LADONNA HARRIS,** *right,* with blue tipped-almond eyes and massed black hair, who is part Comanche, part Irish and a founder and president of Americans for Indian Opportunity. This new push urges education, self-help, and image building for the six-hundred-thousand Indian-Americans. "We must overcome government paternalism and restore pride of identity by working *with* Indians not *for* them," said LaDonna Harris who fights cross-country from her Washington, D. C., base, once the house of President Theodore Roosevelt. A crusading Comanche charmer, she is the wife of Senator Fred R. Harris, Democrat from Oklahoma, who sings in Comanche. All the Harris family speak Comanche and the three children have tribal names.



BRUCE DAVIDSON

"MORE BABIES NEEDED, NOT FEWER"

AN INTERVIEW WITH JANE JACOBS

BY LETICIA KENT

"Please don't describe me as an urbanologist," pleaded Jane Jacobs, America's most controversial urban critic. She is a very tall, handsome, hawk-featured woman with an enigmatic smile and a relentlessly simple—never simplistic—way of speaking. "Urbanologist sounds phony—like phrenologist."

"What do you want to be called?" I asked, deadpan, my pencil poised over a yellow legal pad.

"An author," she retorted, scanning my notes to make sure that I had got it straight. Her glance was merry, affectionate and yet fiercely impatient—as if she wanted to seize my pencil and write "a-u-t-h-o-r."

Impatience with jargon is the story of Jane Jacobs's public life. In her first book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities,* published in 1961, she was extremely impatient with the jargon of conventional city planners, and in her second book, *The Economy of Cities,* published last year, she exorcised the jargon of conventional economists. "Jargon," she says, "often hides what 'experts' are actually advocating, but worse than that, it conceals illogical thought from the readers of the jargon—and even from the writers of it. It's hard for muddled thoughts to hide in plain English sentences."

Jane Jacobs was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1916, and now lives in Toronto, Canada, with her husband and three children. From 1952 to 1962, she was an associate editor of *The Architectural Forum* in New York. In 1965, she served on both President Johnson's task force on natural beauty and Mayor Lindsay's task force on housing, enlivening those proceedings by her singular (in government circles) refusal to use jargon.

Recently, I visited Jane Jacobs in her Toronto apartment. There I found her at work on her third book—about the governments of cities and of nations as they relate to cities. We discussed the jargon—what else?—of current population control programs:

JACOBS (With irony): In my generation women were made to feel guilty if they didn't stay home and devote themselves to being wives and mothers. If we worked at jobs or at a profession, we had to struggle against regarding ourselves as irresponsible, selfish, and willing to jeopardize the future.

The more things change, the more they remain the same. Now America has its theme for making *this* generation of women feel guilty: "People pollute." "Voluntary sterilization." "Population Growth Zero." Women who want children are obviously now going to have to struggle against regarding themselves as irresponsible, selfish, and willing to jeopardize the future. Another generation of women afraid to be themselves, manipulated by guilt—if they let themselves be.

Kent (Incredulous): But don't you believe in birth control?

JACOBS: Of course. It's a major human right. But there's a vast difference between voluntary, individual choices as to family size and compulsory public policies—which are implicit in the present campaigns.

Kent (Still dubious): But according to statistics, the country will be overcrowded with people if we don't do something drastic about controlling population.

JACOBS (Patiently, as to a child): Ben Wattenberg, the American demographer, reports that we are not, by international standards, a crowded country. Holland is eighteen times as dense in population as the United States. England is ten times as dense. And even Switzerland, with all its mountains, is seven times as dense. One out of every three American counties has actually been losing population to the suburbs of cities so that vast areas of the country are more sparsely populated than they used to be.

Kent (Not reassured): But how can the world feed itself if people keep on multiplying?

JACOBS (Quietly and reasonably): By industrializing more. You see, productive agriculture depends upon tools and other industrial products. That explains why the most industrially advanced countries—Japan, Western Europe, the United States—are also the most reliable and abundant food producers. And that's why underdeveloped countries like those of South America have very unproductive agriculture. But underdeveloped countries can change. Colin Clark, the English economist, estimates that if other countries were as productive in their agriculture as Holland, the world could support ten times its present population. And even Dutch agriculture is increasing. The total amount of food that could be produced in this world—without harm to the planet—is incalculable.

Kent (Insistently): But if we don't control population, won't we run out of resources?

JACOBS (Provoked): That's like saying too many people cause too many automobiles so the people have got to go. Whether or not we run out of resources depends on whether or not we keep wasting them as we do now. In the United States, lack of progress in dealing with wastes and overdependence on automobiles are becoming very destructive of water, air, and land. Whether or not we run out of resources also depends on our learning to use a wider range of resources than the few we now exploit. The issue of population control diverts us from facing the real changes and improvements we need to make.

Kent: Still, isn't our increase in population destroying the ecology of the country? Biologists say that excessive increase in any species signifies that the natural ecology is out of balance.

JACOBS (Who has not failed to note Kent's skepticism, continues somewhat impatiently): The ecology of people is just *not* like the ecology of other animals. Other animals live on what nature provides more or less ready-made. People develop new goods and services, new resources, new means of abundance. And people might pretty well have died out by now if they had continued to exploit natural wildlife for their food instead of developing agriculture. Think of all the land modern economies have released for food production by inventing tractors to replace millions of hungry draft animals and by developing synthetic fibres to replace flax and cotton. And think of the forests that were saved when modern economies started using coal and oil for fuel. My point is that along with the natural ecology we also have a human ecology and there is nothing to be gained by pretending that people are like deer or insects.

Kent: But we *are* hurting the natural environment. Look at how bad pollution is right now.

JACOBS (Speaking with great simplicity): Sure, because for the past thirty years we have utterly neglected the work that would prevent pollution. Our problem is the undone work—not the numbers of people. It will take a lot of ingenuity and a lot of people to solve the problems we've let pile up. Limiting future generations will not eliminate existing pollution. It will not develop new kinds of non-polluting vehicles, new waste-recycling enterprises, or new methods of handling sewage. To say "people pollute" and to think you've said anything is to evade all the hard problems. The young have an immense amount of unprecedented work to do—and I think they know it even though all their lives their elders have predicted that automation would make them idle. Of course automation does reduce the labour required for some kinds of already existing work, but it does not take over work that's not being done at all.

Kent: But everything seems to be breaking down because everything is getting so big. I'm thinking of the post office and the telephone company.

JACOBS: They're breaking down because of the ways they are organized. Older ways of organizing work and carrying it on don't apply any longer when the scale of the work expands or becomes more complex. But bigness in itself is not the problem. For instance, some New York City high schools have nearly a 50 per cent truancy rate. But the schools haven't improved even though the absentee rate has reduced their student body by half—they've gotten worse.

Kent (Still aggressive): But certainly population control would not interfere with solving other problems and might make it easier. What harm would it do?

JACOBS (Matter-of-factly): It might do enormous harm to the human ecology.

Kent (Dumbfounded): How?

JACOBS: Who knows whether it isn't extremely important for some human beings to come from large families and some from small ones? We ought to be wary of anything that tends to destroy human diversity. We surely need diversity in sizes and kinds of families just as much as we need diversity of talents, occupational preferences, and personalities. In fact, so far as the family is concerned, we've probably already tended toward too much standardization. I mean the standardized American family.

Kent (Warily): Are you suggesting communes or the abolition of marriage, or what?

JACOBS (Turns to look at her, and, for just a second, smiles slightly): We have adopted wholesale a very strange sort of family when you come to think of it: just one or two parents and the children, no one else, in the household. This is entirely different from households and families of the past and different from families in most of the rest of the world right now. For one or two adults, by themselves, to take on the whole responsibility for the family unit may have worked out in some cases, but it has proved to be an abysmal failure in many others. By and large, this family may be an experiment that has failed. The middle-aged don't even want to think about that possibility, but the young are considering it. Their communes may forecast an important change in the future American family, or, anyhow, an alternative. We don't know much about human ecology and, unfortunately, the ecologists, instead of applying their insights about the interdependence of diverse organisms and activities, are behaving as if human ecology were not even worthy of respect. Worse, concern for ecology has become a cloak for antihumanism.

Kent (Grasping at straws): Can we at least agree that the underdeveloped countries need population control to overcome their poverty?

JACOBS: No. People are producers as well as consumers, and wherever poverty is deep and persistent, it is because a great deal of work is just not being done, because people are not producing. Whatever the particular causes of this stagnation, "over-population" is not one. Take a look at the world. Some of the poorest countries, like Colombia, are very thinly populated. If densely populated Japan and Western Europe were poor, and thinly populated Colombia and the Congo and Brazil were prosperous, a nice case might be made that people reinforce their poverty by their own numbers. India's trouble is that its people are not productive enough to provide for their own needs. When India had fewer people a generation ago, and still fewer two or three generations ago, it wasn't correspondingly more prosperous. If India were to have fewer people in the future than it has now, but nothing else were to change radically, the fewer people would continue poor and unproductive. Again, population control is an evasion.

Let me ask you a question suggested by yours about underdeveloped countries. Does it strike you as ironic that a country with as many unsolved social and practical problems as ours is so ready to tell the rest of the world how many children it ought to have? The Population Growth Zero campaign tells us some things about our national character, most of them unpleasant.

Kent (Reassuming her skeptic's rôle): What, besides women's guilt complexes?

JACOBS (With a firm, almost chaste look of moral reprimand): We seem to have a messianic compulsion to settle the problems of the whole world and population control may be another vehicle for that. We also seem to have a need for apocalyptic crises and I think that population control is our new crisis fad. The idea that there is a population crisis is convenient for a lot of special interests, too. For instance, it provides a persuasive extra argument for women's groups that want abortion laws liberalized even though "need for population control" isn't really the reason women oppose current abortion laws. They oppose them for private, not public, reasons. And I am afraid that many of the people worrying about the rising welfare rolls or the increase in crime see population control as a way of cutting down crime and welfare. But the spiralling welfare rolls, like the crime, are symptoms of profound troubles in our economy and society—not causes of those troubles.

Kent (Making a last stab): Yes, but suppose we don't get anywhere with our problems and we just keep on multiplying?

JACOBS: That question itself shows how little faith there is in the ability of the young. The faith that we profess in population control instead may be yet another facet of the generation gap. If the young are simply regarded as problems themselves, instead of as our greatest creative resources, why then the fewer young, the safer.

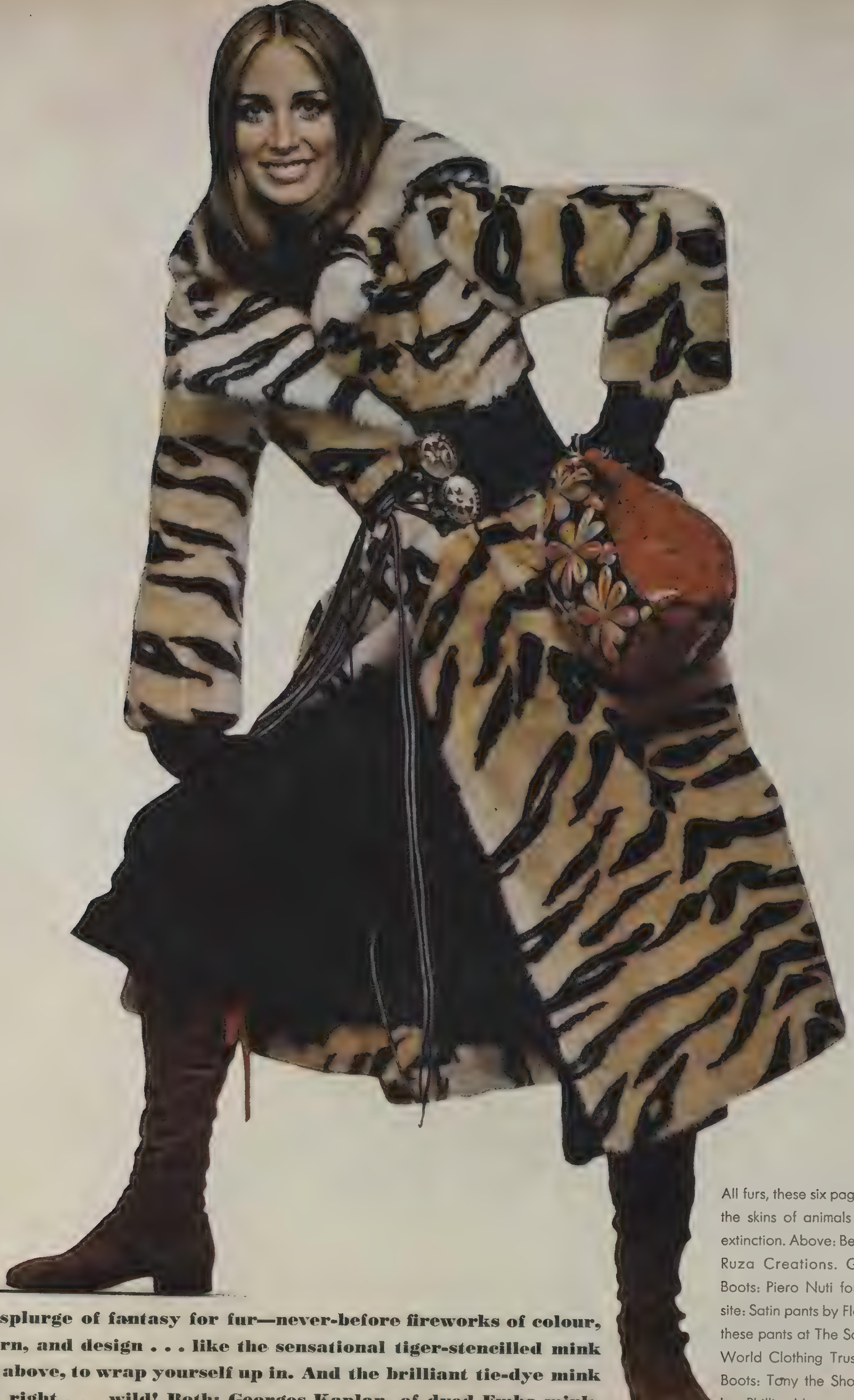
Of course, if we don't get on with our huge amount of undone and still undeveloped work, we are going to have a lot of idle people and a decaying environment. But Zero Population Growth would not change that.

Kent: But what about loss of privacy as population increases?

JACOBS (With just the barest hint of a smile): Have you ever lived in a small town?

Kent: Do you have any other reasons for being skeptical of Zero Population Growth?

JACOBS (With a full smile): I, myself, happen to be a third child.



New splurge of fantasy for fur—never-before fireworks of colour, pattern, and design . . . like the sensational tiger-stencilled mink coat, above, to wrap yourself up in. And the brilliant tie-dye mink cape, right . . . wild! Both: Georges Kaplan, of dyed Emba mink.

All furs, these six pages, are made from the skins of animals not in danger of extinction. Above: Belt by Elegant. Bag: Ruza Creations. Grandoe gloves. Boots: Piero Nuti for I. Miller. Opposite: Satin pants by Flo Toronto. $30; all these pants at The San Francisco New World Clothing Trust. Hansen gloves. Boots: Tony the Shoemaker. Coiffures by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

PENATI

THE NEW FURS-COLOURIFIC!

COLOURIFIC!— FURS AND SUÈDE

Striped violet coat, of dyed Saga mink from Scandinavia. Flo Toronto satin pants. Ruza Creations bag., Kislav gloves. Golo boots. . . . Gypsy violet top, of fabric by Sant' Angelo for United Elastic; Antron nylon and spandex. Skirt and top, about $240. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Choker and belt: Sant' Angelo for Calderon. Golo boots. . . . Red coat, of dyed Emba mink. To order: Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Satin pants: Sibley-Coffee. Ray Strauss scarf. Grandoe gloves. Boots: Beth's Bootery, Saks Fifth Avenue.

PENATI

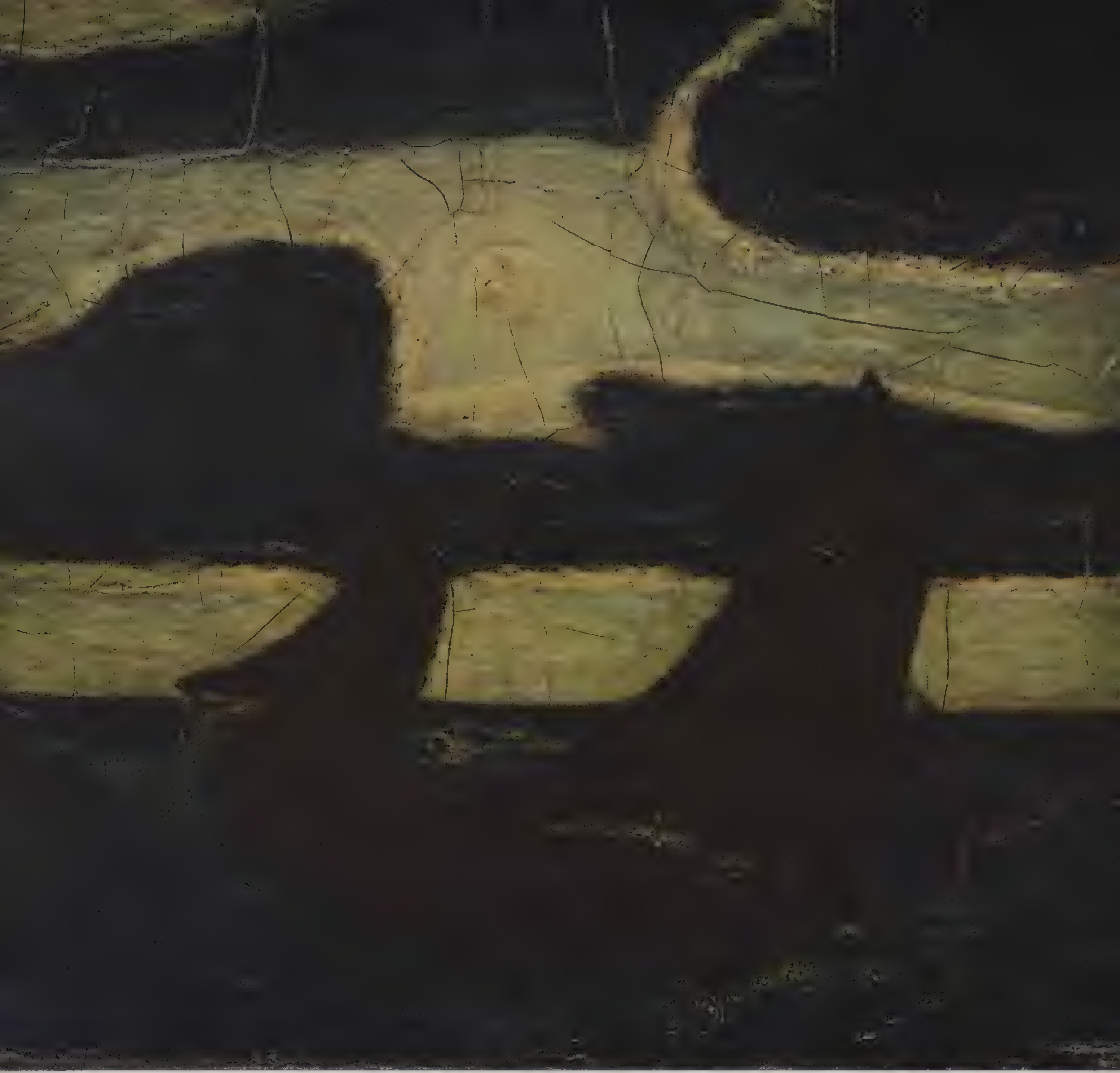
Violet for your furs, far left—the striped mink long coat, blazed with white. By Reiss & Fabrizio. . . . Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's raggle-taggle gypsy, above left—laced-together pieces of printed suède, and a tight, bright violet top. . . . Red-hot and white, above right—belted mink midi-coat with a giant coachman's collar. Christian Dior Furs, New York.

What a lamb! right, printed as no lamb ever was—silk-screened with big bold African designs. Reiss & Fabrizio coat. Bash of bright gypsies, right—flying, flaming skirts one over another . . . over another. And a red chiffon shirt. By Best of Three Worlds. . . . Big-cat mink, far right—jaguar-stencilled midicoat that's out of this world. By Georges Kaplan.

Silk-screened coat, of dyed Argentinian lamb. Satin pants by Flo Toronto. Bag: Gail van der Hoof for Allen Cole Boutique. Van Raalte gloves. Boots to order: Battani Boutique. . . . Gypsy skirts and shirt, of rayon. $100. Henri Bendel. Belt: Elegant. Schiaparelli tights. Sandals: Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . Jaguar-stencilled coat, of Saga mink from Scandinavia. Ruza Creations bag. Belt: Elegant. Grandoe gloves. Boots: Piero Nuti for I. Miller. . . . Colourific streaks of colour to put in your hair—Clairol's Frost & Tip.

COLOURIFIC!—FURS AND GYPSY CHIFFON

PENATI

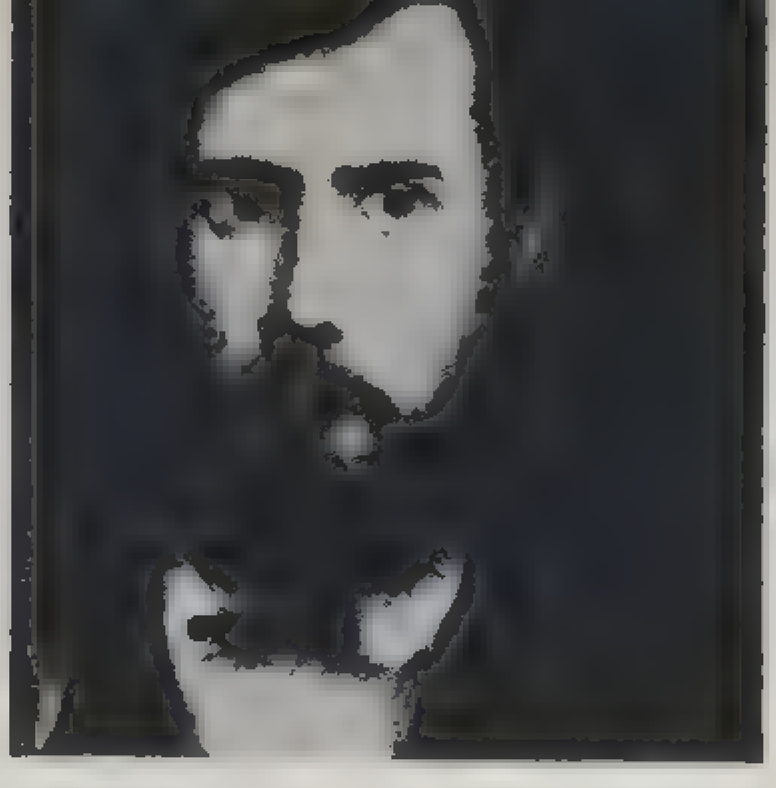


RYDER

The great American painter who said: "Imitation is not inspiration."

Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917) possessed three enormous distinctions: He was a fantastic painter; he was a thorough influence on such abstractionists as Mark Rothko and Robert Motherwell; and he is believed the painter most faked of all American artists.
Above, "Moonlight Marine," oil, 11⅜" x 12", from The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
Right, "Self-Portrait," oil, 6½" x 5", from Kennedy Galleries, Inc., New York.

"STUDENT OF THE NIGHT" ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER



BY E. C. GOOSSEN

Any serious appreciation of Albert Pinkham Ryder's art must first dispel the myths that have been constructed around his person. It has been too often repeated that he was a lonely, isolated man, largely unrecognized in his own time. If it is meant by "unrecognized" that he did not receive the kind of unwarranted publicity lavishly handed out then and now to lesser talents, then he was "unrecognized." Yet he sold all the pictures he wanted to during the last half of his active career, in total only some thirty years, and a number of relatively important critical essays were written about him before his death in 1917 at the age of seventy.

Ryder's isolation was, moreover, self-imposed. He chose to live in a cluttered, dirty, third-floor back room that was also his studio when he could have enjoyed relative luxury off lower Fifth Avenue in the Albert Hotel, then owned by his brother. If he was lonely as a man, it was again by choice, since he had throughout his life as large a list of loyal friends as any of us have, and a family with whom he ate at the hotel whenever he so desired. He never married, but neither did Henry James nor any number of other Victorian men who led lives dedicated to the arts. And while there is no evidence of a mistress, possibly a result of ordinary discretion, neither is there any of homosexuality. He did once ask a complete stranger to marry him because she played the piano so beautifully, but that seems to have been his one digression from a calculated single life.

If Ryder was lonely as an artist, this was only as it should have been and as it has been with most great artists since the Renaissance. His art was so utterly personal that it was inimitable. He could not have defined its principles in order to gather a coterie of other artists around him. He was so uncertain of his art, even unwilling to bring it to a conclusive state—to the extent that he worked on many of his pictures for years after he had stopped starting new ones—that it is doubtful he would have had the confidence to stand up as a master had he been given that kind of credence.

Ryder's uncertainty, however, was far less a flaw of character than a consequence of the peculiar artistic and philosophical problems he had set himself. Certainly other artists of his time, both here and abroad, seem superficially to have been concerned with similar problems. The paintings of Ralph Blakelock and Robert Loftin Newman sometimes look as if they were after what Ryder was after; and, indeed, their aims were nearly as high and difficult of attainment; but neither of them were, strangely enough, as scientific in their procedures as he. Nor were they as clear about the nature of the difficulties to be encountered as he was.

It may seem profane to speak of Ryder as scientific in procedure when the very essence of his painting has been found by most people to reside in its "poetry" or its "mysticism." He is usually classed with the visionary romantics in a kind of limbo between dream and desire. Obviously certain qualities in his art are easily cited to support such intended but doubtful compliments. But the kind of real rather than imagined truth with which his art deals admonishes us not to write him off so facilely as one who simply painted his or our dream worlds.

From the very beginning of his career, in the 1870's when he was in his twenties, he displayed, along with a vague knowledge of the Old Masters and of the romantic pastoral painters, an extraordinary capacity to observe two things: the most telling aspects of organic, living forms and the quixotic nature of light. The paintings of that decade, the '70's, his first of three distinct periods, very nearly divide themselves into those directly dependent on observed phenomena—cows, horses, trees, and pastures—and those worked up out of memories of other paintings and picturesque or literary subjects. In the former he was learning what nature looked like in her simplicity and effects; in the latter he was studying how to construct a painting with design and imposed (rather than observed) feeling. There is an innocence in each approach, some of that sweetness we appreciate but ultimately deprecate in the very young artist or the folk artist. But there is an intense search in each, too, ruling out naïveté as an accepted, self-deluding state. Ryder knew what he was after in each instance, and though he was not yet able to bring it all together, he was consciously aware of where he was going to find it.

Sometimes it is implied, because he moved from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to New York with his family about 1870 when he was twenty-three, that the barnyard and pasture pictures were composed from memory. Yet one is immediately convinced that this is not the case upon looking at the majority of pictures in this group. Anyone who knows what a cow or horse really looks like and has tried to draw them would recognize the difference between observed fact and remembered generalization. No one, for example, has captured the languid lines of a tired workhorse with more accuracy or feeling for the subject than Ryder, nor has anyone caught the exceptional glow of the moment of sunset time (not the sunset) as it holds the landscape for an instant in its control.

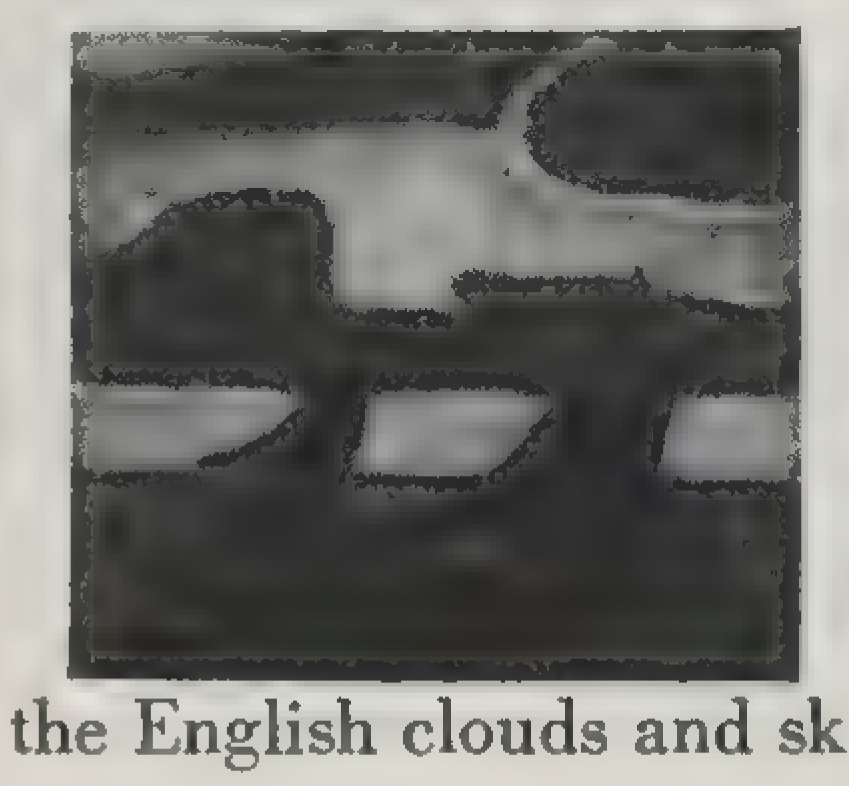
His simple honesty in these pictures is further corroborated by the fact that, given the canons of compositional taste in his day, they are somewhat gauche. One cow awkwardly turned toward the distant barn on a flat and empty horizon is enough for him to record a common truth. His imaginary pictures, on the other hand, are extraordinarily complex in composition. The latter show him to be fully aware of the imperative that if fantasy be invoked it must be grounded in solid pictorial construction, in the reality of a formal order. Without such an order, there could be no suspension of disbelief on our part, the prerequisite for all successful art, whether drama, dance, or painting.

Ryder is said to have had a problem with his eyes. They watered easily in the bright sun; he preferred the twilight and the night. While everyone seems to have connected this presumed physical disability (many blue-eyed people sneeze when they look at the sun) with his manner of painting, no one seems to have discounted it in the face of what his paintings really are and what they are really about. The watery-eyes story combined with the story of his going out in Venice one bright afternoon and returning with a moonlight marine, plus his presumed reclusiveness, his introspection, and lack of a wife, led to the view of him as a mystical visionary. Even his best critical biographer, so far, Lloyd Goodrich, wrote that "Ryder was a visionary, one who lived in a dream world, and for whom this world was more real than his actual surroundings." Goodrich sees his "imagery arising from the unconscious mind" and his art as "literally the representation of dreams."

Very few, if any, of Ryder's paintings, I believe, issued from his "unconscious mind." For example, if such a painting as "The Temple of the Mind," a theme taken from Poe's "The Haunted Palace," had been painted as a daylight scene, everyone would have recognized it as a construct of a typical Italian garden. That its inhabitants at the moment are such classical figures as the Three Graces and a Satyr does not make it a vision, but simply traditional. The description of forms, however, in moonlight—the temple, the fountain, the trees, and the limned "human" figures—is more than accurate considering the source and quality of the light.

We should not forget that one of the major preoccupations of Western art during the nineteenth century was the nature of light and how it affected form and colour. Various kinds of realism and naturalism both here and abroad were coincidental with this pragmatic pursuit. Americans tended to couple these activities with the documentation of a newly opened continent, from Audubon's *The Birds of America* to Bierstadt's Western mountain scenes.

Winslow Homer developed the highest skill in watercolour in order to catch the instant of the brightest sunlight on the spot, just as Constable, who said that "painting is a science," had made outdoor colour sketches of the English clouds and sky fifty years before.



The great American artist painted the fleeting, the often missed reality

Courbet, in rather dead colour, had sought a natural realism, unlike the polished stage sets of Jean Léon Gérôme.

The Impressionists, spurred on by the new theories of optics and colour, set about translating them into painting. In this country, Inness and Dewing, without the methodology of the French Impressionists, nevertheless discovered how to present the passing lambent hours of the day.

Night was left for Ryder to deal with. And just as a non-student of colour and composition is not fully aware of what he is looking at in a piece of art, nor often in the world about him, few of us are students of the night. Night is usually associated with dreams and visions because that is the time most of us do our dreaming. There are no colour theories for a world of near-darkness. There is no real understanding yet, even though infra-red cameras allow us to see into the dark by finding residual light the eye can not perceive. But Ryder found colour in the night, not through visionary means, but by understanding through looking.

He wandered around the docks of New York after dark, searching out the moon and the discrete forms upon the water. He took the ferry to New Jersey often just to walk in the country lanes during the transient hours of the moon. It is notable that in all the paintings which include the moon, it is round and full, giving maximum light.

Unlike Washington Allston a half century before, who romanticized moonlight in studio colours, and Charles Rollo Peters, Ryder's contemporary, who made it fashionable in silver, gold, and blue, Ryder bent his mind hard to the problem, working out a near-equivalent to the popular complementary system of colour used then and now. His blacks are not black but resonant combinations of colours that mostly exclude light. His lights are not white, or sheer reflective pigment, but gradients of cool or warm colours that determine their opposites and give the painting its final specific tone.

Ryder did not come at these results easily, any more than Cézanne did throughout the years he was struggling to keep the traditional representations of form alive while utilizing the full palette of the Impressionists. Ryder, too, was concerned with form, or night-form, as it were, without dealing purely in fake or simple chiaroscuro effects. He was not after a black-and-white photograph but a complete analogy to what is seeable by the human eye at night.

In his middle period, the 1880's, Ryder still needed the encouragement of a literary theme, of an idea profound enough to make his pictorial problem more relevant to art. His need was no different from the need of Jackson Pollock and other moderns who have turned to the Freudian dictionary of symbols in order to justify their sensuous enjoyment of their art.

Under the guise of illustrating the passion of "Macbeth and the Witches" or Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban in "The Tempest," he was able to indulge his manipulations of form, shape, and colour and his pragmatic discoveries about what happens to the latter when the ideal conditions of lighting have failed.

Ryder took four trips abroad, one to the Continent and North Africa; the others to England alone. The last two, in 1887 and 1896, were taken on the ship of his friend Captain Robinson. Since the record shows he spent only the time in London afforded by the ship's preparation for the return voyage, it is reasonable to assume he went for the opportunities the trip offered at sea.

While it is easy to allow that such paintings as "Constance" and "Marine" could have been done from observations off the New York docks, one can not say the same for either "Jonah" or "The Flying Dutchman." The latter paintings indicate an intimate knowledge of the open sea in its violent moods only available to an ocean voyager. No visionary could have conceived, much less painted, these accurate accounts of riling waters and the way light plays upon them. Like Melville, Ryder had been there.

Anyone who has looked out on a stormy day from the porthole of an ocean liner would recognize Ryder's truth. However, he is able to give us the primal essence of the story of Jonah because he understands the abstract form upon which a mood of profound violence depends. In each of his works of this calibre, Ryder draws upon a whole new vocabulary of forms related to the specific mood he wants to create.

Ryder was after the essence of the emotion thrust upon us by physical realities. The three cows startled in a field in his earlier "Pastoral Study," facing up to the intruder as cows always do, are not the useful bovines of previous pastoral painters; they are a pragmatist's record of an existential fact. Ryder's lifelong concern was with such instantaneous, fleeting, often missed experiences that make up a reality as formidable and affective as more lasting experiences. The rolling sea—whether we ride upon it or not—the transitory moon, and the passing clouds exist and play a rôle, make part of our world, even if we are blind to them or purposely ignore them.

Ryder's most difficult problem was to translate the transient into the hard, motionless order required by pic-

(Continued on page 138)

FACE ARCHITECTURE

How oral surgery can remake your face

By Simona Morini

Why jawbones grow exactly in coordination with the rest of the body and produce a lovely, delicate woman's face, and know when to continue to grow boldly to build up a strong, virile face; or why the lower jaw might stop growing halfway while the upper reaches normal maturity; or, worse, why sometimes both jaws grow unevenly, asymmetrically, so that one half of a face is larger than the other, is still a mystery. But one thing is clear: it is no longer necessary to live and be unhappy with an overdeveloped or underdeveloped jaw or an ever so slightly askew chin. Oral surgery—the aristocracy of dentistry—can vastly improve the architecture of the human face and make the most extraordinary adjustments where nature has been either stingy or too exuberant.

It is no longer necessary to be unhappy with a chin askew

For centuries women have known that they can paint, veil, slim down or build up, do something to each part of their bodies to make themselves more attractive. But except for Moslem women and some orders of nuns, they have never been able to conceal or disguise their mouths—this very special area of the human body, the most intimate and the most public of our features.

Most modern women know even more: that through plastic surgery they can augment or reduce the size of their breasts, lift their faces, change the form of their noses, slice the fat off their thighs, and trim the loose skin on their stomachs. But relatively few are aware—except when confronted by a face dislocation caused by car or other accidents—of the possibility of making their mouths or jaws attractive, beautiful. Many people even find—privately, of course, because one should not be rude—that a person with prognathism (a protruding lower or upper jaw), or a receding asymmetrical chin is odd-looking, resembles a seal, a horse, a bird, a weak mouse. For the mouth and jaw are the definition, the rhythm of a face; by them, correctly or incorrectly, people are immediately judged sensitive, aggressive, weak, sensual, strong.

Who seeks—or should seek—an oral surgeon?

A student who, at eighteen, has an ulcer—the disease of the middle-aged worrywart—because his severely irregular bite no orthodontist has been able to align prevents him from chewing properly and, therefore, from digesting properly; a sixty-year-old woman who is tired of the slight—unimportant perhaps, except to herself—asymmetry of her face, a reminder of an old, forgotten accident; a newly ordained, gentle pastor eager to relate to his parishioners, whose protruding lower jaw not only causes a comic lisp amplified by the pulpit microphone but makes him look like a thug; the lovely model who would be professionally perfect if it weren't for an exaggerated cleft in her chin, which forms a peculiar shadow visible only in the photographs.

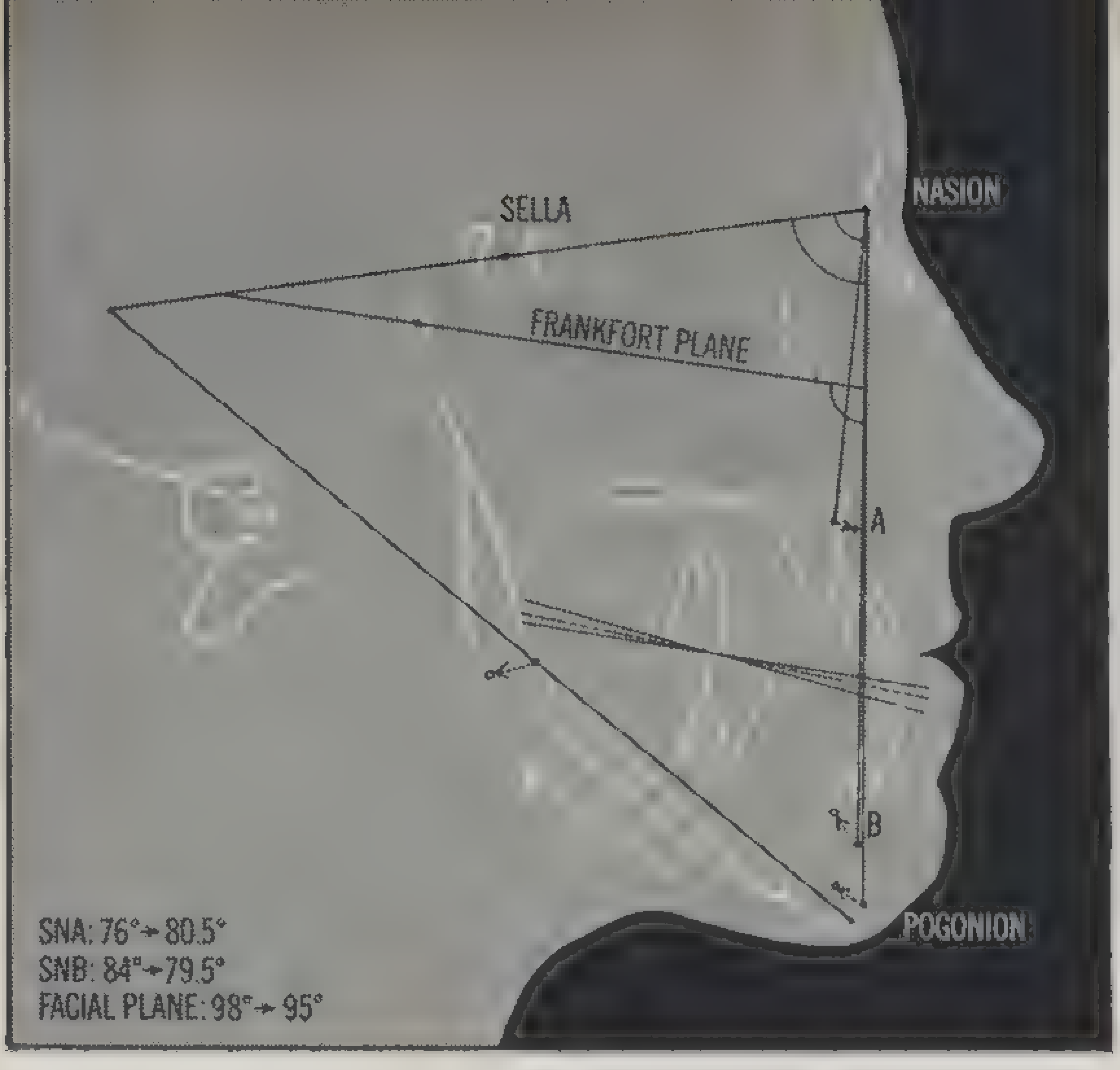
The mouth and jaw are the rhythm of a face

Anyone who suffers from functional or aesthetic impairments of an incorrect bite or jaw misalignment is ready, when the orthodontist and the dentist can not help, to seek the aid of an oral surgeon.

And there is no age limit to oral surgery: some (Continued on next page)

The cephalogram of a beauty—Betsy Theodoracopulos

A special X ray of the skull, which tells the truth about a face's very structure. Mrs. Theodoracopulos's delicately proportioned bones with the lines a surgeon would draw to use as a precise guide to determine where perfection lies. . . . In her case, beauty lies in the superb bones she was born with.



ENID KOTSCHNIG

(Continued) doctors even feel that the traditional theory of waiting for an adolescent to reach full growth before operating on any of his bones may no longer be valid when it concerns the jawbones. Even a child with incipient jaw defects that make it progressively difficult for him to chew and speak may now be operated on, years before his jaw has reached the full extent of its growth: the surgeon being one step ahead of nature, teaching *her* how to behave.

Oral surgery is always major surgery

Oral surgery is an ancient specialty. Perhaps not as old as warfare—it must have been easier for a caveman to bash in another caveman's head than to figure out how to extract his aching tooth—but old enough to be mentioned in Egyptian hieroglyphs and discussed, around 400 B.C. by Hippocrates, the Greek physician, who described a system of leather straps and wiring to repair dislocated and fractured jaws.

"Nothing is new, save that which has been forgotten," said Madame Bertin, milliner to Queen Marie Antoinette. She was referring to fashion, but she might just as well have been speaking of oral surgery, once so alive, then forgotten, and rediscovered in the nineteenth century, right here in the United States. A few inspired physicians with a penchant for dentistry—no special degree was necessary, a doctor was *the* doctor in those days—performed and described complicated operations on the mouth and jaws, most of which are valid today.

The modern oral surgeon, however, has gone one more giant step forward: unlike those good nineteenth-century Victorian doctors, he no longer concentrates *only* on the functional aspects of his specialty. He dares to go—for the moment still cautiously, because oral surgery is *always* major surgery—beyond the injured faces of too-fast drivers and of wounded soldiers to assist people who in the past renounced looking more attractive or never dared to hope it was possible.

In most large cities in the United States, major hospitals such as The New York Hospital and The Roosevelt Hospital in New York, Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas, Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, and U.C.L.A. Hospital Medical Center in Los Angeles, have instituted oral surgery residency programs and are offering hope to the most difficult cases.

A jigsaw puzzle for the aristocracy of dentistry

But, certainly, this type of surgery is by no means the exclusive domain of oral specialists; plastic surgeons all over the country are performing delicate operations on the jaw. Oral surgeons, however, have always emphasized their total commitment in this area, by right of their concern with solely one region of the body: those few cubic centimetres of bones, muscles, nerves, and blood vessels that constitute the lower half of the face.

Whatever type of oral surgery is needed, the preparation is always exhaustive, the surgeon investing as much as thirty hours of research in each patient. First, the impressions of both jaws—the maxilla (upper) and the mandible (lower)—and the teeth are taken, and several sets of a plaster model are cast, since there is always more than one solution for every problem.

Then photographs of both profiles are made, and a cephalogram: a special X ray of the skull in profile over which the surgeon superimposes a transparent sheet of acetate. On it he draws several lines to and from a number of fixed points of reference that give him the exact length of certain bones, the relationship of the jaws to the skull, of the jaws to the face, of the upper jaw to the lower, of the teeth to the jaw, and so on.

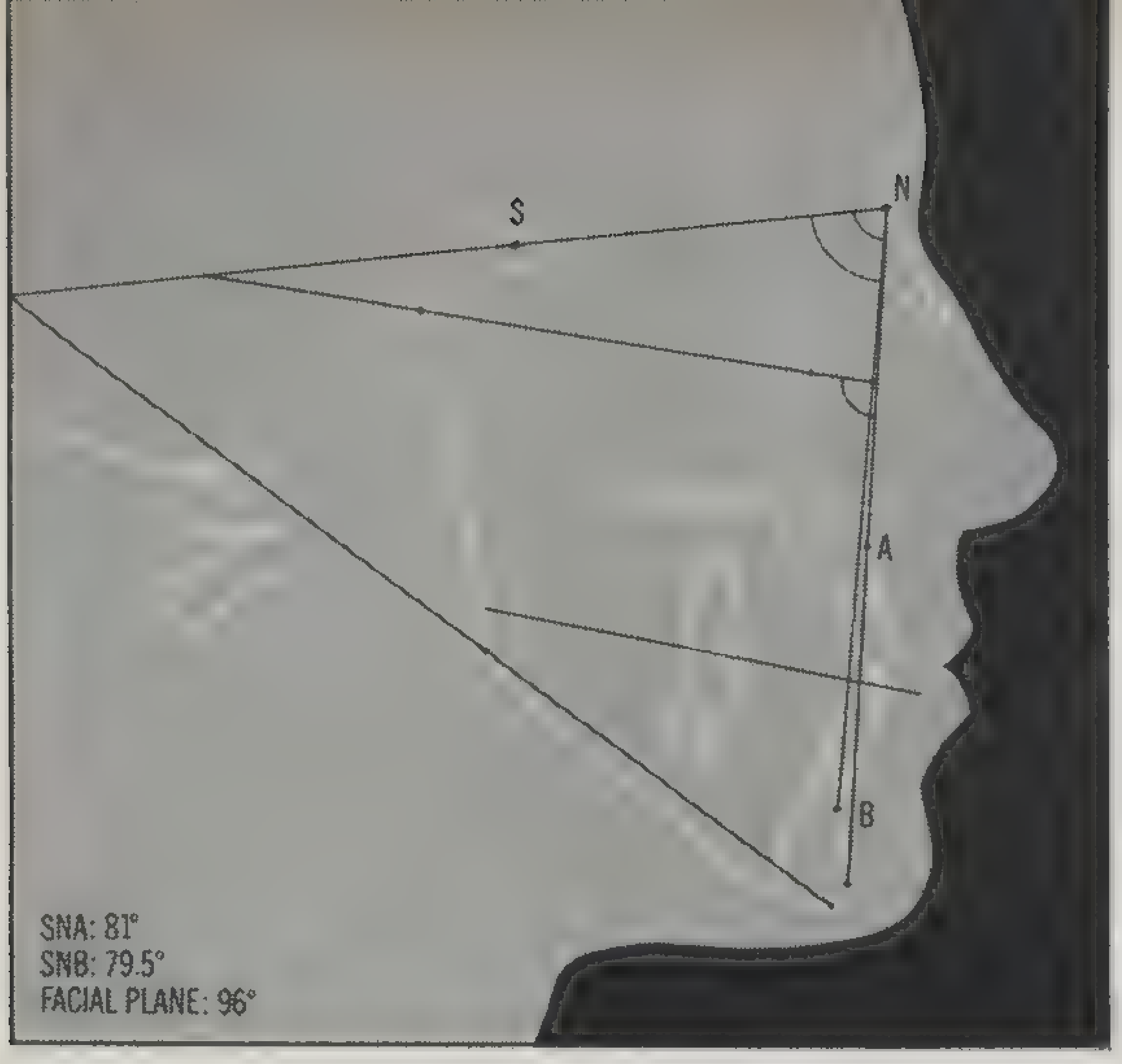
With the two-dimensioned cephalogram and the three-dimensioned plaster model, the surgeon works for hours, as if on a jigsaw puzzle, to determine what section of which jaw should be moved, and how much, in order to obtain the best results.

Almost no bandages . . . no cast

Until recently, the basic point of reference for the jaws' position was the proper meshing of the teeth. But "rightness" may now be determined by aesthetic considerations only: a dentist will cap, move, or replace some of the teeth, if necessary, after the operation, to suit the new position of the jaws. Compromises between good looks and proper bite may no longer be necessary: almost any portion of either jaw can be cut and moved in any desired direction.

The preliminary stages require complicated and precise calculations which later are translated into a surgical procedure that is relatively quick, though it sometimes entails five, six, even seven separate steps—totalling many hours—that involve reaching the jawbone, avoiding ubiquitous, microscopic nerves, cutting the bone at precisely the determined angle at a fantastic speed with a potent, docile knife powered by compressed nitrogen. And then splitting, sliding, repositioning, wiring, sometimes utilizing the tiniest slivers of bone removed from one side in order to build elsewhere, sometimes using implants of solid silicone.

Surgery is performed either from the outside, through the cheek or the neck—for years this was the best-known technique and is still preferred in certain cases—or entirely from



Case History of an Unidentified Woman

A) Drawing of X rays and profile of woman suffering from protrusion of the lower jaw (mandibular prognathism), retruded upper jaw (maxillary retrognathia), and open bite (apertognathia). A 1) Pre-operative cephalogram on the same patient. The lines drawn on her profile connect fixed points of reference on the skull. The length of the lines and the width of the angles formed by the lines indicate in mathematical terms the extent of the patient's jaw defect. Dotted lines indicate the intended new position of the jaw. B) The patient after oral surgery. The lower jaw has been shifted back to correct the prognathism; the upper front jaw has been lowered and pushed forward to correct the retrognathia and the apertognathia. The operation illustrated here was performed from the outside, through an incision in the neck. The incision, one-and-one-half-inches long, coincides with one of the patient's natural skin creases in the neck. The dotted lines indicate where the jawbone was cut. B 1) Post-operative cephalogram showing the new position of the jaw and the corrected face-skull relationship. Note how slightly the angles have been altered in order to achieve such a vast improvement both in the bite and the appearance.

inside the mouth, which is certainly a more complex procedure but leaves no visible scars.

Almost no bandages, no cast—can you imagine putting a face into a cast?—just robust wiring and rubber bands on the teeth to keep everything in the right position until the bones heal, knit in place. And, of course, no chewing while those mysterious bones with the lovely names—maxilla and mandible—almost impervious to bacteria that would be a formidable threat anywhere else in the body, knit into the desired position. (The time of recovery varies greatly, depending on the extent of surgery required and on the individual.)

The potentials: reconstructive, aesthetic, psychological

Not long ago I visited Cornell University Medical College in New York and met an oral surgeon widely respected both by his colleagues and by plastic surgeons: Dr. Stanley J. Behrman, Assistant Professor of Surgery and Attending Oral Surgeon at The New York Hospital. Dr. Behrman is a slender, affable New Yorker with alert blue eyes, a touch of grey on his temples, and a sonorous, rhythm-conscious voice that spellbinds his classes. In his lectures he tirelessly stresses not only the physiological premises of oral-facial rehabilitation—the correction of improper breathing, speaking, chewing, swallowing—but also underlines its enormous aesthetic and psychological potentials: how a person *feels* about how he looks heavily decides how he treats himself, his world, how he functions in society.

Dr. Behrman divides his days between his hospital and teaching duties and a private practice in one of the sedate 1920's buildings that still line some sections of New York's Park Avenue. Fifteen years ago, he was hit, bluntly, colourfully, by celebrity: he was summoned to examine Bette Davis, who had fainted on the stage during rehearsals for a Broadway show. Expecting a bearded old professor—as she later wrote in her memoirs—the actress impatiently surveyed the handsome young man in sports clothes and did not hesitate to disobey his advice to quit the show. After a performance, Bette Davis collapsed and was driven to The New York Hospital, where Dr. Behrman treated her for acute osteomyelitis (bone infection). More than half of her left jawbone, which on the X rays looked like Swiss cheese, had to be removed. But enough of the bone and its periosteum (the envelope about the bone whose deepest layer contains cells capable of becoming actively bone-producing when new bone is needed) was left to ensure complete regrowth of her jawbone.

Bette Davis, of course, recovered, and with no visible scars: the operation had been performed entirely from inside the mouth. Her famous face, which might have been altered by a less sophisticated surgical technique, remained intact. The actress's gratitude and enthusiasm turned into an intelligent curiosity about oral surgery, which eventually led her into creating the Foundation for Visual Education in Oral Surgery, of which she still is president.

Instinctively, Bette Davis, who was followed later by a procession of actresses, models, royal highnesses, and at least one majesty, did something else, just as important: she encouraged Dr. Behrman's feeling for beauty, the genuine enthusiastic admiration for human beauty that *all* surgeons, I feel, should have, and which makes them perform not only the *safest* operation but also the most aesthetically perfect.

Recently, Dr. Behrman has been working with an artist to realize the full potential of his craft. With the doctor's supervision, the artist draws several variations of an attractive profile that is superimposed on the patient's life-size photograph; and the patient can choose the one he likes best. For himself, the surgeon reserves the head-spinning task of translating the patient's projected new features into mathematical terms and of attempting to solve them first on the plaster model and finally in the operating room.

A few weeks ago, in Dr. Behrman's consultation room packed with cephalograms, tons of tracing paper, slides, and all the tools of facial architectonics, a package was delivered. It contained one hundred photographs of the profiles of the most popular and attractive models in the world. The photographs are waiting to be screened, evaluated; and the models, to have their lovely features cephalogrammed and their X rays crisscrossed with multicoloured lines.

With the help of these photos, Dr. Behrman eventually will make what he calls a "very subjective" choice of an ideal beautiful face with its proper set of measurements—certainly more complex than the classic four every mannequin has on file at her modelling agency—that will constitute for the surgeon and his future patients a sort of ideal or norm; or better, one among several ideals possible in this culture at this time.

100 faces to find the ideal

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article on oral surgery is one of several about cosmetic and reconstructive surgery which will appear in book form and will be published by Delacorte Press.*

THE NEW SPRAYS

A SAMPLING OF ATTITUDES NOW TOWARD THOSE VERY FEMININE DEODORANTS

"IT'S AN EXTREMELY PERSONAL CHOICE . . ."

It's a pleasant thought: to be alluringly scented, freshened, and deodorized everyplace, as we are urged to be now by the makers of vaginal deodorant sprays—those new extensions of grooming that have become a phenomenon in the last few years. From a standing start in December of 1966 when the first one was introduced in this country (Europe had them in 1962), they are now being used by an astonishingly high percentage of women, and are expected to outdistance, in sales, some of the old-standard cosmetics and toiletries—perfume, for instance—in 1970.

The success of these sprays, dizzying as it is, started us wondering about how and why it happened. Are these products really needed? Are they the answer to a problem, or have we created the problem? Is this something that plays on our insecurities—those poor old things that have been played on so often before? Is it a change in life style—a new fastidiousness caused by new awareness of our unhygienic world—that makes us want to rid ourselves, Lady-Macbeth-like, of anything that seems unclean? Or is it the new sexual freedom and candour that accounts for all the great interest in these sprays? (This interest, also apparent now in douches and bidets—those extra pieces of plumbing that, for years, Americans laughed at Europeans for having, Europeans laughed at Americans for not having.) To get some answers to these questions, we rounded up a battery of interesting answer-givers—among them gynaecologists, a dermatologist, a psychiatrist, and a few of our avant friends.

First, the reactions of a group of gynaecologists: Their opinions vary, though most of them agree that these deodorants are perfectly safe under normal conditions. Allergies, they point out, could be present—some women could have an unusual sensitivity to the ingredients, just as some develop skin irritations from other deodorants, certain cosmetics, or foods. A rundown of the rest of their comments, here. . . . "There is no difference between this and what women have been doing for years—perfuming their bodies. It's just that we talk about it more now. This kind of deodorant can be used the same way as any other. It should never be used to cover an odour, or to replace bathing. Odour is produced from a reaction among perspiration, bacteria, and clothing. Since the genital area is not exposed to air, perspiration does not evaporate as it does in other areas of the body. Instead of pantie-hose, girdles, everything close-fitting, it would be better for the body to wear a long loose muumuu with nothing underneath, so that air could circulate. Deodorizing is a matter of personal preference—if you feel there could be an odour, then deodorize. One word of warning: Some women come in with problems of irritation and inflammation in the vaginal area because they are spraying shortly before intercourse, in their attempt to be more alluring. This is not a good time to use the spray." A woman (Continued on page 135)

"ANOTHER EXTENSION OF COSMETIC ENDEAVOURS . . ."

"YOU SPEND A LOT OF MONEY IN A BEAUTY PARLOUR ON YOUR FACE AND HAIR—WELL, THERE ARE OTHER THINGS JUST AS IMPORTANT . . ."

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

YOUR WONDER UNDER-WATER WORLD

YOUR VERY OWN ULTRA MARINA

THERE'S A GARDEN AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR BATHTUB

MORE THAN ONE WAY FOR YOUR SKIN TO KEEP IN TOUCH

Given, arbitrarily, the choice between having a drawing-room or a bathroom, one would have to choose the bathroom. Where else but in the flowery deeps of the tub does one know such purring peace, invent such matchless ripostes, encounter so many cosmic flashes of wisdom (the adorable approach to the cook, in the event of six extra for dinner; the only way to say No to a man while keeping him as a friend). Where else is it not only permissible but also mandatory to be totally narcissistic—enveloped securely in the knowledge that every millimetre of one must be cleansed, oiled, scented, sleeked, revitalized, made not merely socially agreeable, but sensually inviting. Americans have always prized cleanliness, but until fairly recently, it was accomplished as a task, a chore, an obligation to be fulfilled conscientiously with soap and water and, if one was feeling wanton, a scattering of bath salts. We have rather a lot of catching up to do, when one considers that certain early Roman baths were fitted up with a library and a lecture hall, and that there was mixed splashing in mediaeval times, this enjoyably performed in wide pools, with musicians strumming, and sweetmeats spread on floating tables. Nonetheless, and strolling players notwithstanding, bathing in the here and now has become an amusement and a refuge, a cure and an aphrodisiac. Should your bathroom be too small to accommodate lutists, try Mozart on the record-player (the flute quartets are especially restorative) while you pillow your head on one of those inflatable cushions and rest your chin on a pile of aromatic bubbles. There are, of course, days when you never see more than the morning headlines. What better way to find out who's doing what to whom than by listening to a news sum-up while you're soaking the tension from your body. Your bath time is the last bastion of privacy, an island of escape from the world—or it can be a chatty intimacy. (If you watch the late-at-night movies, you can't possibly forget the telephone conversation Joan Crawford has with her lover while immersed in the most Hollywood of bathtubs.) Reading, with most of one under water, holds a special delight. We once spent a whole broiling July afternoon, straw-hatted and serene, up to our shoulders in a swimming pool. We rested a book on the dry edge, and read it through while everyone else was purpling on the tennis court. It turned us into a devout water reader. Ultimately, of course, the business of your bath is to make you more beautiful and more than somewhat erotic, and possibilities have never been so various, so brimming with blisses. You can butter your skin *pre*-bath with (Continued)

The spectacularly pleasing surface of **Mrs. Burt Avedon** (opposite) is tended as passionately as an orchid. The former Princess Luciana Pignatelli does her tending in a fantastically faceted Roman bathroom, which G. B. Guerrieri Gonzaga stages out of the stinging and sensuous contrast of stainless steel against soft white carpeting. The cool, diamond-cut steel rises to the ceiling, then carpet—fleecy as a cloud—takes over again. More steel, sculptured into swift excitement by Giacomo Balla, stands in the background. Mrs. Avedon grew up in Brazil, where she collected the iron-ore eggs that lie in a crystal bowl, and the random rocks and quartz scattered about. It is not implausible that Mrs. Avedon has a bathing fixe. She uses Eve of Roma's comfortably sheathed brush to scour flaking skin, and her Dew Hydrator and Moisturizer to sleek it down after the bath. In the water itself—Roma Bath Beads.

ELISABETTA CATALANO

EVERYTHING MAKES GLORIOUS GOOD SCENTS

THE BASICS OF BODY LANGUAGE

HOW TO GET YOUR NAME ON THE MOST-WANTED LIST, AND KEEP IT THERE

(Continued) special cream or oil, on the channel-swim plan, or you can pour delicious-smelling gels or oils directly into the tub and let them absorb into your skin. There are sin-rich lotions to smooth on after tubbing, and even a leg-conditioning stick for that parchiest of spots. Marvellous creams are made for body massage, and there is a rubber ball that comes with a set of underwater exercises. Try a milk bath one day, a billow of bubbles the next. Everything is swoony with perfume that lingers on your skin in wafts of birch and linden, lemon-leaves or a tumble of flowers and ferns. The fragrant message invades your bedroom and lives there, like a huge, invisible sachet. Truly one's tub runneth over. It should be noted that if your body skin is dry—and whose isn't—you can help these splendid items to perform even more effectively. Doctors tell us that, while they admire our devotion to the daily bath, not every part of the body need be soaped each time. It goes without saying that crevice areas (under-arms, toes, vaginal territory) must never be by-passed, but one's legs and arms, bottom and bosom receive enough refreshment from the water itself, and it is sufficient to lather them bi-weekly. A regrettable tendency of body skin is to flake and foliate and leave one with a thankless layer of used-up cells on the skin's surface. These are readily sloughed off by scrubbing with a loofah, a natural hemp glove, a sponge (if one's skin is woefully sensitive), or a hard-backed, natural-bristled bath brush. Elbows and heels are best served by a pumice stone or by one of the rub-rub roll-offs. Another aspect we've had medical comments on is the temperature of the bath water. All that propaganda about a good hot bath is peaches-and-cream if you plan to plop directly into bed afterward, and if your heart is in check-out condition. Steamy baths are madly debilitating and leave one as limp as an overcooked noodle. Cold baths have a certain gallant charm and can certainly reduce the body temperature, if that's what's wanted, but for most of us the warm, elbow-tested, eighty-five degree-ish water is most likely to lead to happy thoughts and amiable pursuits. Which brings us to some deeply constructive thinking: we support with all our heart Vive La Différence, but a man no matter how chauvinistic, needs, at the end of a long, mind-bending day, much the same cossetting as you. Try popping your man into a tangy-fragrant bubble bath (never mind if he balks the first time; you'll be breathless keeping him supplied with the stuff after the first fine careless rapture), bring him his drink, and lather his back. All the lace nighties and diamond wristlets ever devised can not make you a fraction as precious or as alluring as this sweet service. It could just possibly be one of the all-time great beauty secrets.

JULIE CHRISTIE HAS THE LAYERED HAIRCUT . . . IT'S LONGER THAN YOU THINK. ALSO SHORT. AND A DREAM!

Here it is, curled: the super-great cut for which in-on-things-first girls like Julie Christie are bolting the long-and-straight. It's still long hair. But with shortness as well as length, with line and form—all in the layering—and it simply can't make an un-pretty move. . . . Julie's hair, which was cut originally by Barry of The Crimpers, in London, is short on the crown and layered down, with some pieces curved to the face, and the longest almost shoulder length, falling into the back of the neck. . . . And sometimes it lies as it falls, silky-spaniel-shaggy, against the head. Other days, other ways: just before she started filming her new movie, *The Presbyterian Church Wager*, Paul McGregor—Christie-hair-caretaker in New York—gave her this downy blond innocence of curls, *right*, shaking out ringlets everywhere until it looked the way children's hair does when it's tousled by a nice summer sleep. Delicious. . . .

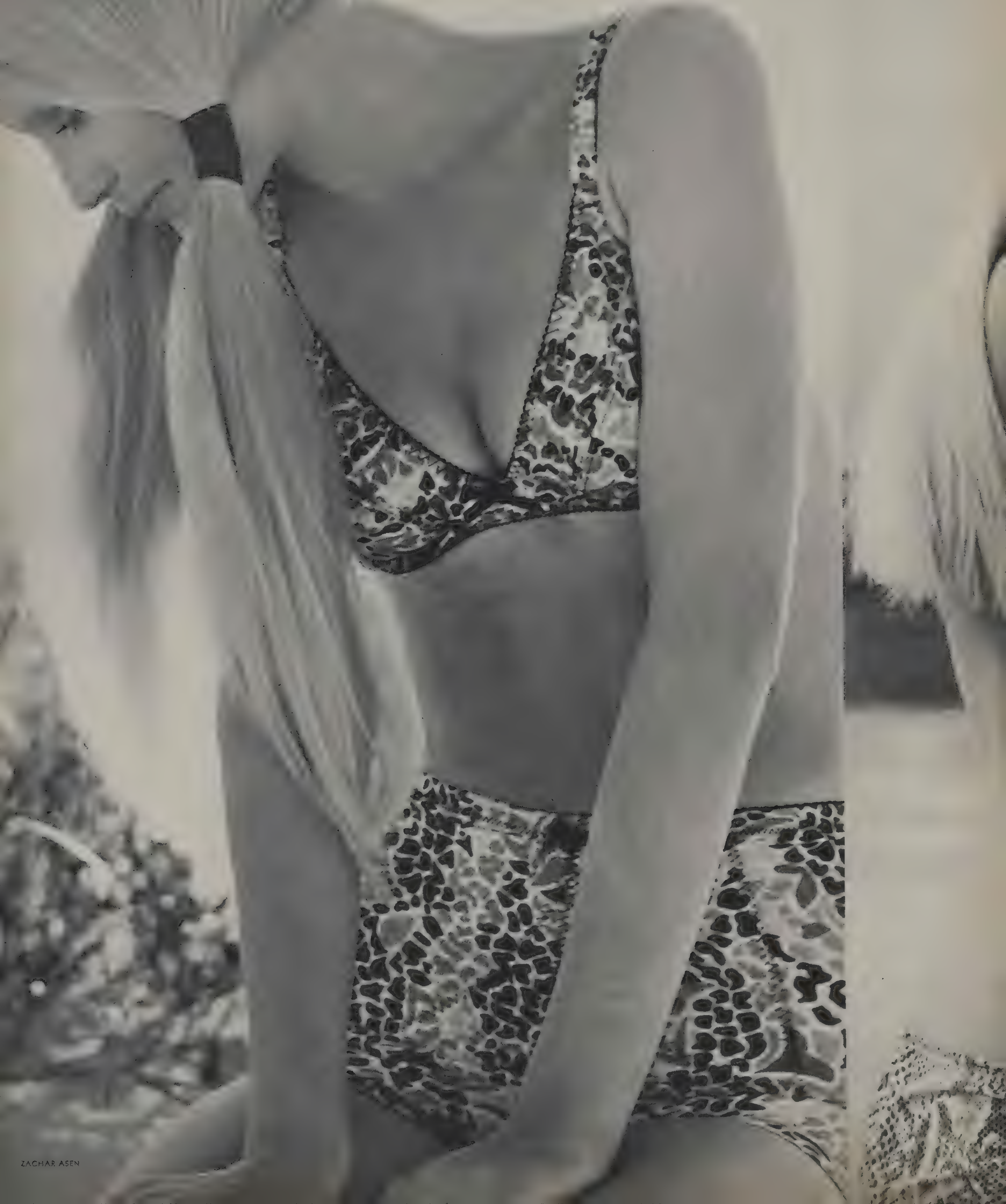
AVEDON

Under-fashions to put the new clothes over

Basis for good looks now: under-fashions in the spirit of the new clothes—staying underneath to shape and smooth or emerging, partly, to become tops or legs of a great turnout. Everything, slightly jungly—snake or animal prints, or earthy shades of brown. An eight-page trail of them starts here. . . . **Dr. Snake S. Denton,** this page, a long two-piece jumpsuit with feet—long-sleeved top, pantie-stocking legs, snapping together at the waist. Brown-and-white snakeskin-printed nylon—could go out with a wrappy skirt, gaucho pants, ankle boots. By Chadbourn; about $20. At Bonwit Teller. The jewellery by Blacksmith. **The short jumpsuit, also snaky,** opposite, snug as a second snakeskin—a very important shape of under-fashion now. Let it top a long slit skirt or pants, or wear it under a sheer shirt open to the waist. By Peter Pan International, of beige-and-grey printed Antron nylon; about $20. At Abraham & Straus; Hudson's; Foley's. Coiffures, these eight pages, by François of Kenneth.

ZACHARIASEN

Deep-dive brassière, this page, of nylon tricot, jungle-printed in jungle colours—yellow, brown, beige, black on white. Seemingly seamless, curved up to wide-set straps. With a matching pantie-brief of spandex, with little cling-bands around the inner edges of the legs for holding pantie-stockings in place. Both by Olga. Brassière, $7.50; the pantie-brief, $10. Both at Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Woolf Brothers; Bullock's, all stores.



ZACHAR ASEN

The under-fashions

Curvy little snakeskins, below, printed in snaky shades of grey on white—a soft brassière, low at the front, with a matching bikini. By Formfit Rogers, of nylon tricot. Brassière, $4.50; bikini, $2.25. Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; Stewart's, Kentucky. **Leopard spots of black and brown on white,** right, brassière with matching bikini. By Vanity Fair, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. Brassière, $5; bikini, $4. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's.

The under-fashions

Brown with edges of beige lace, left, charming idea for a brassière with low rounded neck, a smooth stretchy shape. With a matching stretch bikini, more lace edging at the legs. By Kayser Perma-Lift, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra tricot. Brassière, $3.50; bikini, $3. At Abraham & Straus; Rich's; Hudson's. **Cropped jumpsuit,** right, with zipped front, collar and cuffs, in pale cognac brown. To wrap in a skirt printed in ropes and medallions of cognac, black, white. Both by Hollywood Vassarette, of Caprolan nylon. Jumpsuit, $12; skirt, $16. At Altman's. **Darker earth brown,** far right above, for a very smooth brassière cut to a deep V; and a matching stretchy bikini. Both by Jantzen, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. Brassière, $4; bikini, $3.50. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; The Denver. **The culotte for gauchos and midis,** far right below, brown nylon tricot with appliqués of écru lace. And a front-dipped brown brassière that's all smoothness, no lace. Warners; Enka Crepeset nylon. Culotte, $12; brassière, $5. Bloomingdale's; Polsky's. Coiffures by François of Kenneth.

ZACHARIASON

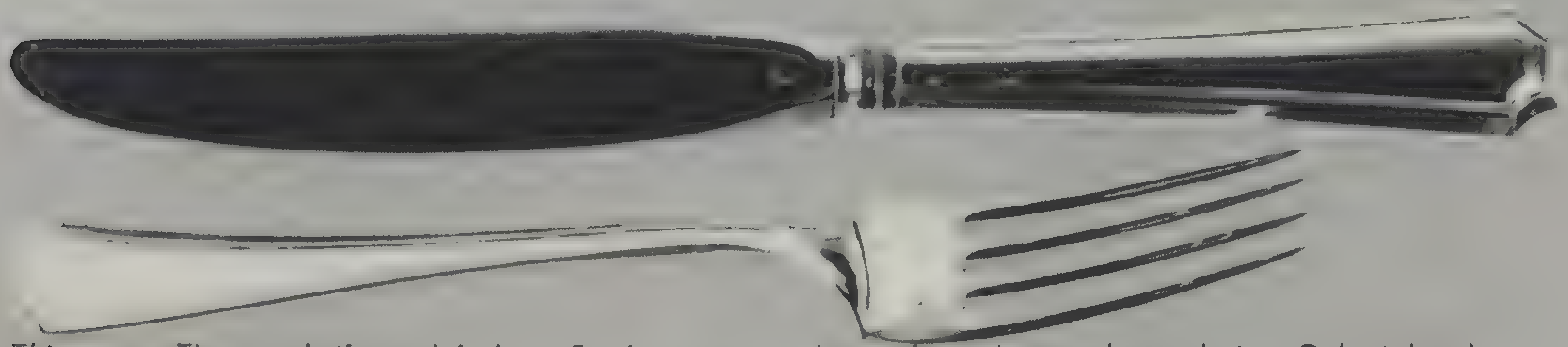
Little stretch body-suit, left, that snugs to a pretty shape—dark brown with narrow edgings of beige lace all around. Neck rounded low, legs cut high. By Bali, of Cohama nylon tricot; $8. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Dayton's. **Bits of dark brown,** centre—a pre-moulded no-seam brassière of Dacron tricot with a stretch bikini. From The Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform. Brassière, $5; bikini, $4. At Lord & Taylor; Lazarus; Foley's. **Brief body-slip,** right—an all-in-one of brown nylon stretch lace; attached skirt of brown tricot. Gossard-Artemis; Du Pont nylon. $11. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin.

ZACHARIASON

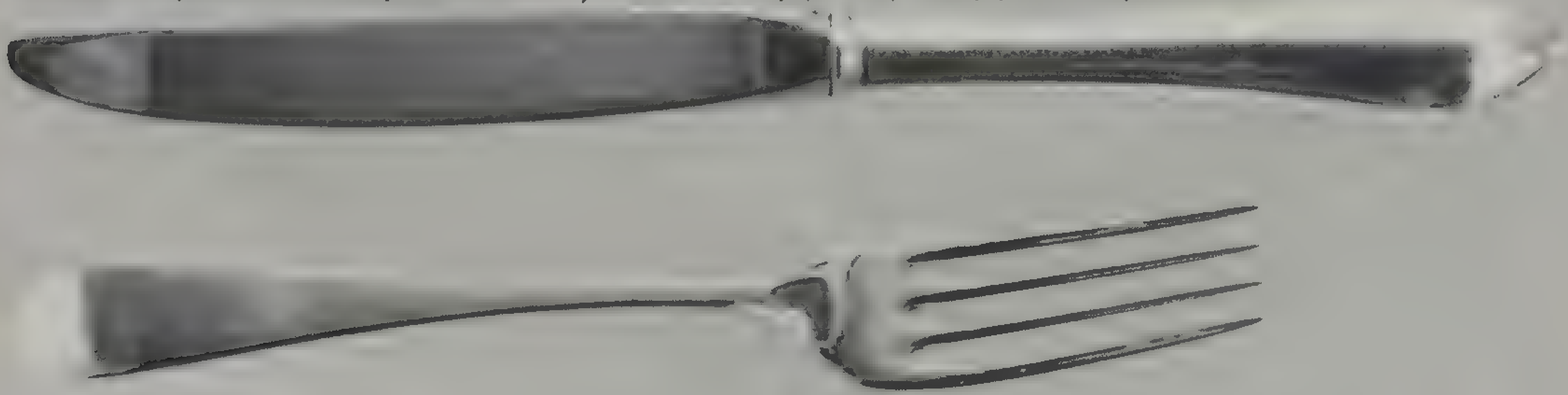
The under-fashions

Silver: on the mark

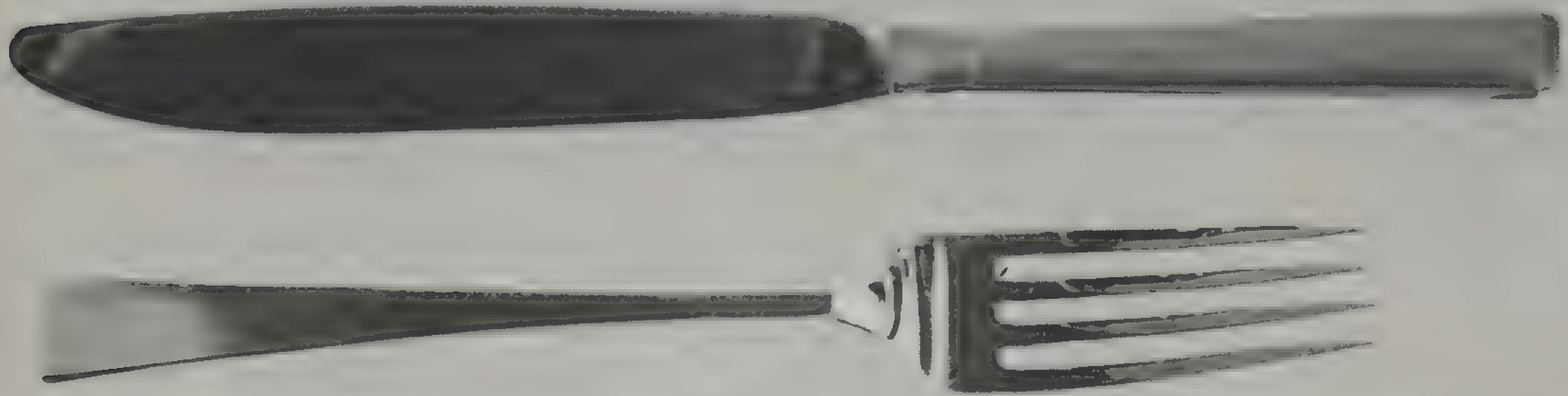
The knives and forks shown here cover the range of sizes and shapes shining around tables these days. On the opposite page, large as life: designs from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, some dinner size, some luncheon. On this page, all shown approximately one-half size: designs in what is now called "place" size, a do-everything size midway between luncheon and dinner sizes. All these patterns are in sterling.



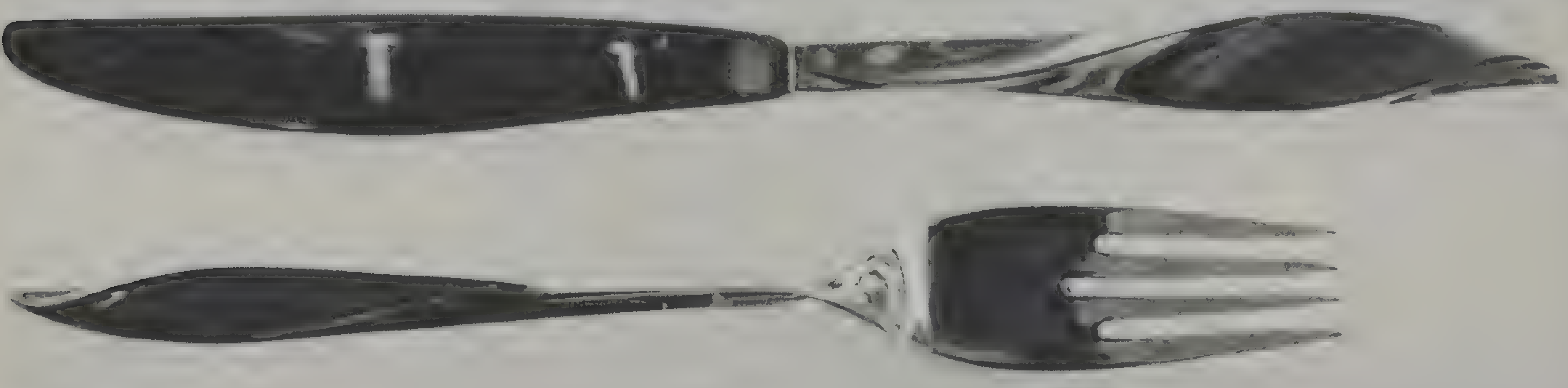
This page: The top knife and fork, in Fairfax pattern, derive from the simple, enduring Colonial styles no more withered by time than they are staled by custom. Fork, $15.50; knife, $13.75; by Gorham.



Above: A marvellously undating pattern, Pointed Antique was adapted from designs by the great eighteenth-century American silversmith Paul Revere. Fork, $15.25; knife, $12.75; by Reed & Barton.



Above: The Craftsman pattern with its bevelled handles has the spirit of the geometric designs of the 1930's now being shot back into the spotlight. Fork, $14.50; knife, $14; by Towle.



Above: An asymmetric design, Vivant has a light-bending and -sharpening swing to the shape of it, mixes well with simple old silver designs. Fork, $19.50; knife, $16.25; Heirloom Sterling by Oneida.

Above and below: This pattern, William & Mary, puts to the plain beautiful Trifid shape of the seventeenth century the detailing of a later age. Fork, $16.75; knife, $14.50; by Lunt.

Opposite page from top to bottom: Seventeenth-century design reproduced in England, Trifid has a cannon-handled knife; $26 in dinner size, imported by James Robinson. Fork crossing it, eighteenth-century Queen Anne Rat Tail in luncheon size; $18.25 at all Tiffany shops. Pistol-handled knife below: a later version called Elizabeth Trifid; $235 a dozen, imported from England by William Wyler. Modern knife: Oneida Vivant place knife. Below it: Trifid dinner fork; $30, from James Robinson. The pistol-handled knife in Queen Anne Rat Tail pattern, $19.25, from Tiffany. At the bottom: Elizabeth Trifid luncheon fork; $220 a dozen, imported by William Wyler.

DAVID MASSEY

Andiamo!

HELMUT BERGER

Off and running in Roman rigs

A star of today playing high-placed men in societies that waned before he was born: pre-war Germany in *The Damned;* wartime Italy in *The Garden of the Finzi-Contini,* and next year, Proust's Paris Before the Wars in Visconti's adaptation of *Remembrance of Things Past.* On-screen a startlingly fine actor, vividly of each period rather than a modern man trapped in costume; off-screen, Helmut Berger is pure modern, the apogee of the romantic hero now: clear-cut features and full bright hair—alive, constantly moving; voice rich, mesmeric. Here he is in the sort of newsmaking rigs coming from Italy now . . . clothes modern men like Berger want in 1970. **Find for a collection,** facing page—navy wool jacket traced in bois de rose checks, bois de rose cashmere trousers, white linen jersey shirt open to display a ransom of trophies on gold chains. Loro Piana wools. By Piattelli. Barney's International House; Louis, Boston. **The suit that steals the show,** this page: jacket like a shirt—easy, unconstructed, made to go it alone with matching trousers of olive green wool or, as here, with a linen jersey shirt of the same colour, or even with classic shirt and tie. By Piattelli. Available at Barney's International House; Louis, Boston.

ELISABETTA CATALANO

EWA AULIN

ELISABETTA CATALANO

Andiamo! the new ready-set-go wear from Italy

Andiamo with Italian ready-to-wear —smashing new looks going great guns to wherever everything's -issimo. . . . **Ewa Aulin,** left, goes for Missoni's super little bits of jacquard wool knit, plays pattern on pattern in a small striped bolero, dotty shirt, jittery-striped kilt in a pink-prune-and-brown mix . . . with belt, boots, walking dog. Ewa is on her starry way with a just-finished anti-drug movie, *Microscopic Liquid—Subway to Oblivion*, produced by her husband John Shadow. Turnout at Best & Co.; Sakowitz. Coiffure, by Alba. **Bellissima Pilar Crespi,** right, in Galitzine's terrific black velvet suit—belted jacket over a ruffly white silk shirt, skirt slashed high over satin boots. At Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Boots: Mario Valentino. Makeup: Gil of Max Factor. Coiffure: Mitzy of Alba.

PILAR CRESPI

Andiamo! the ready-set-go patterned knits from Italy

Andiamo to the Campagna Romana, with Marisa Berenson and her pouchy patchwork shoulder bag, with Missoni's mixed-up knits—the prettiest colourings and patternings to get going in. **Gaucho girl,** far left, layers an unsleeved striped sweater over prune turtleneck and purple-prune-and-white checked pants. **Lightning's strikning,** near left, all over a narrow knit midi and weskit in ink-blue-prune-and-white jacquard with an ink-blue turtleneck. **Flouncy bouncy country-girl dress,** top right: purple-red-and-white knit with a close bodice, deep flounce over boots. **Zouaverie,** far right: Marisa fantissima in boots and bloomery Zouave pants of ink-prune-and-white checks, prune turtleneck under sleeveless prune-purple-blue-and-beige stripes. Both pages: all turnouts of knitted wool jacquard fabrics by Missoni. All at [illegible] & Co., Sakowitz. Missoni boots. [illegible] by Vittoriano Salvatori. [illegible] coiffures by Sergio Valente

MARISA BERENSON

LIFE AT FULL FLING

BARON AND BARONNE THIERRY VAN ZUYLEN

Publishing, racing, breeding horses, collecting art, raising children—everything takes off from this new-on-old house in Normandy

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Baron and Baronne Thierry van Zuylen van Nyevelt de Haar are handsome and healthy, clever and competent, generous and imaginative. They have an apartment in Paris; an inherited mediaeval castle in Holland; and, photographed on these pages, a racing stud in Normandy, the Haras de Varaville in the department of Calvados—the finest horse-breeding country in France. If they happened to have other houses in a number of different parts of the world, the chances are that they would feel equally at ease in them. Baron van Zuylen is a member of an old and distinguished Dutch family. His grandmother was a Rothschild of the Italian branch, his mother is Egyptian by birth. He is a Belgian by nationality, and was educated in the United States. His wife, born Gabriella Iglesias y Velayos, is the daughter of a former Spanish career diplomat and an American mother from Virginia. They met when he was at Harvard and she at Radcliffe and were

(Continued on page 136)

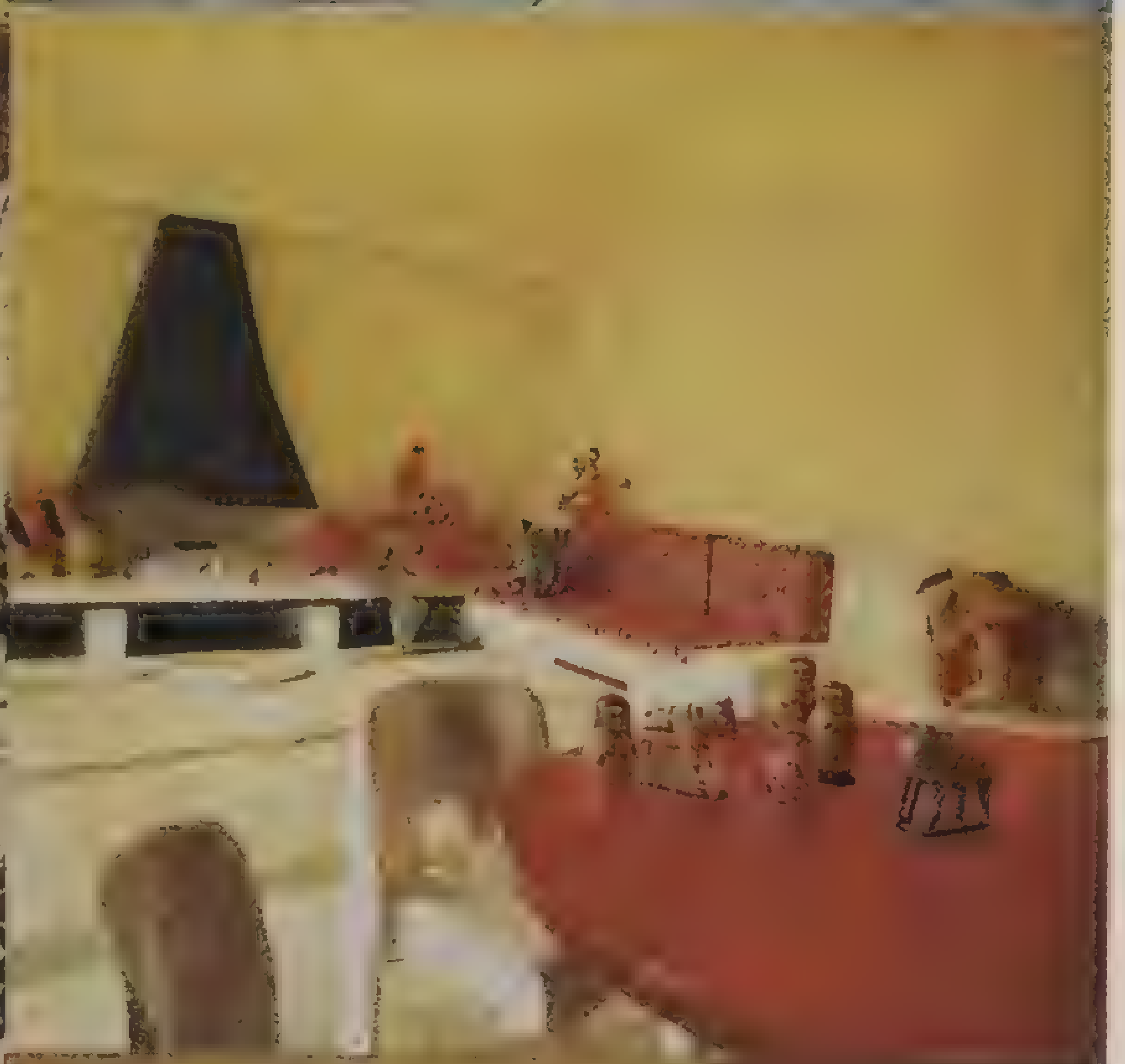
Left: Gabriella van Zuylen, with dark-eyed flash and the gentleness that goes with a firm backbone, fits the deep-country surround of Normandy as a lark fits the sky. Here, wearing a South American poncho, she was photographed in the west paddock of Varaville with a broodmare and foal. *Right:* From the house, the enchantment of the view is underlined by the precise contrast of paddocks and formal gardens planned by the outstanding English landscape designer Russell Page.

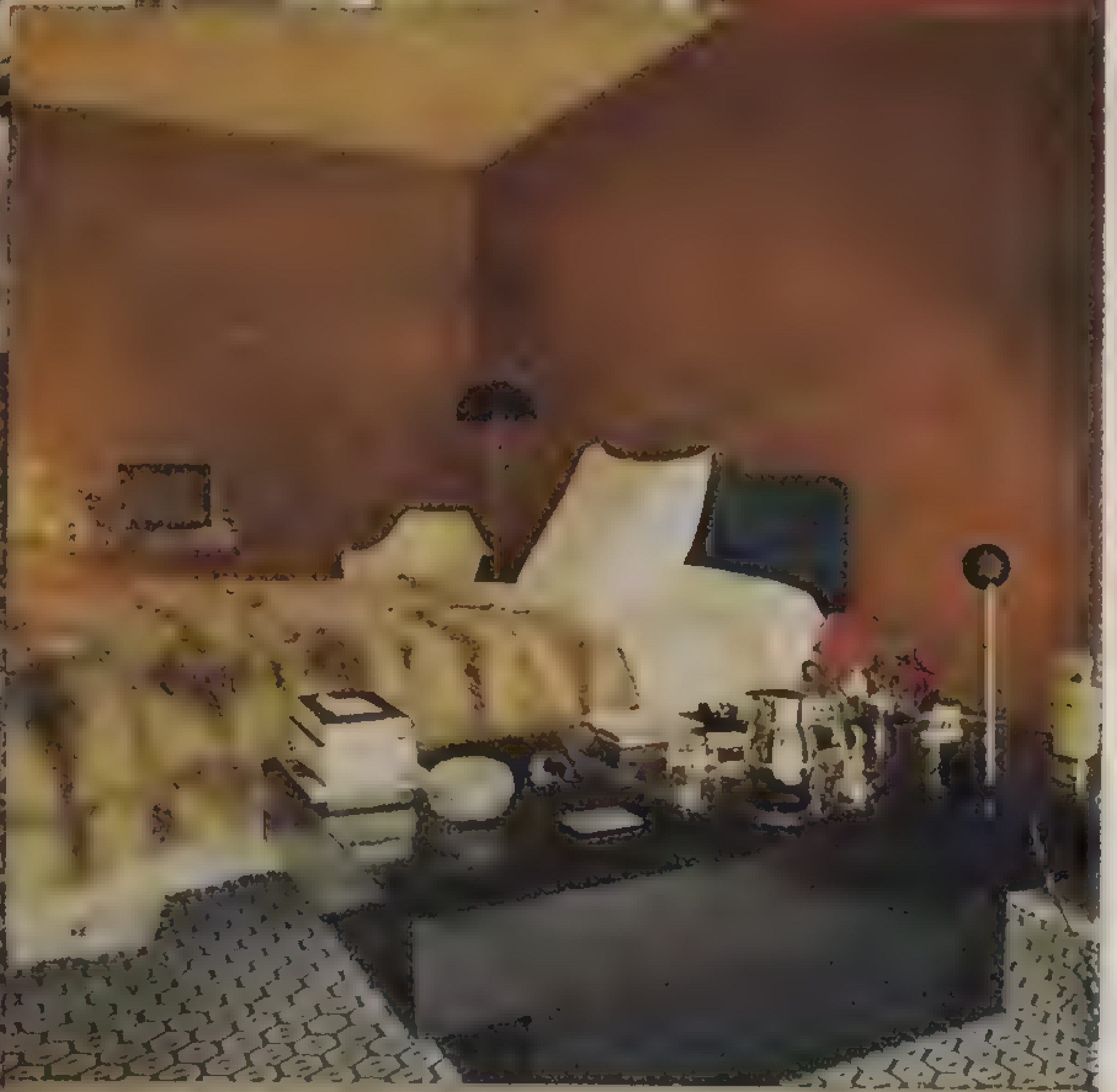
HORST

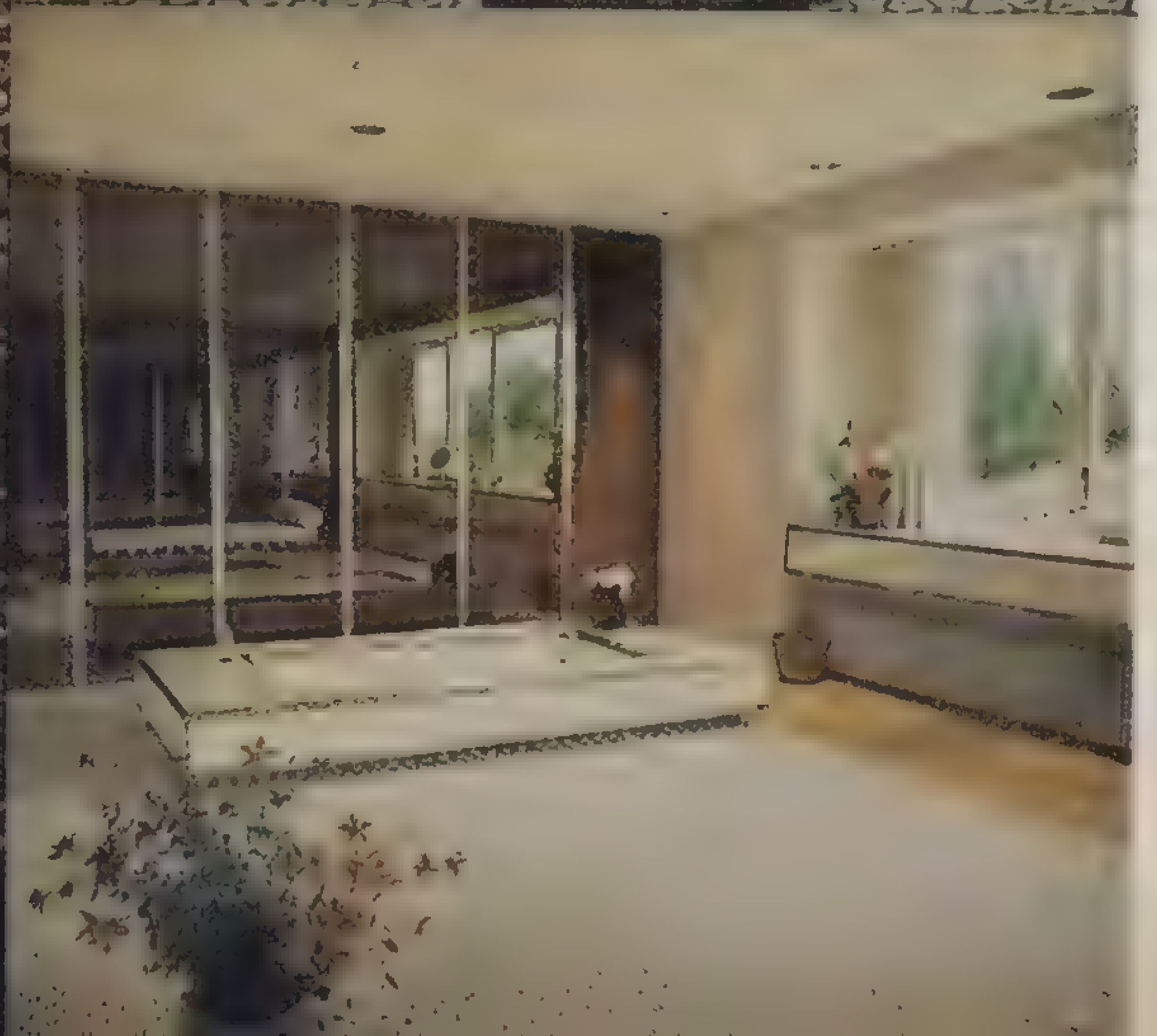
LIVING FROM THE OUTDOORS IN

The van Zuylens' living room has the feel of a disciplined stretch of countryside. *Above:* Glass walls, a skylit garden, and rough stone columns bring the outside in. Polished slate floors and a teak ceiling extend the room outdoors. Through the window, a turfed roof looks like a hanging lawn. A painting by Matta dominates one end of this living space with its glass dining table designed by the artist Philippe Hiquily. Leather sofas and chairs are by Mies van der Rohe. *Left:* White piers on either side of the hooded fireplace hold television, stereo, bar, records, movie projector. The Baronne designed the white rugs.

HORST







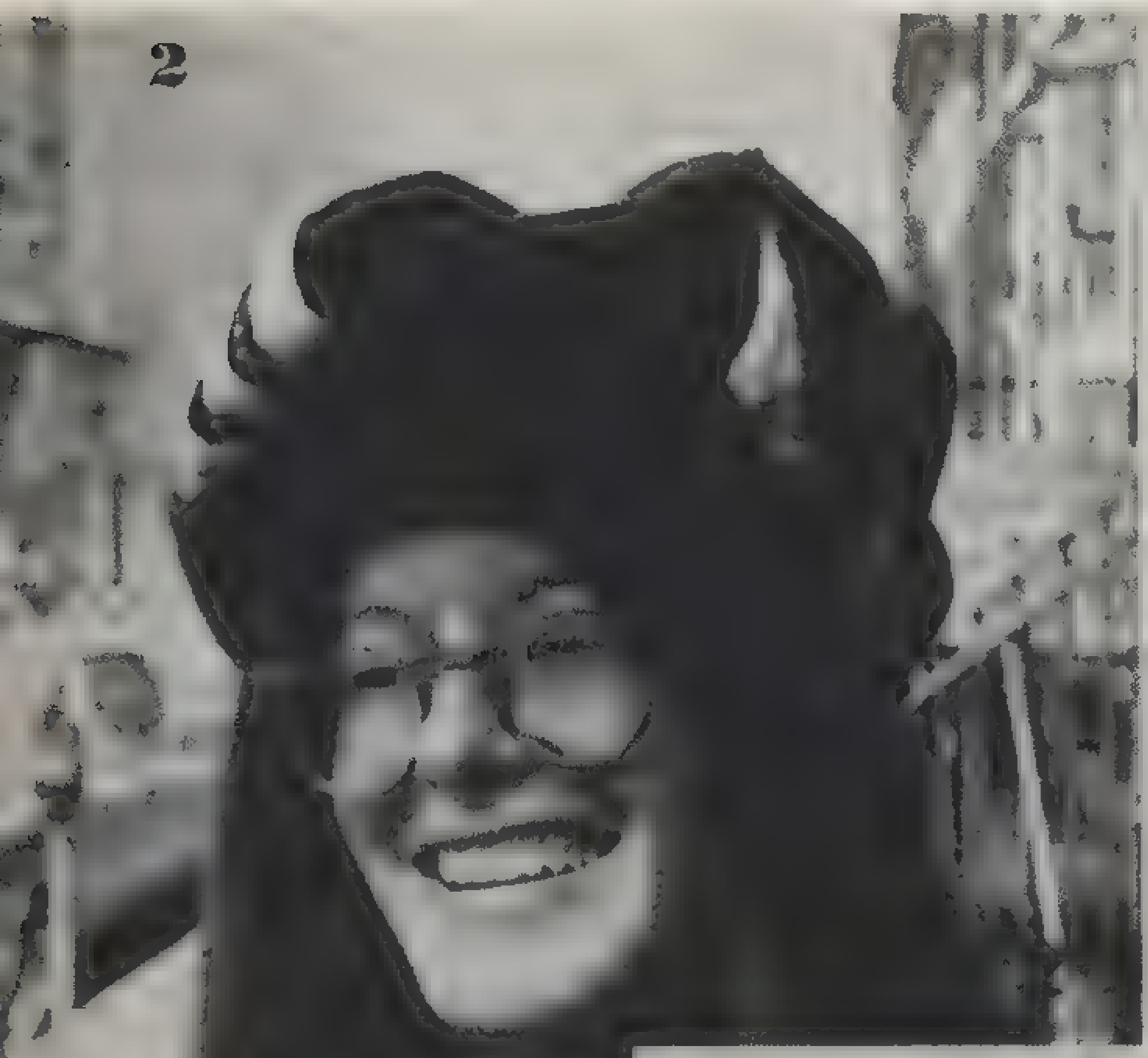
THE LIFE FOR THE LAND

Abundant, gleaming, ordered, the Thierry van Zuylens' house in Normandy is, first of all, the no-nonsense hub of a hard-working racing-stud farm.
This page, far left: Baron Thierry van Zuylen in his stable yard, with a broodmare and foal.
Near left, from the top:
The Baron with his eldest daughter, Alexandra, a keen rider.
A room in the children's wing, all light, space, and colour, with a walled children's garden outside.
The Baron's bedroom, the hard-edge geometry of the rug countered by a deep-fur throw on the bed.
The Baronne's white bathroom, a doorless, carpeted ell opening in an uninterrupted sweep off her bedroom.
Opposite page, far left, from the top:
The open swirl of stairs, with a leather-covered handrail.
The Baronne in her garden with its wall a ramble of roses.
The Baron's study with leather furniture, a David Hicks carpet, a tall copper chimneypiece.
The children's wing: Almost part of the landscape, Norman stone, with a greensward roof.
Opposite, centre top:
The low, copper-roofed house, designed by the architect Peter C. Harnden, seen from its formal checkerboard garden.
Opposite, centre below:
The Baronne's bedroom, a sweep of white space, the sight lines stretched out by (unseen) a mirror-panelled wall of closets.

HORST

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS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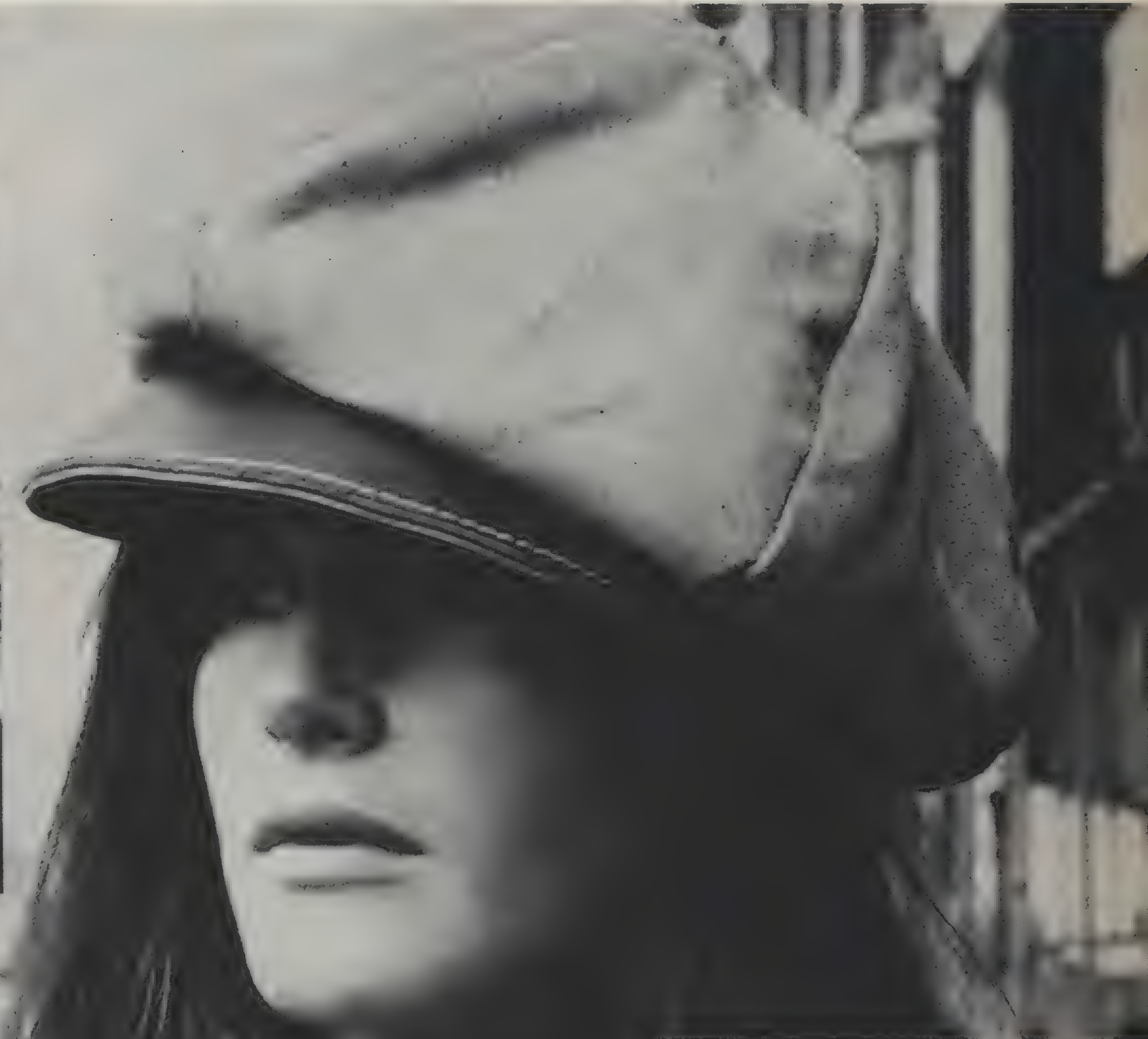
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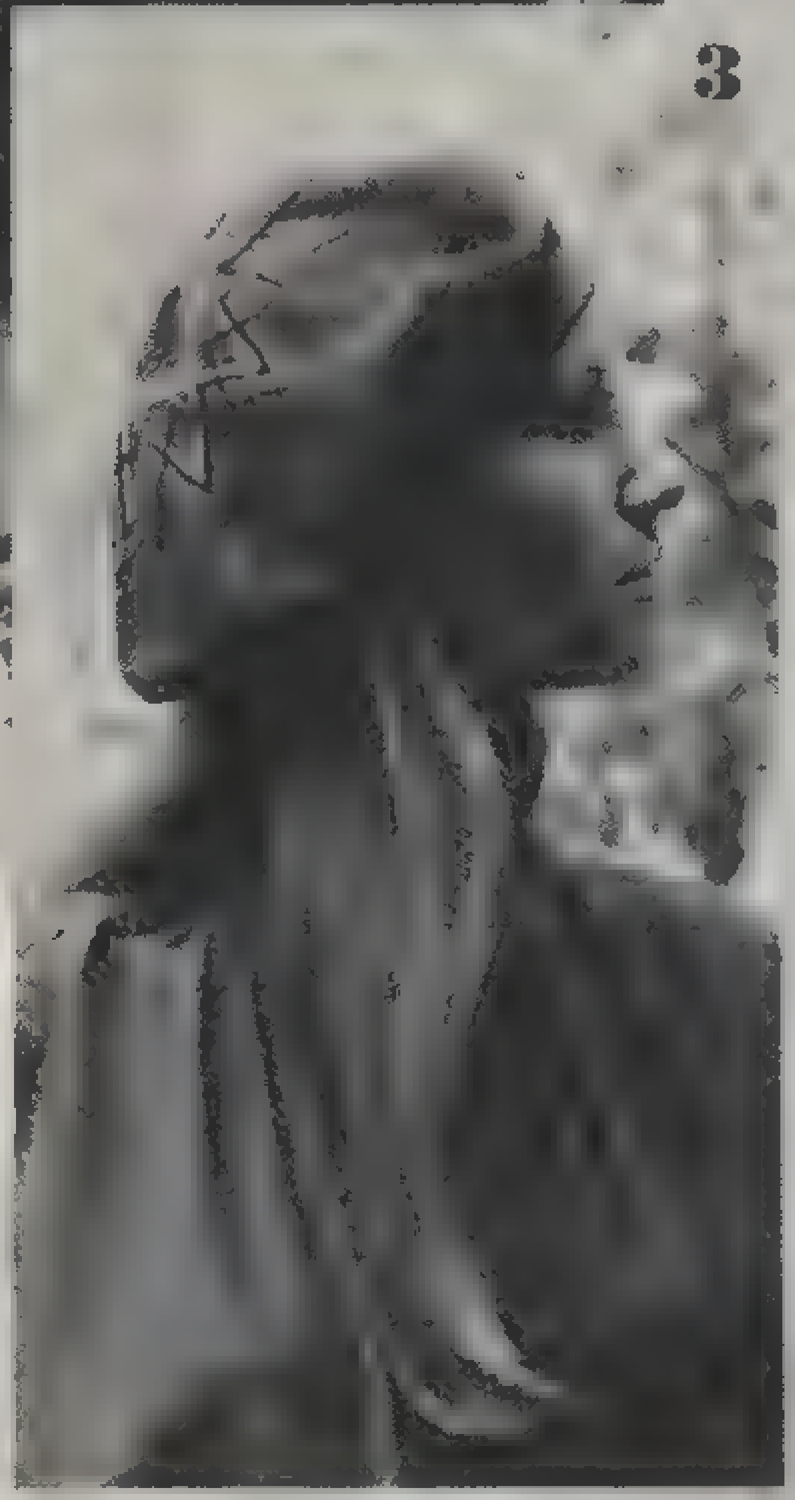
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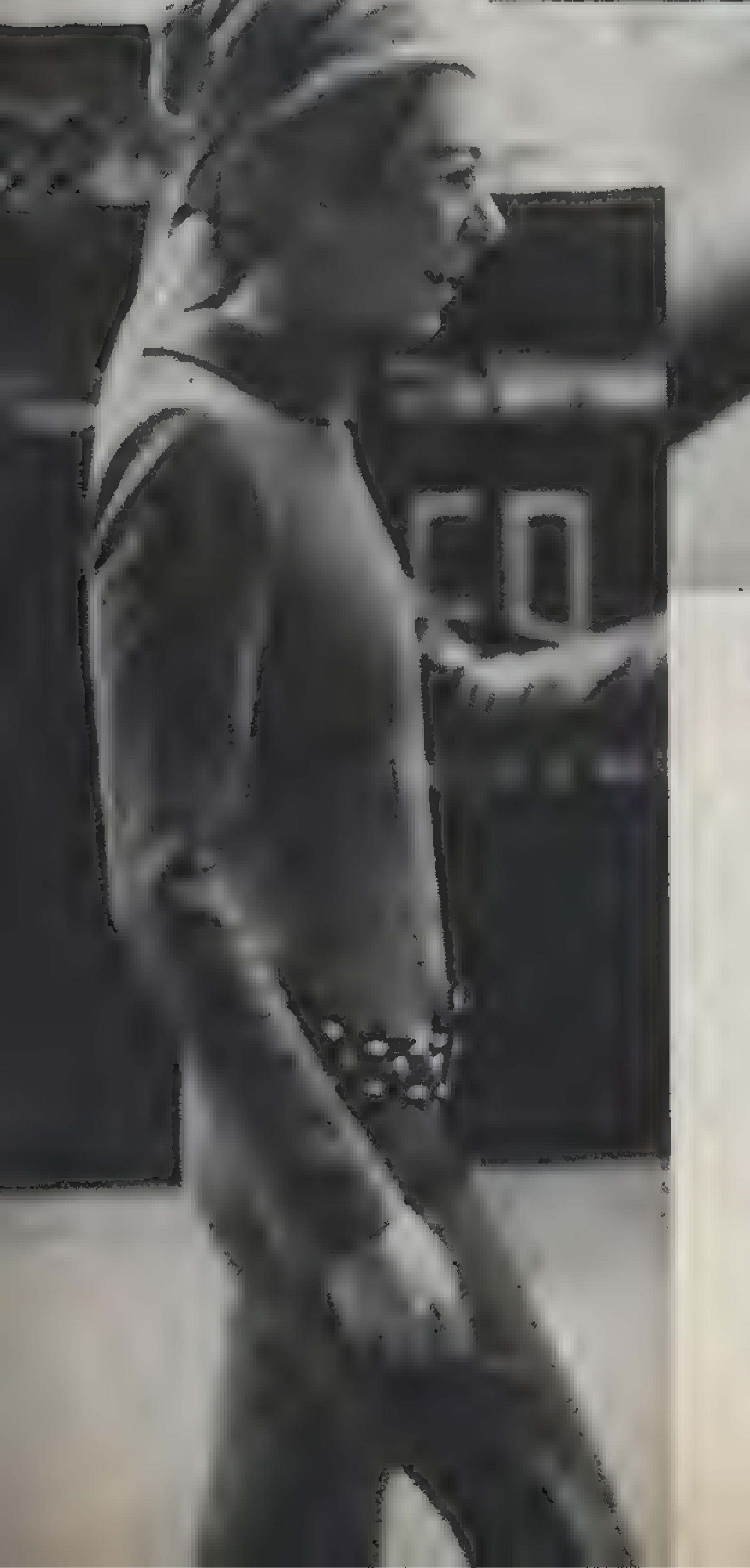
CHARLES TRACY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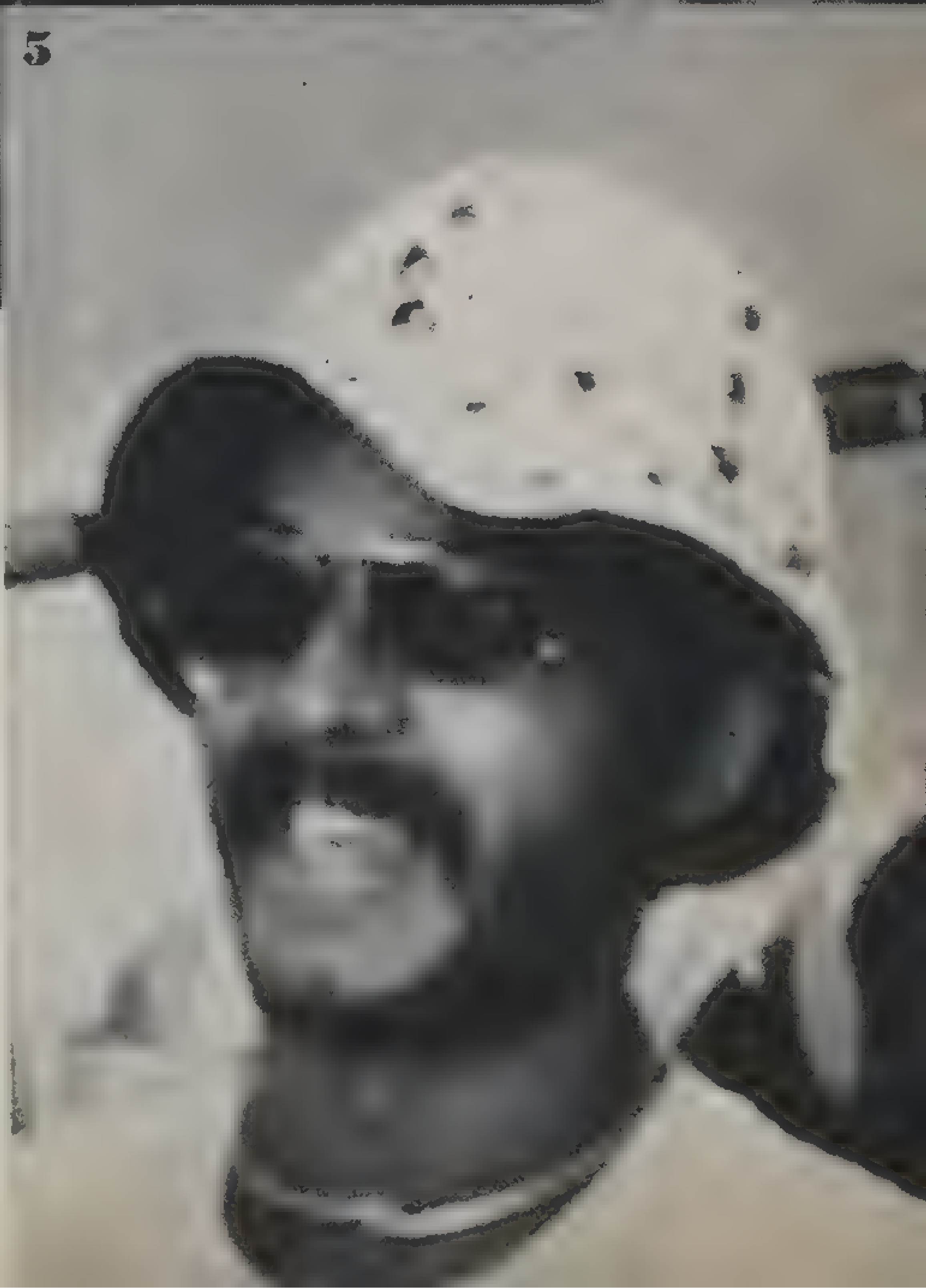
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Interesting heads

1 and **2.** *Naneen Shaw loves the floppy top cap,* has one in chamois suède with brown leather beak, $15. The other with ploppy top of zebra and brown suède, brown suède brim, $25. Both from the House of Escalet, 177 West 4th Street. . . . **3.** *Diane de Monbrison* in what will probably be the year's *status beret,* ink-blue wool, silk embroidery design, $50. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Bonwit Teller, Chicago. . . . **4.** *Jay Holme likes to wrap her head* in the beautiful soft mufflers she makes—like this: pink printed chiffon on one side, orange silk on the other. $40. Henri Bendel. . . . **5.** *Designer Stephen Burrows* of the Bendel Studio pulls on this regulation white tennis hat when he gets up and keeps it on from then on. Like everything Stephen puts on himself, this hat's got style. . . .

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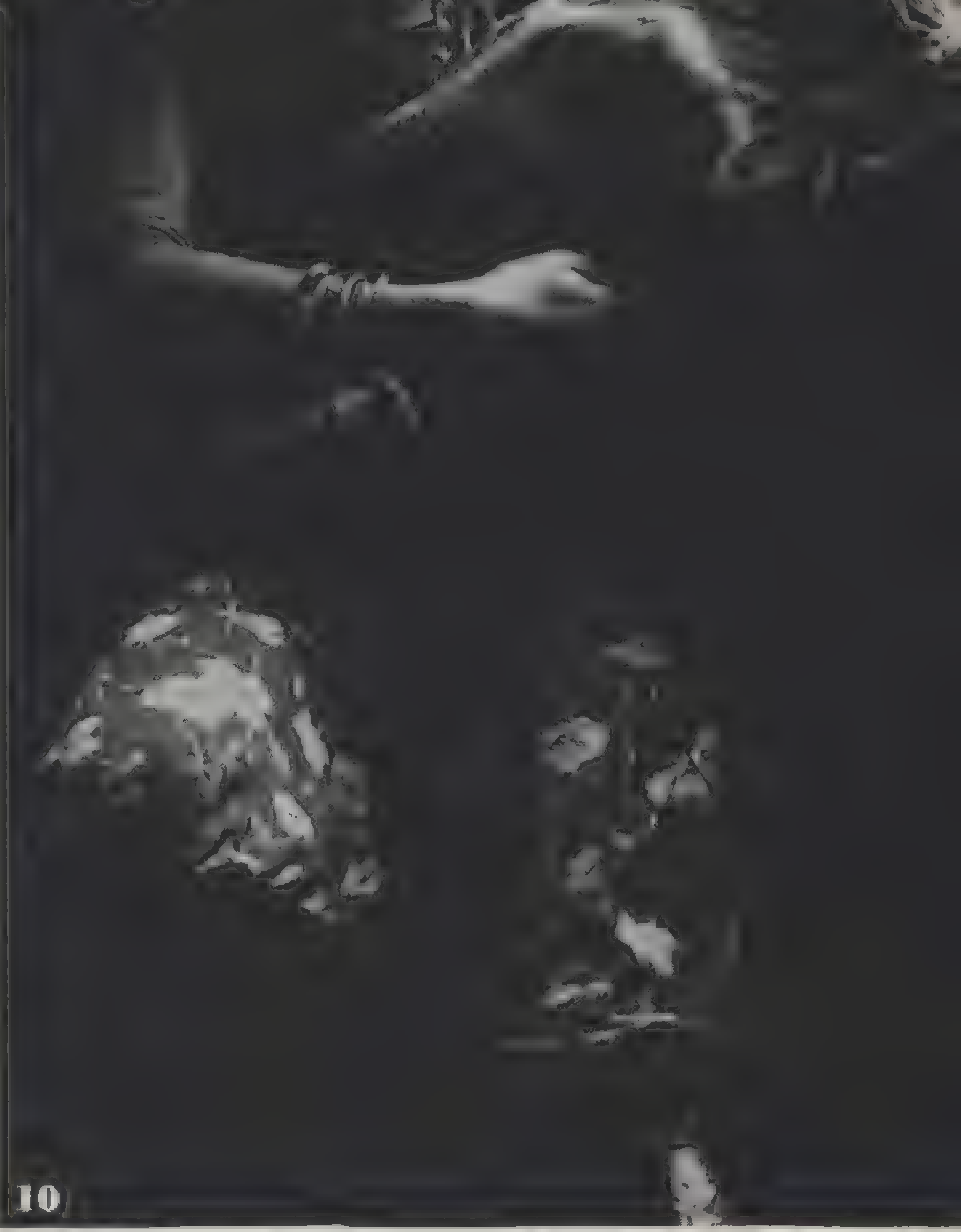
Berry changes her head

Berry Berenson's just like everyone else—dying to get her hair shortened, shaped, shaggied. . . . But it had taken eons to grow long and straight. . . . Anyway, she took the plunge. And there was Paul McGregor waiting, 6, 7, 8, 9. It's quite a traumatic twenty-five minutes. As Berry pleaded for the fiftieth time, "Don't cut it short"—Paul, grinning like a demon, gave it another good whack. But then he's a master at this kind of whacking. The result—Berry's hair is still long but it has line, shape, movement. **10.** *Do I really look like my dog?* Well yes, Berry, you do. At least, you both have the same silky-soft, blond-tawny, wavy "natural" hairdos. . . .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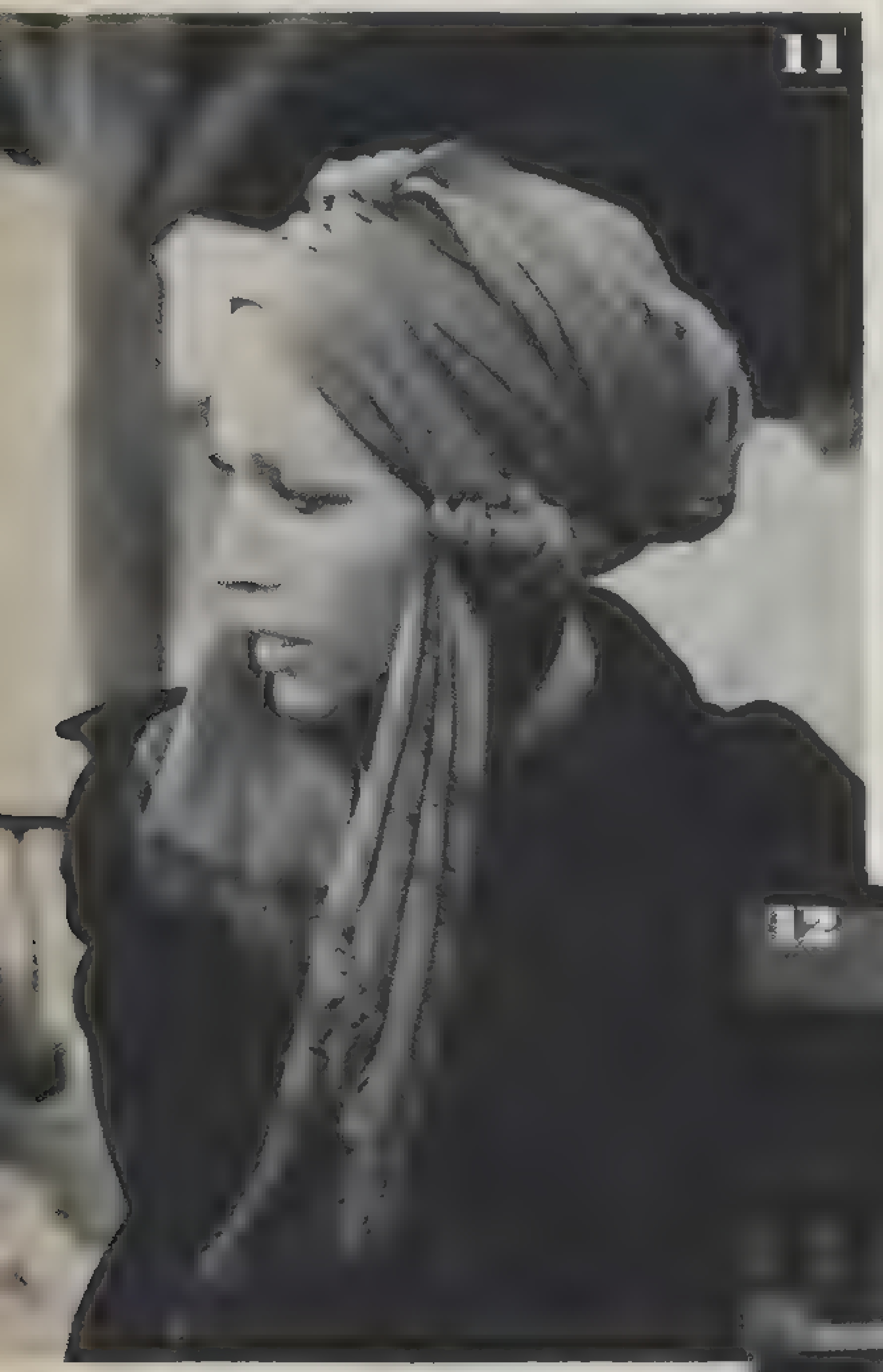
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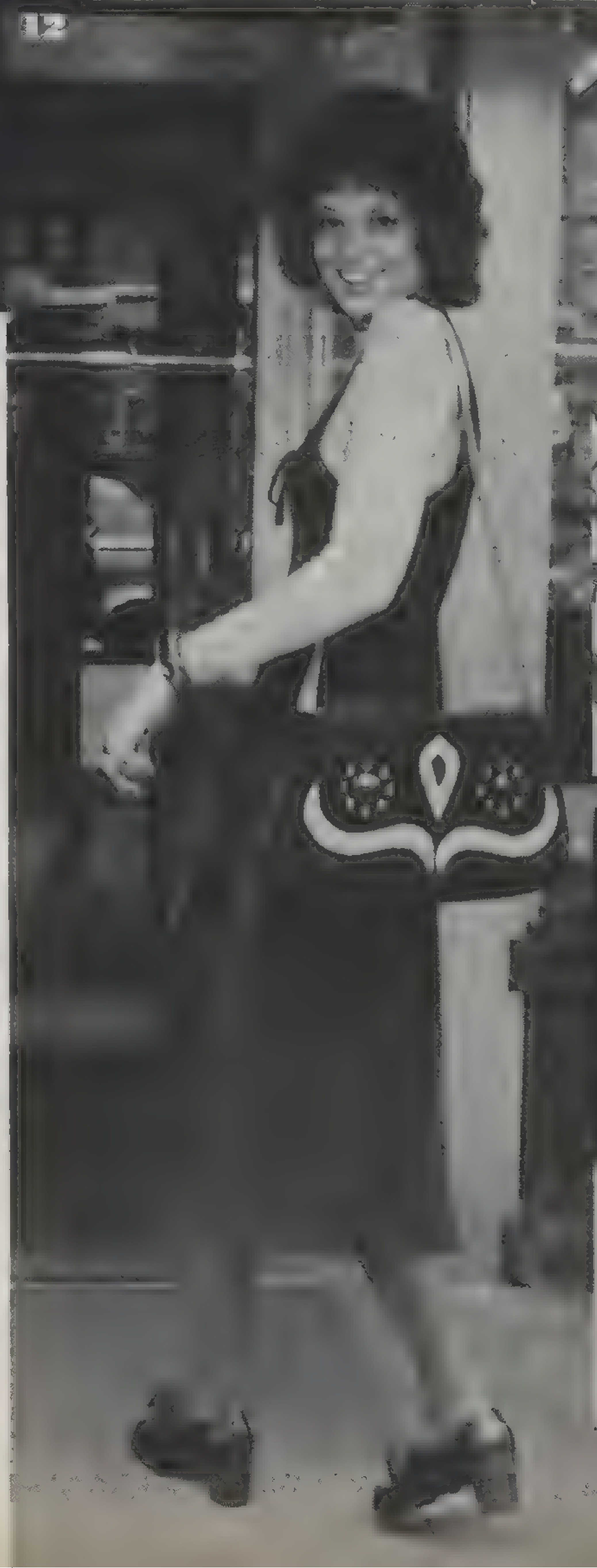
11. *Isa Stoppi wraps her head* in her own version of the Moroccan way, uses scarlet, purple striped Moroccan scarfs. . . . **12** and **13.** *Kenneth cut Marion Sackett's hair* the natural way—letting her russet kinks and curls go their own way. . . . Kenneth considers it—the natural short-long shaggy—"the only haircut for longer skirts—gives a small head, but *not* a pinhead." Marion just plain loves it. Here she tries it out with a butternut brown suède midi jumper, $45. Henri Bendel. . . . **14** and **15.** In Rome, *dancer Catana loves to wrap her head* sometimes tightly, in peacock-blue panne velvet, sometimes using a white knit muffler, as the Blue Men in the desert do. . . .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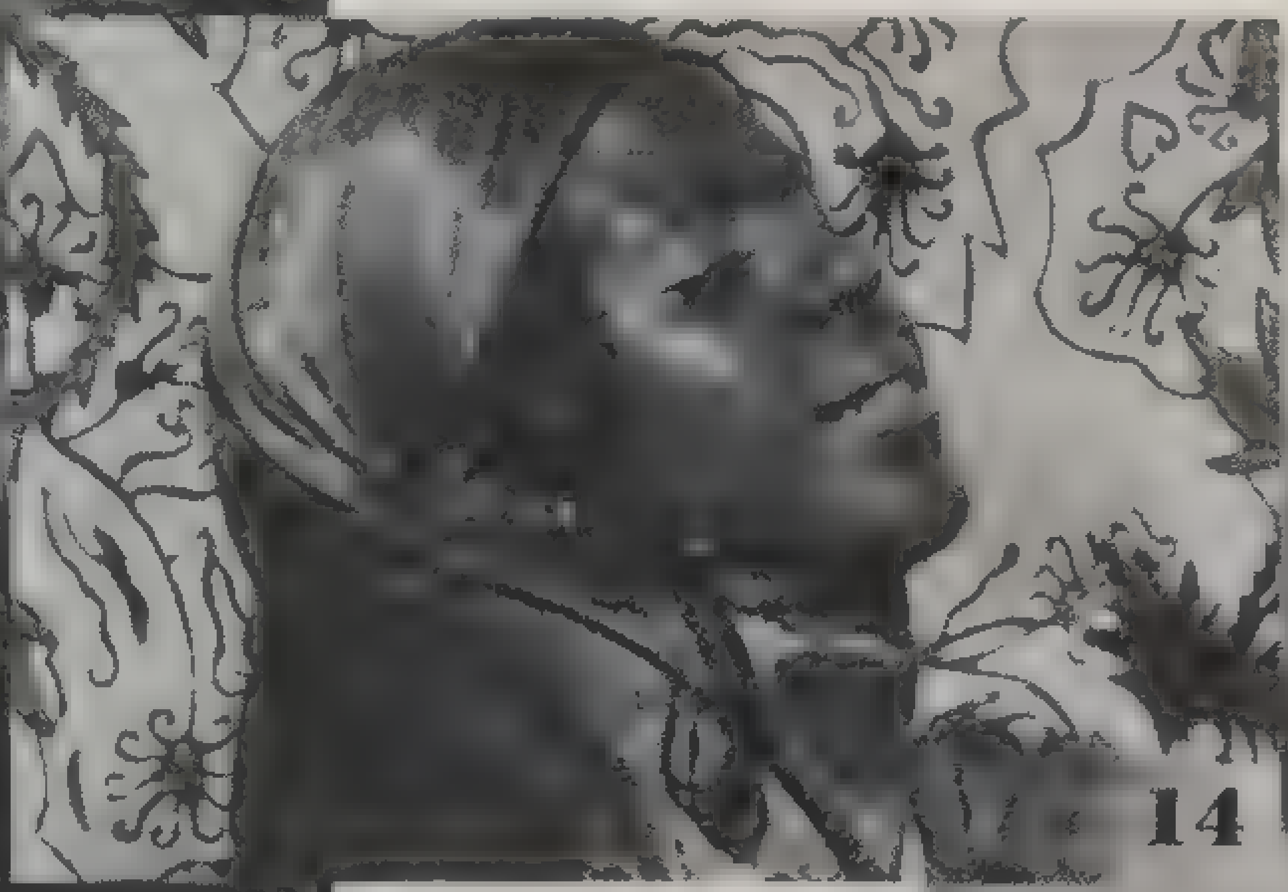
BERRY BERENSON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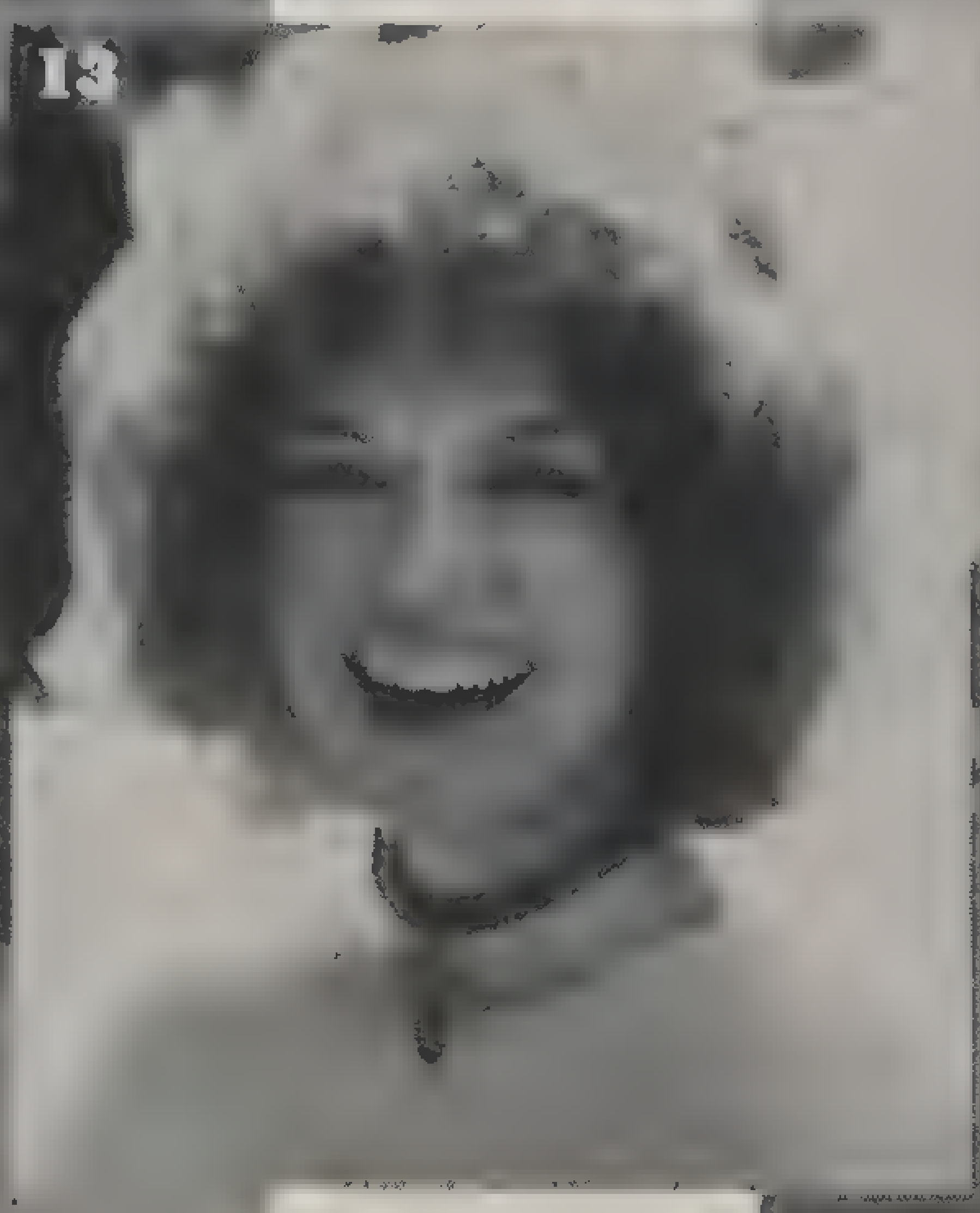
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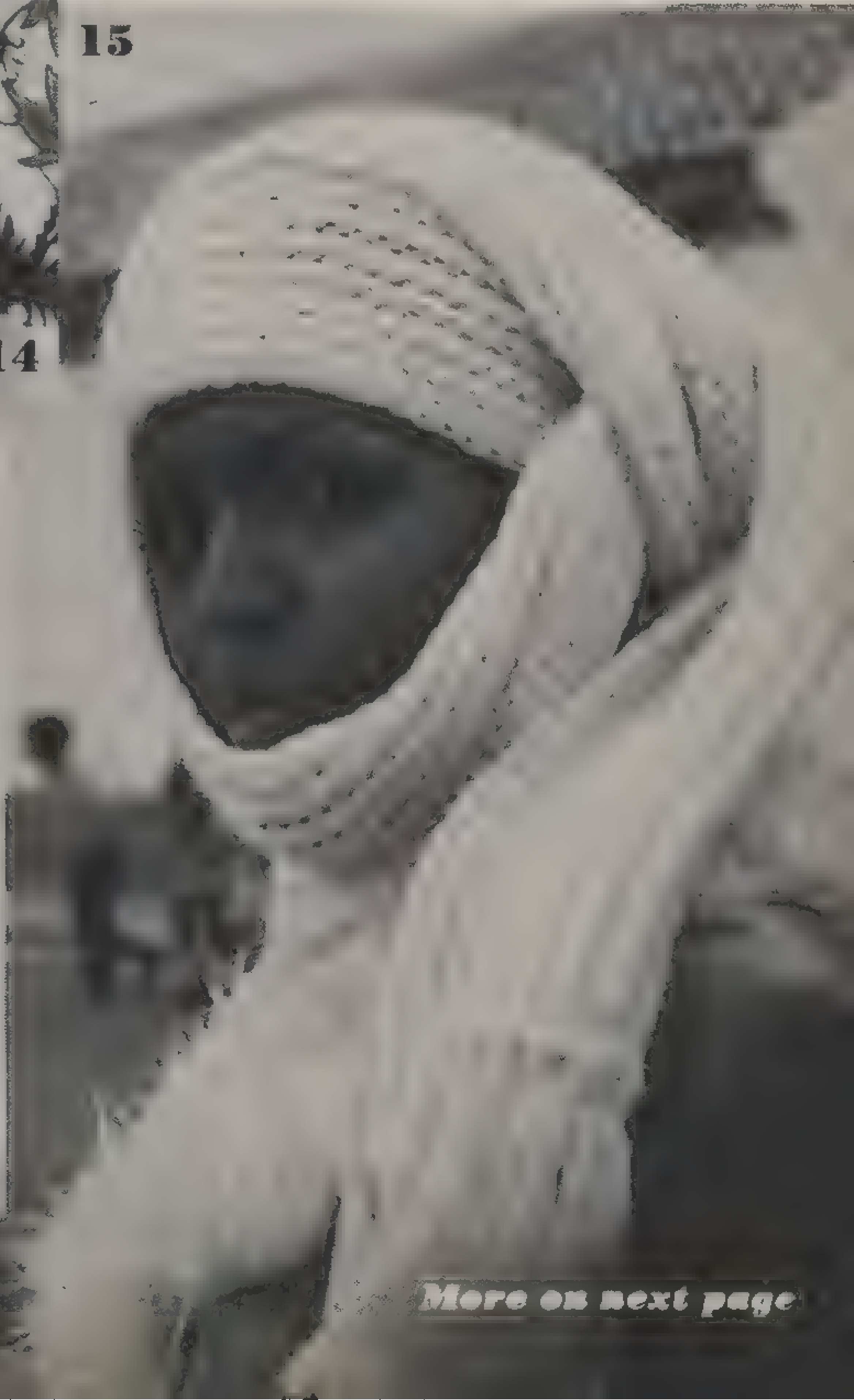
CATERINE MILINAIRE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What Boutique people are wearing in 1970....

Blue jeans. Now everyone wears them everywhere, in town shopping, making the city rounds, etc. Interesting how, in a place like Kenneth's which isn't, after all, a hall of hippiedom, one sees so many pretty young women, their blue-jeaned legs sticking out below their salon smocks. . . . ***Tie-dyeing surges ever ahead.*** There are always new surfaces to cover with your own marvellous handmade rainbows. A line of envious friends is waiting for Sophie Engelhard to give them a set of her tie-dyed bed sheets. Sister Annette Reed's are in palest violet to purple. . . . Michael Butler has commissioned a sofa to be covered in tie-dyed velvet. . . . ***The really into-it tie dyers are now making their own dyes.*** Dianne Nyland, from Vision Unlimited, is busy right now boiling up her onions, marigolds, cornflowers, to extract their true tints. There is such pleasure and satisfaction in this sort of handwork. . . . ***Ethnic clothes.*** Fun to mix in with your other stuff . . . an embroidered, pomponed waistcoat from Cepelia, 63 East 57th Street; something Mexican from Fred Leighton, 857 Lexington Ave.; something embroidered in Peru from The Departure in Tucson; *anything* American Indian from The American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue; from India found at Sona The Golden One, 11 East 55th Street; *from anywhere in the Middle East, the East* searched out at Odyssey, 49 Greenwich Ave., or Le Tourneau, 1226 Second Ave. . . . ***Rainbows to walk on.*** Where do you find shoes of peach or violet or apricot suède or kid? Or sandals of apple green laced with magenta? Rainbow-hued toe-tappers with clunky soles are a specialty of Goody Two Shoes, 244 East 60th Street. . . . ***One of a kinds.*** Just look at the handbags in photograph 3 on this page, aren't they something? They're made by a sculptor: Zac's leatherworks, for The Departure boutique in Tucson, Arizona. Obviously one of a kind, rather like wearing a little sculpture slung over your shoulder. . . . The one-of-a-kind accessory, coat, dress will be coming more and more into our life because ***leather is forever.*** More and more the just-one-of-its-sort coat or dress or weskit designed and handmade by such stars as ***Marcia Trinder, Mirandi, Calvin*** is becoming available. And now appearing in droves (and being taken in by Bendel's) are other unknown, talented leatherworkers. It's fun to know that no one else has just exactly your chamois suède midi. . . . ***Quilting:*** Watch for it sweeping over as patchwork did . . . little quilted Mao jackets, practical too. It's one phase of the Asian invasion on fashion. . . . What one boutique person wrote to another regarding the current everything-that's-going-on situation, "Just sit tight and love." . . . What some boutique people will be able to see this autumn—a thirty-minute film called *Woman Is Sweeter* made by ***Martine Barrat.*** It will be shown only, alas, at colleges and universities and revolves around ***Yves Saint Laurent***—as a couturier, as a human being. There are such beautiful poetic moments and stretches . . . and the film manages to catch, not make silly, the real work, anguish, creativity of designing clothes. . . . The musical score by Galt MacDermott is just great. . . .

CHARLES TRACY

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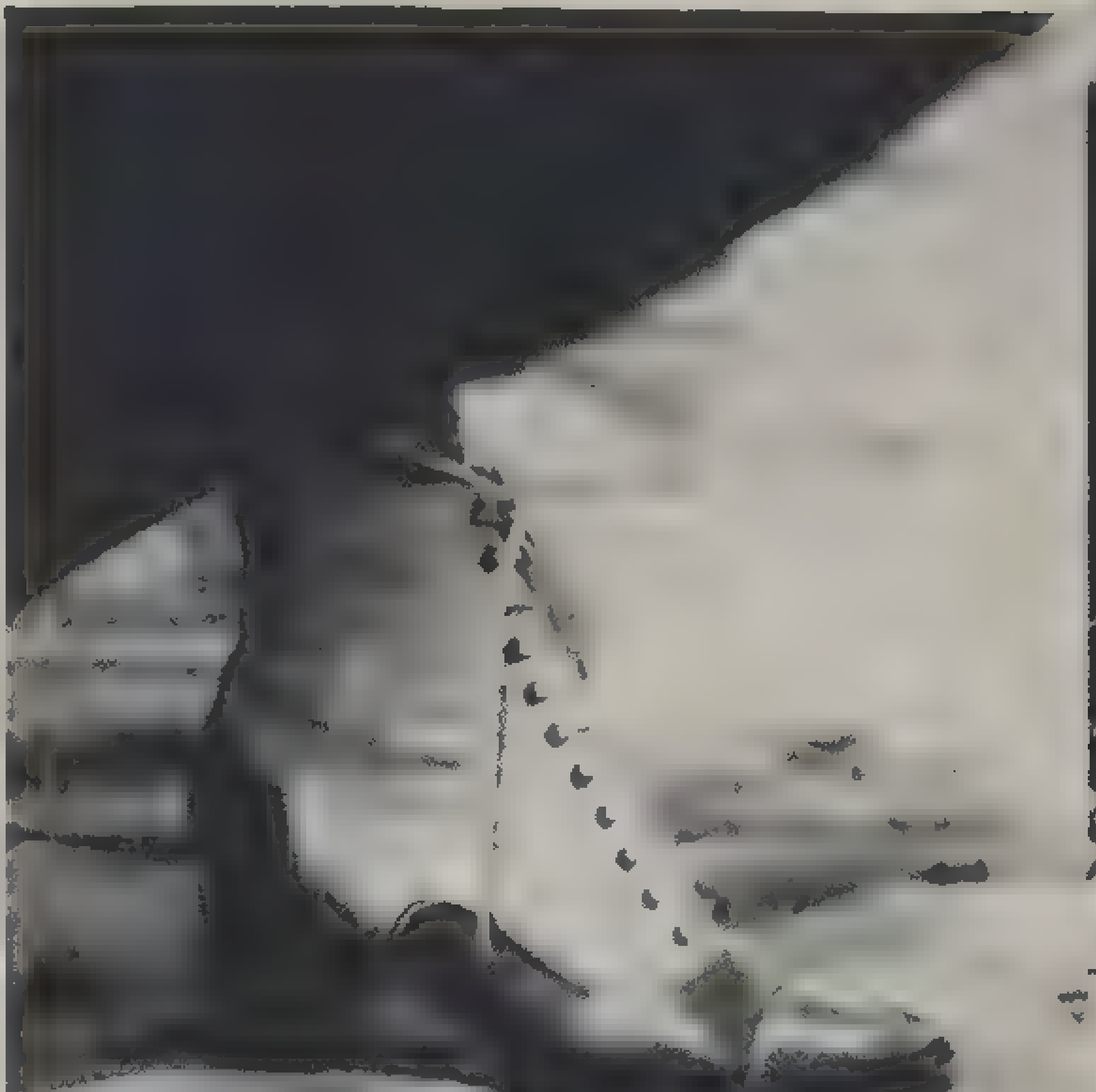
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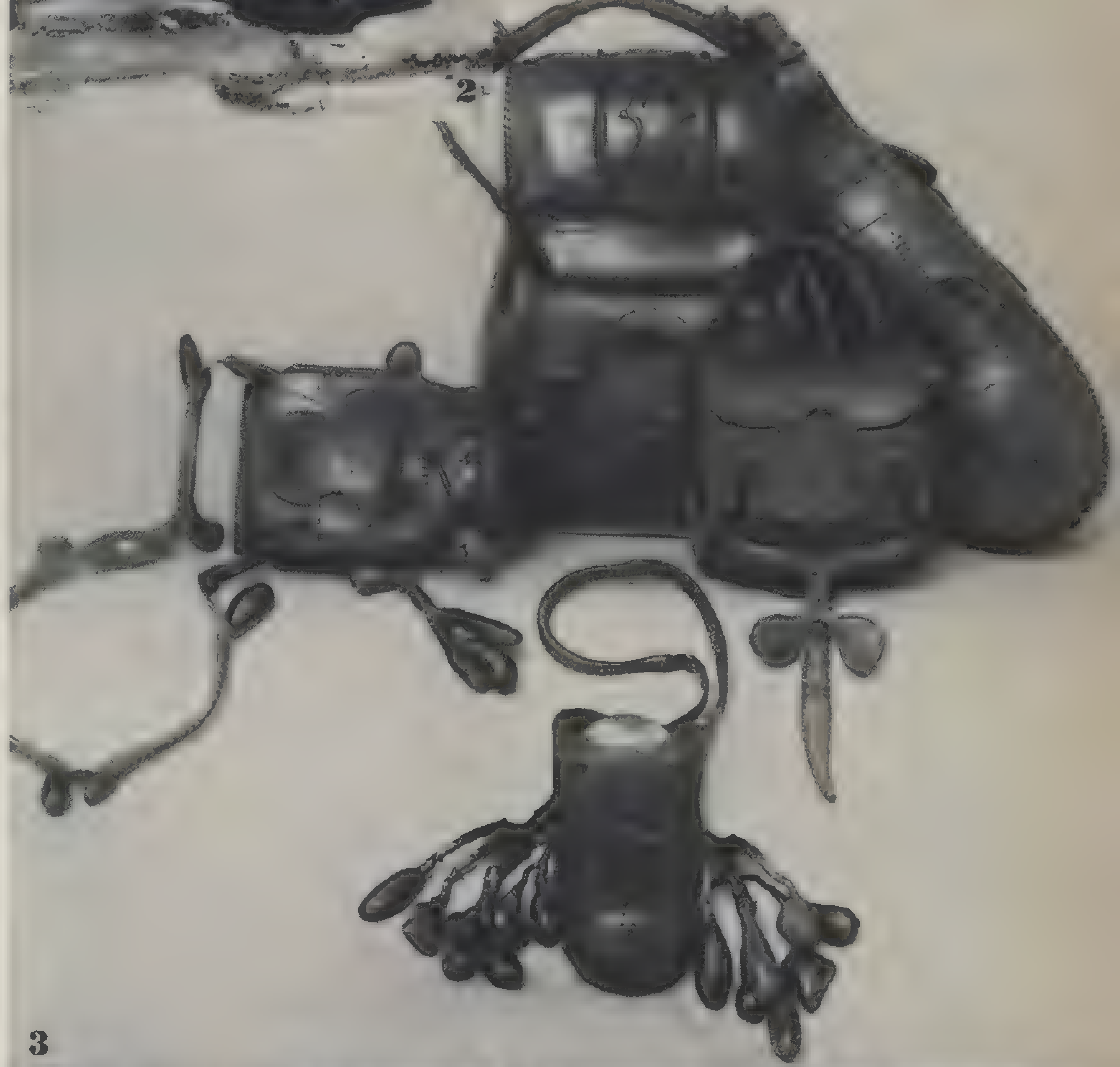
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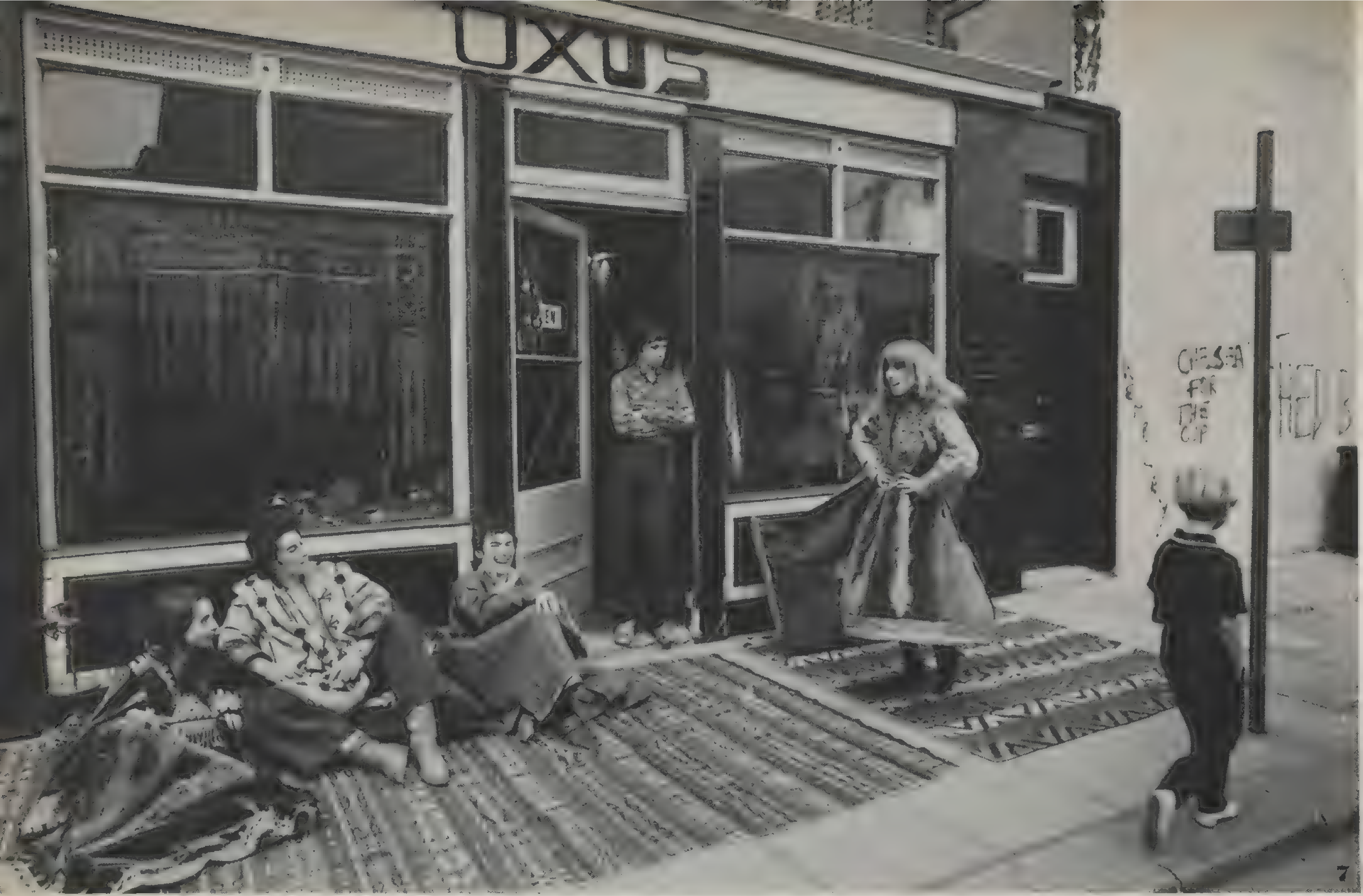
1, 2, 4, and ***6.*** Oxfords as sleek as little sedans or kicking pretty granny boots. By ***Yves Saint Laurent. 1,2,6:*** early autumn at Lord & Taylor; Bloomingdale's. ***4*** at Bloomingdale's. ***3. Extraordinary leather handbags.*** From Zac's leatherworks. $60 to $300. Here, at Henri Bendel and Madonna, 306 East 53rd St. ***5.*** From ***Jourdan's first New York boutique:*** triple-strap pretties named "Cecile." $54, Jourdan Boutique, 700 Fifth Ave.



JACK ROBINSON

CATERINE MILINAIRE

The Asian invasion...

London: *7.* Run by two fellows who spell each other touring the East, especially Afghanistan, finding carpets, caftans, lengths of fabric, Oxus, 490A King's Road, is "the best shop in London at the moment." . . . It's this irresistible urge for the luxury of the East that we *all* feel. . . .

New York: ***Ira Seret, 8.*** is an extraordinary fellow. Most of the year he roams all over Asia spotting with a connoisseur's sensual eye, finding, buying, commissioning the most beautiful native luxuries of fabric, embroidery; of leatherwork, metalwork. . . . The antique caftan he has on here, purple silk laden with exquisite bullion-embroidery lined in silver fox, Ira found in Bokhara. . . . The collection that Ira has amassed is staggering. Soon it will all be housed in a store where you can buy it. We'll let you know the minute it's final. . . .

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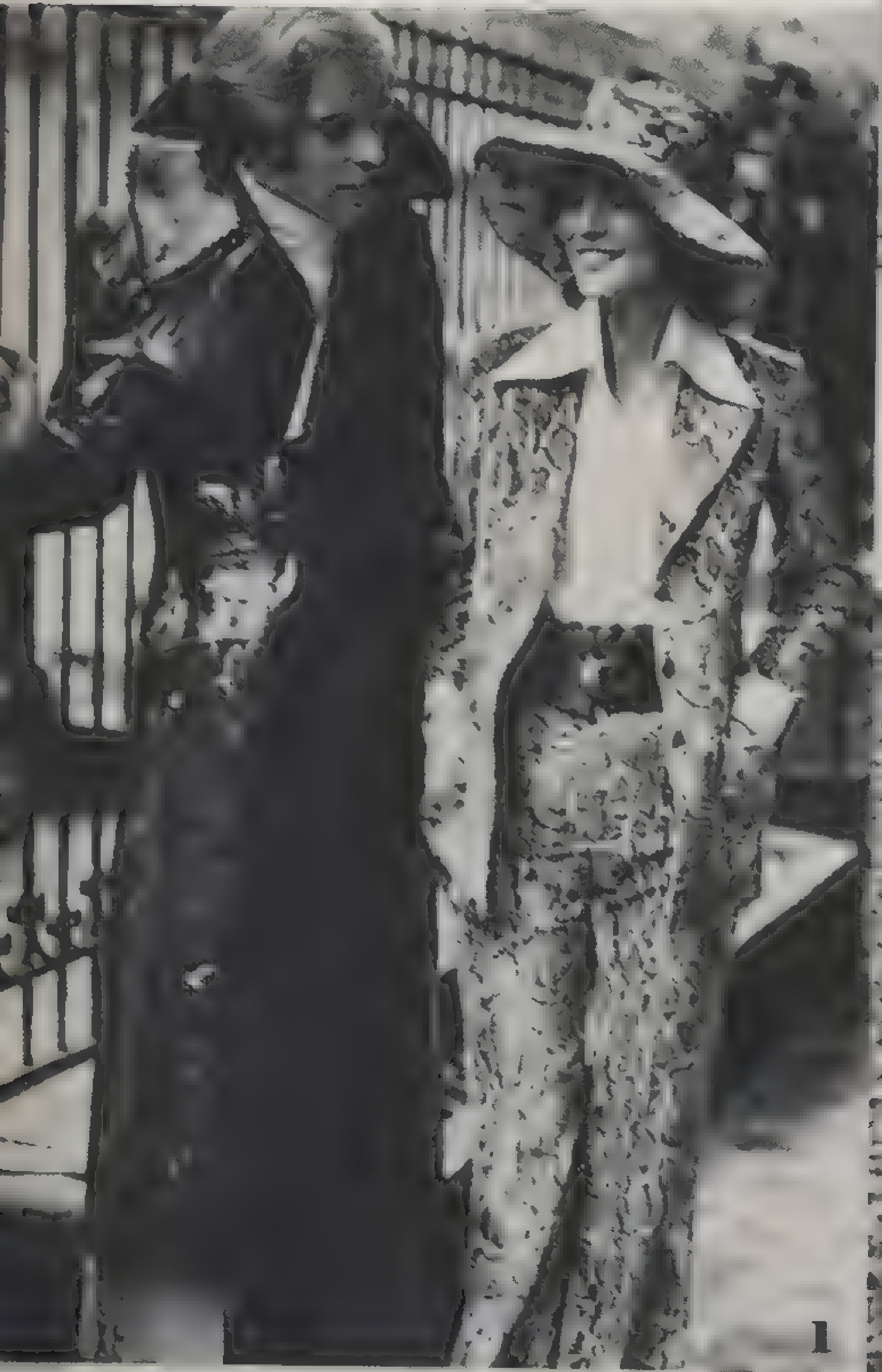
Summer in the streets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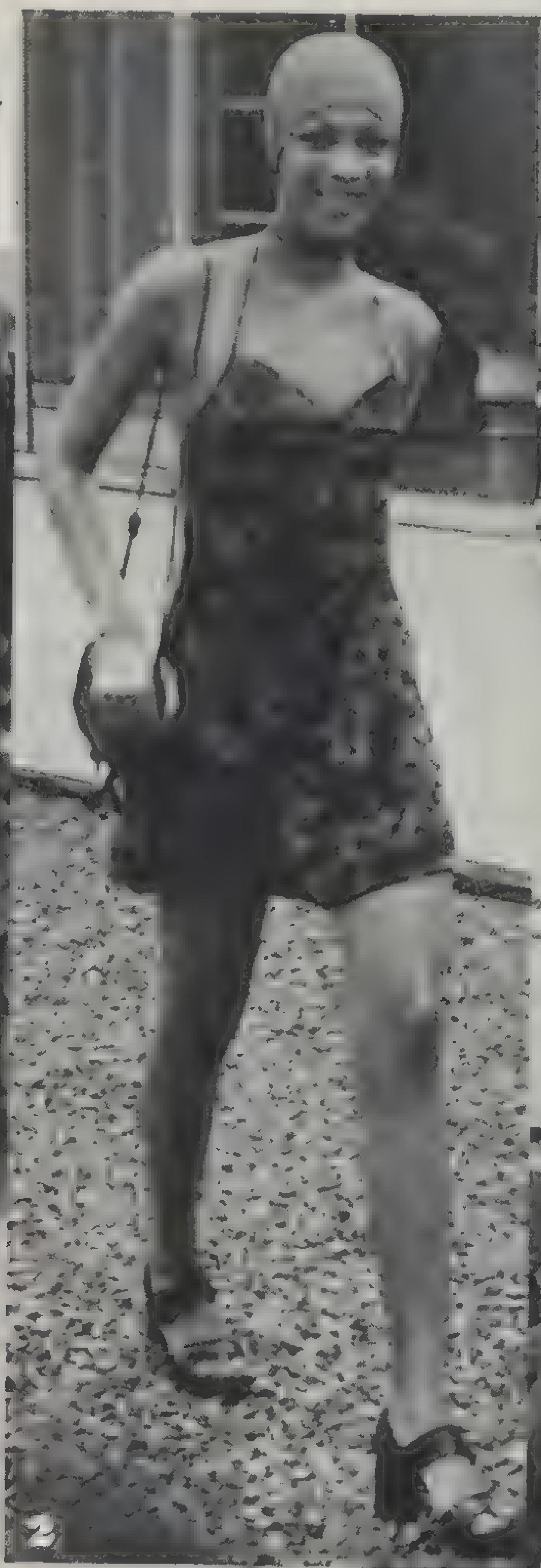
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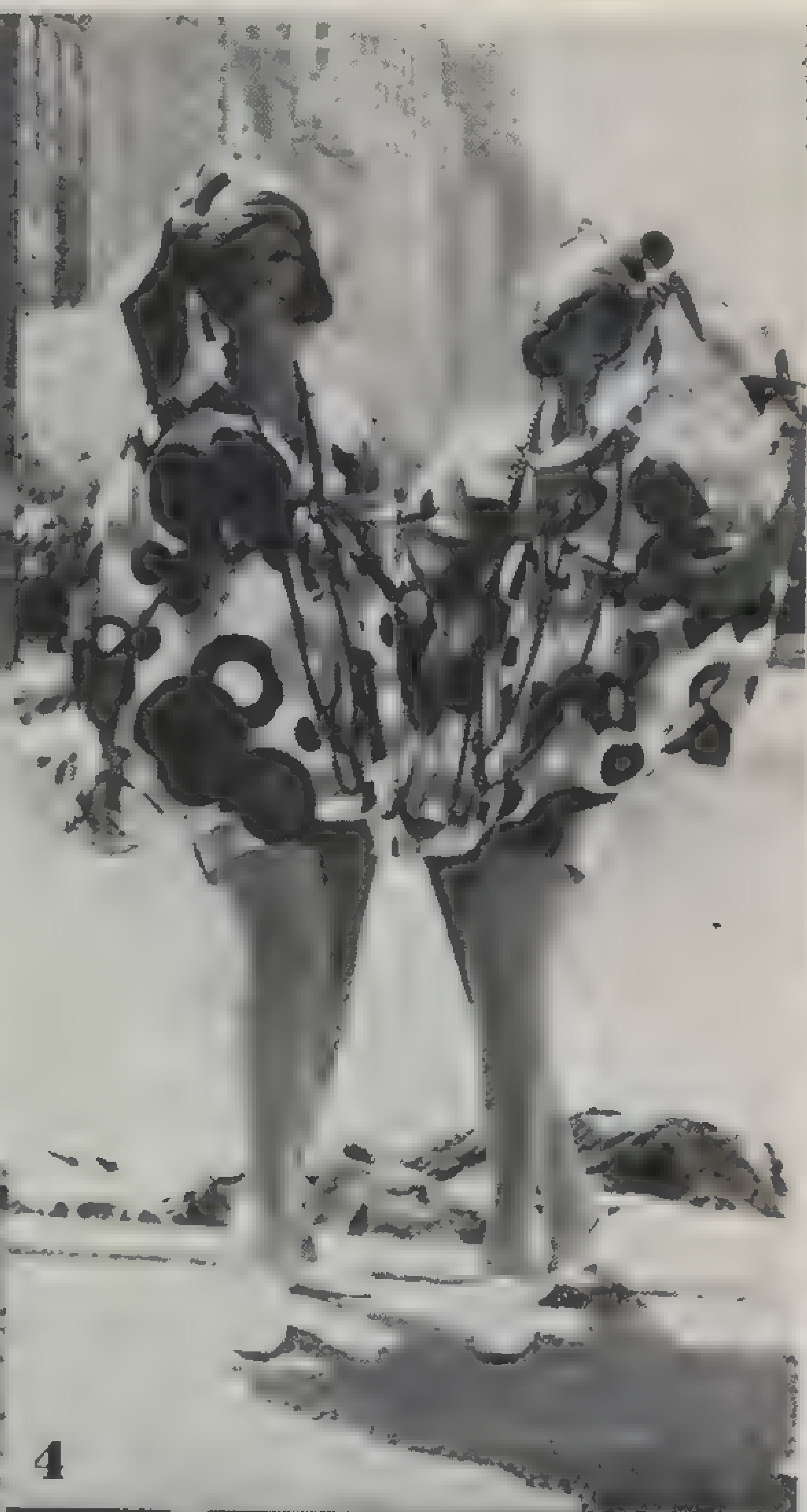
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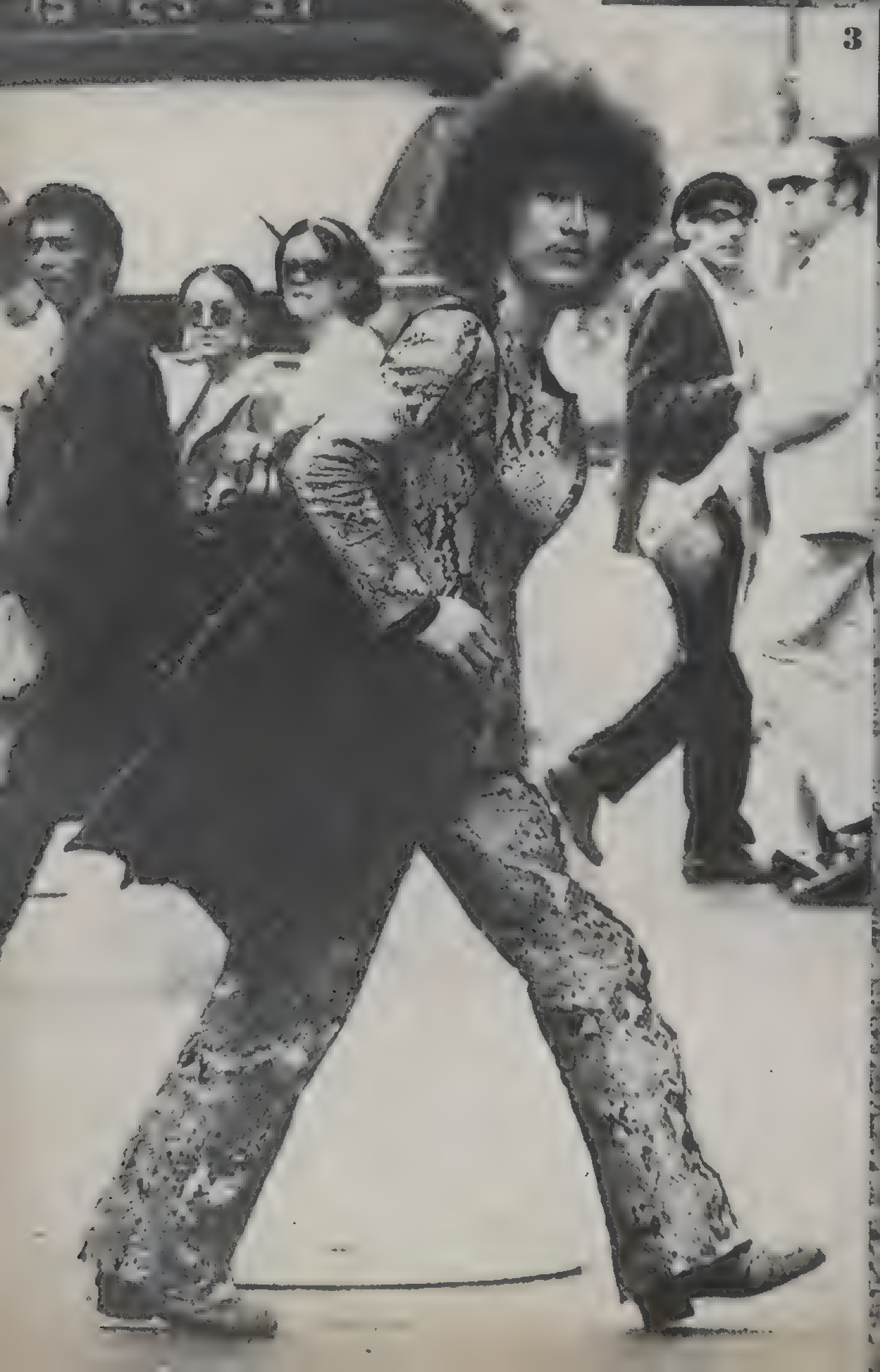
1. *Paris:* Brewster Blackmer in a lacquer-brown lizard maxi, with Vicky Howard in the softest snake of all, a pants suit of python-printed panne velvet. Both, Renoma, 129 Bis rue de la Pompe, Paris. . . . **2.** *New York:* Ramona Saunders's idea of what to wear on a hot day—a bare-back mini slip of red-roses-on-black from Count Down, 22 Greenwich Ave. . . . **3.** *Visiting from Tokyo,* Japanese designer, Kansai Yamamoto, gives folks a nice turn, wearing his creamy crackly snakeskin suit, and his splendid auburn afro. . . . **4.** *Visiting from Florida,* where they have their own boutique, the irresistible twins, Mamie and Johnnie. The girls, who always dress alike, like and design midis but love the socko minis too—like these yellow-black-and-white printed bat wings. Their boutique, Johnna-Shiki, 656 4th Street West, Riviera Beach. . . . **5.** *New York:* Naomi Sims can really put it together. One of her city street looks —white cotton T-shirt, a print scarf tied over to give the illusion of a skirt. Just great. . . . **6.** *Visiting from London,* Veronica Marsh in a pants tailleur by Tony Armstrong of wool crêpe spray-painted by Veronica in a nice design of cars and trees. $275. At Lord & Taylor Importique boutique.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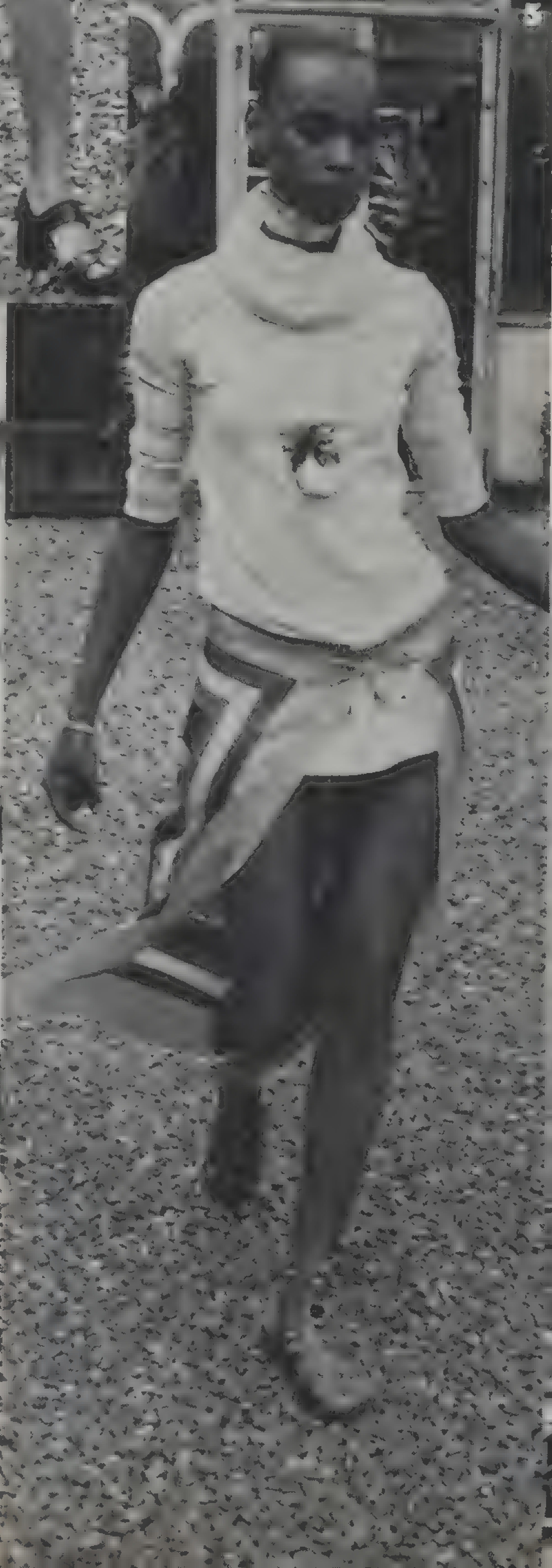
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THE NEW SPRAYS

(Continued from page 102)

gynaecologist added, "I'm all for using these sprays because they help a woman feel as fresh as possible. I go so far as to tell my patients, 'You spend a lot of money in a beauty parlour on your hair and face—well, there are other parts of your body that are just as important.' "

The gynaecologists had similar attitudes toward douching. These, of course, are not to be confused with sprays. Douches do the inside job—internal cleaning, while sprays are strictly external. That same woman gynaecologist says, "I believe in the occasional douche because there are constant internal secretions, and certain times when women become more aware of them. Odours change during the menstrual cycles, and although doctors know and understand this, a woman will sense it and perhaps become concerned. I usually recommend that regardless of how regularly a woman douches—and it should not be overdone—she should always douche two days after her period has ended to clean up the sluggish backlog."

From a dermatologist, these thoughts—"Hygiene deodorants probably happened because we live in an increasingly dirty world, causing the normal bacteriological flora of the skin to increase. Bathing only temporarily restores the bacterial balance. Odours come from the reactions of glandular secretions with the bacteria on the skin. This happens on the surface of the skin. Increased tension and anxiety may increase the glandular secretion process, and the odour. But we seem to be getting hyper-hygienic—this can be overdone."

About those insecurities, the psychiatrist developed further ideas. "The whole matter of sprays and douches is probably an expression of women's need for security, a reaffirmation of her attractiveness to men, and her confidence and attractiveness to herself. Also, there are still feelings that the sex act is dirty; therefore the hygiene sprays are a way to get rid of this illusion and circumvent it. The young women may be buying most of these, and the fact that their sex habits are freer may contribute, too. As for women over twenty-five, they are getting more interested because they are competing with younger girls—if they can't beat 'em, join 'em. . . . The natural sex odour is a strong factor in the sexual drive, but somewhere along the way this got fouled up with a trend toward extra cleanliness and de-sexualization." (The erogenous effect of a clean body odour has some historical validity—story goes that when Henry III of France danced at a ball, vigorously, with Maria de Cleve, he tried to dry his perspiring face with her chemise. The smell of the garment heightened his passion, and he fell in love with her.)

After all these thoughtful words from doctors, a few unscientific comments from some of the knowing women-who-use: "There is a new preoccupation with the body. Women are conscious of the condition of their bodies—visually, physically, and sensually. Unavoidably, the mind turns to cleanliness. There are breath sprays, underarm sprays, now vaginal sprays. To me, it's as simple as that." . . . "I use it daily after bathing, just as naturally as I do my regular deodorant." . . . "It's like a diet that keeps the system pure—makes me feel clean all over." . . . "It's another way to enjoy being a girl." . . . "Sprays and douches make me feel cleaner and more confident, with one less worry in my life." . . .

So it appears that although the new sprays may not be essential to our health, they are still an attractive and useful idea. While it is known that the vaginal area has a natural balance of acidity and bacteriological flora which should not be disturbed, it can also develop extra bacteria. A good spray does a special job: it selectively controls the population of these extra bacteria, combats odour from the normal secretions of the vagina and the apocrine glands, and can also add a delicate scent that makes spraying a pleasant process. We might think of sprays as the hidden cosmetics—new props, now well accepted and established, to make a woman feel fresh and fine. More advanced potions to increase sex appeal are probably in the future—we still haven't reached the degree of sophistication achieved by a certain female butterfly (the Brazilian *agrias sardanapalus*) who sends out a signal scent meant exclusively for the male butterfly of her choice. This seems to compel him to fly to her forthwith—even through the distracting scents of flowers, birds, and other butterflies. Another development, less fantastic and more immediate, is the creation of the same kind of sprays for men. When the first one of these was launched, stores reported that it sold out in one day. Another brand quickly followed, and is doing equally well; the company stock went up three points after a story about it in *The New York Times*. This company's observant president has no qualms about its marketability—"I go to a gym once a week, and you'd be surprised what men are using these days." More are coming along now, and soon a variety of men's sprays will be around too. The most obvious difference between men's and women's versions will be in the packaging—*vive*, then, *la différence* between a pink or white spray can and a brown one. . . . *For a listing of the feminine hygiene products available now, see below.*

FEMININE HYGIENE SPRAYS

Listed here, twenty-one different sprays and their makers. Not all alike—most of them are spray-mist, some are spray-powder, some are unscented. These facts are usually printed plainly on the package, so be sure to read before buying. All, to be found wherever health and beauty aids are sold.

NAME	MADE BY
"Ambiance"	Climate Cosmetics
"Assura"	Avon
"Bidette Mist"	Young Drugs
"Busybody"	Fabergé
"Deliscent"	Holiday Magic
"Demure"	Roycemore
"FDS"	Alberto-Culver
"Feminique"	Intec
"Fem Mist"	House of Style
"Kotex Kotique"	Kimberly-Clark
"Layla"	Cosmetic Distributors, Inc.
"Massengill"	S. E. Massengill
"My Own"	Emko
"Naturally Feminine"	Johnson & Johnson
"Personal Spray"	Andrea Dumon
"Pristeen"	Warner-Lambert
"Très Femme"	Chase
"Ultamist"	Revlon
"Vaga-Spray"	Phar-Med Company
"Vespré"	Personal Products
"Zonite"	Chemway

DOUCHES

NAME	MADE BY
"Cupid's Quiver" (Pre-measured liquid sachet)	Tawn Ltd.
"Demure" Hygienic Deodorant	Roycemore
"Hearts and Flowers" (individual vials)	Gyno-Cosmetics, Inc.
"Jenéen" (Pre-measured liquid sachet)	Norwich Pharmacal Co.
"Massengill Powder and Liquid"	S. E. Massengill
"Vagisec" Liquid	Julius Schmid, Inc.

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married in Boston. Their children, four daughters whose ages range from two to thirteen, represent three continents and at least half-a-dozen cultures.

Attuned to the present, the van Zuylens are serious-minded and open-minded. They have energy and enterprise in abundance. Baron van Zuylen is not merely a hereditary landed proprietor and a successful breeder of race horses, in the Rothschild tradition, but an adventurous entrepreneur. He is president of the company that publishes *Femme d'Aujourd'hui*—a wide-circulation, French-language magazine for women—and its various offshoots. He has built a shopping centre in Puerto Rico. Other interests include a film company which not long ago was responsible for the controversial *Les Abysses*, based on a work by the French writer Jean Genêt.

Baronne van Zuylen, who is deeply concerned with the preservation of nature and wildlife, took off last year on a projected journey to the remote Himalayan Kingdom of Bhutan that became an impromptu tour of India, Nepal, Thailand, and Cambodia. She came home with memories predominantly of Eastern and Far Eastern animals, birds, and insects: of the white tigers she had surprised bathing in a jungle pool at night, with only their heads and whiskers showing above the water; of the birds of India, as well as of India's people and palaces; and of the coloured clouds of butterflies that (in the spring of 1969) hovered undisturbed among the temples of Angkor in Cambodia.

The van Zuylens' most cherished joint project is still a future hope: The Kasteel De Haar, their castle in central Holland, with its two hundred rooms and its almost as many acres—planted with exotic trees imported fully grown by Baron van Zuylen's grandfather—has been open to the public for years and annually draws a hundred thousand visitors. Now the van Zuylens want to turn their parks into a refuge for wild animals where representatives of the many species increasingly threatened with extinction can live and move freely in a natural setting and yet be seen at close range—on the model of the Marquis of Bath's preserve at Longleat in England and of the Comte de la Panouse's at Thoiry in France.

Meanwhile, in building a house for themselves on their French property at Varaville, near Deauville, they have been able to put other of their ideas into practice. Varaville lies in the heart of a famously green countryside. Normandy has its historic identity, its ancient prejudices, its preferred architectural style. The countryside, particularly along the coast, contains hundreds of examples of the Norman style, often a grotesque caricature of the original. The van Zuylens wanted nothing of the kind for their own house.

Since Varaville had for many years been a stud farm, there were farm buildings, barns, and stable yards—solid and serviceable, with pleasant proportions, walls of yellow-grey stone, and old rooms of tile and slate—already in place when Baron van Zuylen bought the estate six years ago. The drive was lined with an avenue of copper beeches worthy of the approach to a castle. About the only essential Varaville lacked was a residence for its owner. An earlier château had burnt down in the 1930's. The van Zuylens had the chance to build the house they wanted.

For their architect they chose Peter G. Harnden, an American whose present headquarters are in Barcelona, Spain, and who had lived for fifteen years in France. The choice was doubly wise. Not only is Mr. Harnden a modern architect of considerable talent, but he was, as an American, more sensitive than a local architect to the lush beauty of the Norman landscape, and less likely to be inhibited by prevailing architectural taste.

Baron van Zuylen stipulated what he wanted: a house not only modern in appearance and conception, but comfortable and convenient to live in. It must fit without offense into its surroundings. It must be as closely connected as possible with the day-to-day productivity of the *haras*. It must provide views of his paddocks and bloodstock from as many aspects as possible. It must have rooms for guests, but it must also be easy to run without staff when he and his wife wish to stay there on their own.

The initial problem was how to impose a modern house on a traditional landscape. A traditional roof of slate seemed too heavy, a thatched roof unthinkable. Instead, copper was chosen for the roofing of the main part of the house, and live turf for the roofing of the children's and servants' wings.

Superficially, the choices might seem arbitrary, even eccentric. But since it rains at Varaville about as often as it rains in Copenhagen—city of green copper roofs and spires—the van Zuylens' roof should oxidize to a verdant tone, harmonizing with grass and trees. As for the turf, there is at least a historic justification. In Norway, where the early Normans came from, there have always been farms where a part of the pasture grows on the roof. And all historic consideration apart, a flourishing, mown-grass roof is a joy to look on—Baronne van Zuylen can look on one from the windows of her all-white bathroom.

The van Zuylens wanted an interior filled with light, with glass walls through which they could watch their horses, a wide living area, and something of an illusion of indoor open-air living. Since an entirely glass-walled exterior would have been incompatible with the prevailing grey skies, the wide expanses of glass are balanced by structural masses of stone, the same *pierre de Caen* of which William the Conqueror built the Tower of London. To give additional light to the interior, without disturbing the exterior balance, the central part of the house was built as a glass-covered inner patio, where an indoor garden of plants and trees forms a living and luminous focal point to the living area.

Seen from the paddocks, the house seems to be set on a slight mound. It dominates its surroundings, gently, unpretentiously, unemphatically. Nowhere is there a suggestion of an isolated, vertical architectural block looming over the level landscape.

Though the idea of building a non-traditional house at Varaville shocked some of the van Zuylens' conservative horse-breeding neighbours, one fancies that by this time the house is accepted, possibly even admired. Certainly, few of the neighbours can enjoy such a panoramic view of their broodmares and foals grazing, their pastures growing, their gardens in flower, and their cider-apple trees in blossom. And few, one imagines, can live so easily and comfortably, with or without guests and children, not to mention shut off all but a part of their houses and still live luxuriously in what amounts to a self-contained apartment.

To anyone who shows an interest, the resident head-gardener, Monsieur Malenfant, proves to be a mine of gardening information. Absorbed in his lawns and shrubs and flowers, he seems to work without ceasing seven days a week. One can hardly imagine a worthier executant of the plans made for the gardens of Varaville, in consultation with Baronne van Zuylen, by Russell Page, the famous British garden designer whose work is widely known and admired in England and America, and in Europe—especially, France.

Though the gardens were only planted a little more than a year ago and occupy a minor proportion of the whole property—five acres out of a total of about one hundred and fifty

—they have been planned so expertly, and with such sensitivity and assured artistry, that they already give an impression of maturity as well as luxury, charm, variety, and seemingly unlimited space.

The slopes leading down from the house are planted with grasses, brooms, low flowering trees, and border plants: Seen from below, the house seems to be resting on a cloud of soft colours—silver and white, mauve and pink, blue and yellow. Smooth lawns, enclosed on the far side by the garden walls of the original château, with lesser enclosures formed by clipped yew hedges, are enlivened on one side by a formal garden of square beds with low boxwood edging and brick paths and on the other by a rose garden, where a superb selection of old and new roses, set among lavender, are backed by climbing roses on the wall.

The two guest rooms on the ground floor have what is virtually their own garden, with dianthus and forget-me-nots and white roses, clipped boxwoods, a young magnolia grandiflora, and a young white wisteria tree. A little further from the house, well placed to be seen from the terrace-balcony outside the van Zuylens' own bedroom, lie beautifully shaped borders of annuals and flowering shrubs. Along the path to the stables, foxgloves, bluebells, and primulas bloom in the spring in the shade of lindens and chestnuts and beeches—like the painted flowers in an illuminated manuscript set off by the darkness of their background.

Conveniently close to the service wing lies the *potager* of one's dreams. Flowers and vegetables grow together in abundance: roses and lupins, sage and onions, tomatoes, lettuces, beans, and beets; three solid rows of *fraises des bois*, each row thirty feet long at least: the whole enclosed in a hornbeam hedge, with an inner frame or lining of thyme and pinks.

Though the Baron is in general happy to let his wife rule over the garden—gardening is her affair, as horse breeding is his—he put his foot down when she suggested a swimming pool on the lawn. If the children wished to swim, they could do so at Deauville, not far away, or at Cabourg (Proust's "Balbec"), which is even nearer. Varaville was not primarily a pleasure park but a racing stud, and he intended its earthy raison d'être, horse breeding, to be remembered and respected.

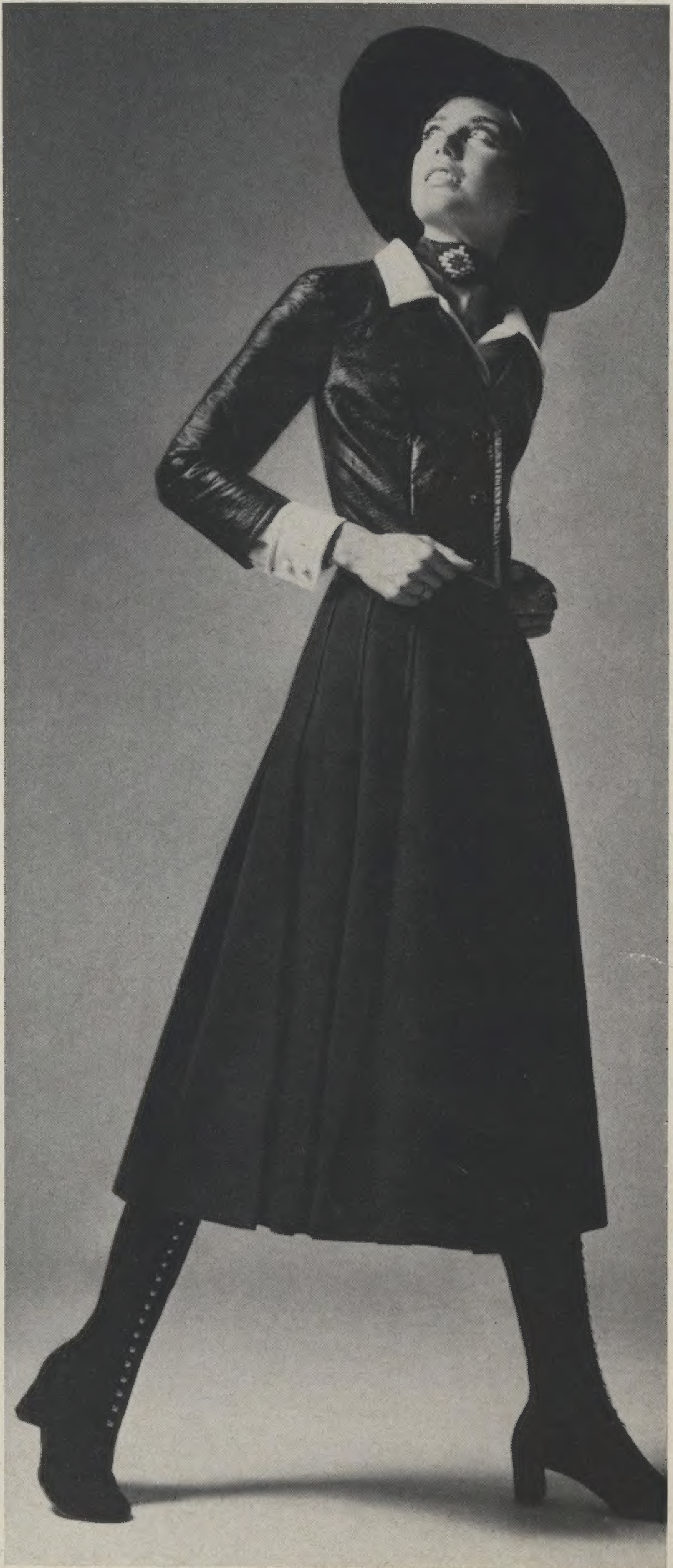
Inside the house, spotlights and windows do justice to the beginnings of the van Zuylens' collection of modern art: including two memorable tables by Philippe Hiquily, a large painting and a small sculpture by Matta, an enigmatic, impressive bronze and a pair of remarkable door handles by Reinhoud D'Haese, and a Giacometti cat.

The Baron's study, separated from the central living space by a sliding door, is both luxurious and functional. His bookshelves hold French classics, English and American novels and books on world problems, French and British registers of thoroughbred stallions.

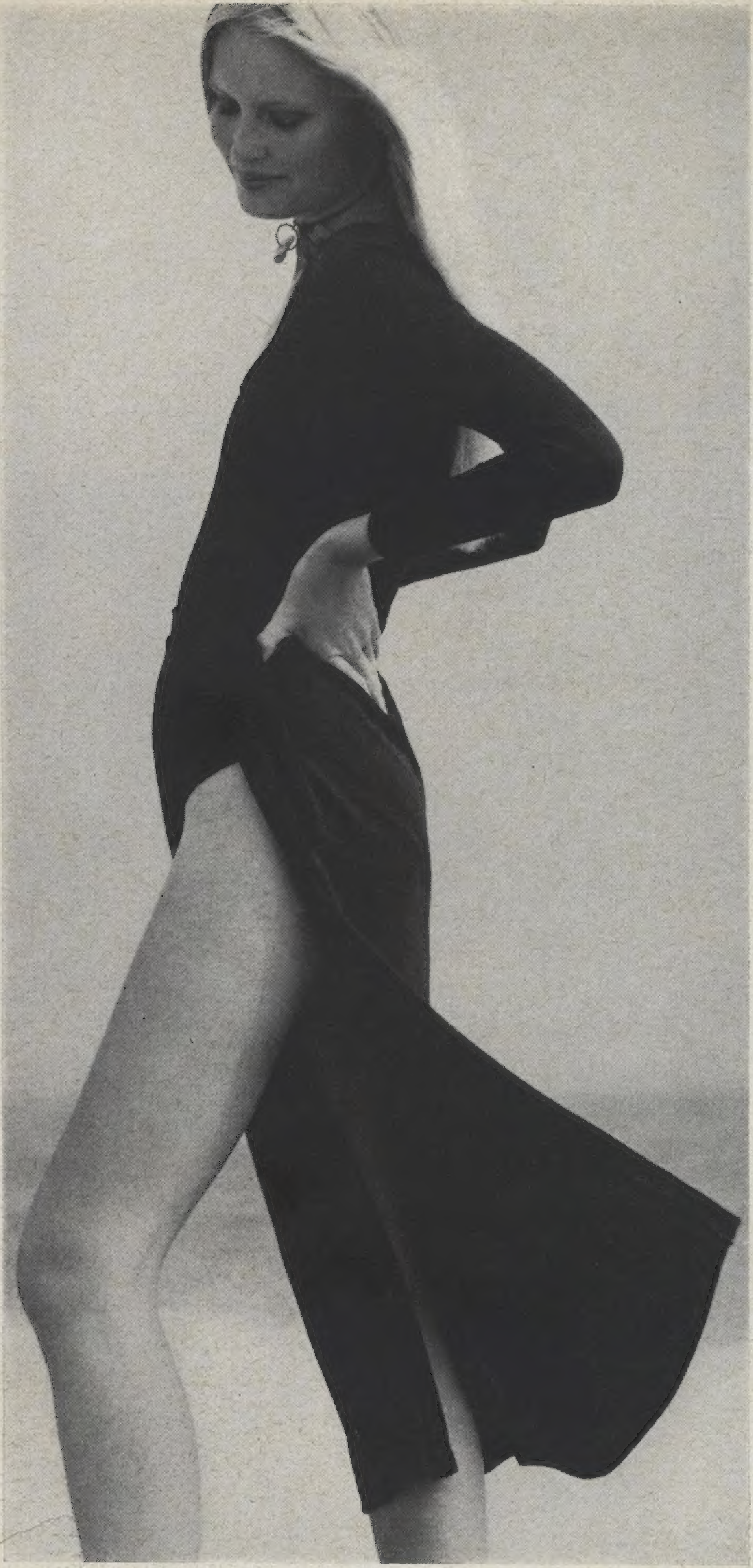
In Baronne van Zuylen's all-white bedroom there are books, too, as well as flowers: Russell Page's *The Education of a Gardener*, books about animals, painting, travel, the sky, the planets, the stars. Though she takes an interest in her husband's horse-breeding activities and racing successes, one fancies that her interest in horses is an admiration for their beauty, as horses. Not that she isn't capable of handling a horse herself. Her tastes are as much outdoor as indoor. She drives her Porsche through the Norman lanes just as recklessly, and as expertly, as Baron van Zuylen drives his Ferrari. She shares his preference for modern living and his interest in modern technology and modern minds; yet she contrives to add a hint of music to his logic, and to lend a touch of fantasy and poetry to his sense and prose.

THE PULLED TOGETHER LOOK

All together now, that's the ticket: shiny little brown jacket cropped short over a shirt-and-skirt-looking dress—pleated black skirt, cream-coloured bodice, with deep cuffs, pointed collar. Marjorie Montgomery. Dacron dress (Lawson fabric), jacket (Aerfab polyurethane): about $110. Bloomingdale's; B. Siegel; Goldwaters; Bullock's-Wilshire. Adolfo hat. Laura Torbet dogcollar.



BERT STERN



ZACHARIASON

THE CROPPED JUMPSUIT PLUS

Snappy, wrappy way to pull a look together: the cropped jumpsuit with a low round neck, long tight sleeves, small and skimmy over the body—all that's needed under a midi-length skirt that wraps around, blows open for legs to come through. Both halves of this idea: Dacron bouclé knit in deep rich brown. Contessa, by Lynne Greene, of Barbet-Stretchnit fabric; about $10 each for jumpsuit and skirt. At Altman's; Harzfeld's. Coiffure: François of Kenneth.

RYDER

(Continued from page 97)

torial composition. Whereas Monet was painting the phenomenon of a particular kind of light at a particular moment, his haystacks and his cathedrals at least sat still for him. Ryder, on the contrary, was dealing with those forms in nature that are never still. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why, rather than an often implied flaw of character, he worked on many of his paintings for years after he had begun them.

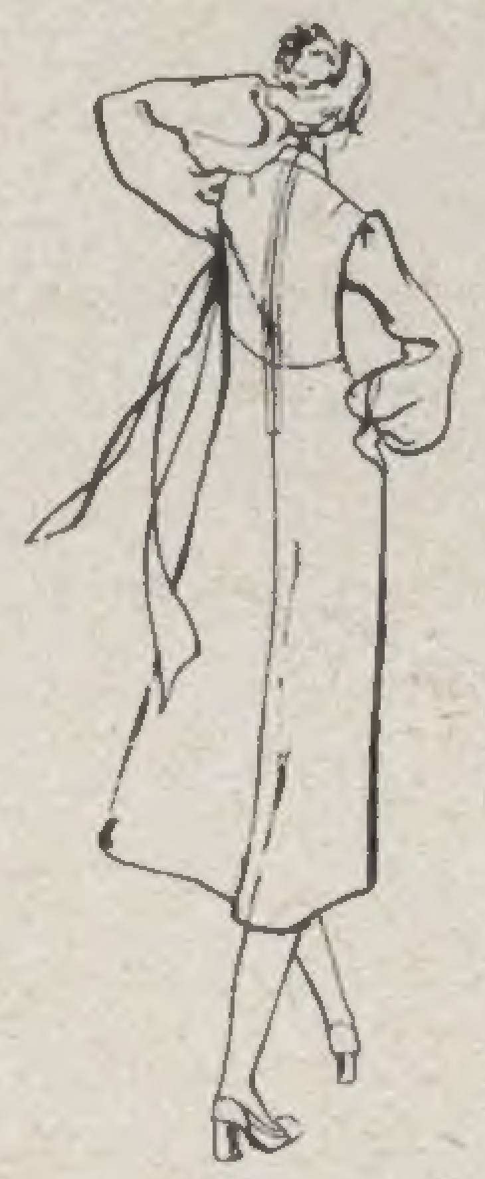
He had to find the general in the particular and then to particularize it on his canvas. He had to make the instant permanent and to freeze what he wanted to present as fluid. This is why his pictures became virtually abstract.

American abstract painting did not flourish on a high level from Ryder's time until the period of Abstract Expressionism in the 1940's. This was largely because, in following Europe's lead, abstractionism was associated with geometrical idealizations rather than with the translation of feeling into form. The secret of Ryder's strength lies precisely in his ability to make that translation, and he arrived at it through careful observation of the real world. Pollock's remark that Ryder was the only American painter who interested him is a key to Pollock and to why American abstract art was finally able to break out of its bondage to an alien sensibility. The relation of Pollock's work to such a painting as "Jonah" is obvious. Less obvious, perhaps, is that of Clyfford Still's use of Ryder's design and the telling edges of shapes.

One finds traces of Ryder in most Abstract Expressionist painting, for example, in Rothko's inner light, in Motherwell's black and white "Spanish Elegies," and in the fluidity of Frankenthaler's stains and compositions. Although Georgia O'Keeffe was the connecting link between the objective realism of our nineteenth century and the "hard-edge" art of the 1960's, Ryder's influence had first to be felt before another great period of American art could begin.

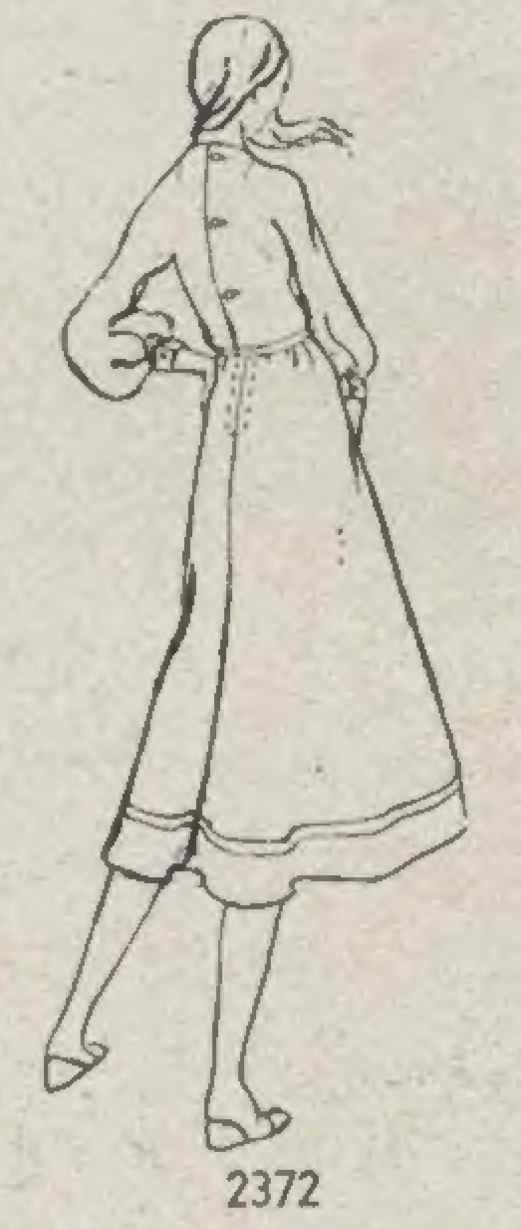
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 70-71; other views, yardages, details)



7853

Above: The scarf-tied mididress. Vogue Pattern 7853. Sizes 8 to 18. For size 10 dress: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36″ fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.20.



2372

Above: The little peasant midi dirndl. Vogue Pattern 2372 by Givenchy. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 dress: $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36″ fabric. $3. In Canada, $3.30.

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